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THE NEW

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MAGAZINE

APRIL 1908 PRICE 15 C

See the
"NEW BAR"

It Makes
the Safety
Razor Perfect

and [illegible] a delight. It draws the skin smooth just in advance of the blade, which is held flat at the angle of the ordinary razor [illegible] the [illegible] vertical position and [illegible] are [illegible] with [illegible]. Barbers and [illegible] of old style razors [illegible] so that most safety razors scrape. The action of the Gem [illegible] with the **Bar** leaves absolutely no ground for such criticism.

[illegible] are already using the safety razor and want [illegible] frame fitted with the Bar, same will be forwarded [illegible] on receipt of 25c. *[illegible] exchange of frames.*

[illegible] GEM JUNIOR set complete includes [illegible] stropping handle and 7 selected blades [illegible] attractive [illegible] lined case. *Not a paper box imitation.*

EM" JUNIOR SA
WIT
W BLADES FOR OLD—7 E

Each Gem Junior blade [illegible] has an absolute [illegible] any other make [illegible]

Beware of imitat[illegible] blade and [illegible]

[illegible]

THE NEW
BROADWAY MAGAZINE

Vol. XX APRIL, 1908 No. 1

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
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Trinity: Church of Mystery

By Charles Edward Russell

Illustrations from Photographs

EDITORIAL NOTE.—This is not a muck-raking article. It is a story of the mystery surrounding the great *corporation* which administers the temporal affairs of Trinity Church in New York. For more than two hundred years Trinity has been growing so enormously in wealth that to-day the value of its real estate holdings in the Metropolis alone is estimated as being anywhere from $39,000,000 to $100,000,000. Its cash surplus is colossal; its revenue in rents is only second to that of the Astors. Yet this vast fortune has amassed itself so silently and has been so carefully fostered that even its origin is generally forgotten.

Who really administers the immense Trinity treasure, how is it done, what of its mysterious growth and history? That these questions have *never been satisfactorily answered* is astonishing. This initial article by Charles Edward Russell is the first successful attempt ever made to lift the veil behind which Trinity Corporation has become one of the greatest estates in America. It is a revelation with a surprise on every page.

THERE is about this story much, indeed, to remind you of the wisdom of Charles Reade when he said that the best novels and the best mysteries are those that daily develop before us, unknown or unnoted. All the figures here are neighbors of ours, or were neighbors of our grandfathers; their names are familiar to us; daily some of them go in and out among us, intent upon the present act of this most singular drama; and none of us, seeing them, suspects the mystery, now a century long, of which they are the inheritors, in which they play their little parts, to which they add their indecipherable lines. None of us takes note of this any more than we note that modest little building overlooking the fair churchyard of St. Paul's and aloof from thundering Broadway, the building that is the stage of this curious play, shelters the most remarkable business secret in this country and centers a commercial romance more instructive and interesting (if less exhilarating) than any story of Whittington or George Peabody, of the first Rothschild or the first Astor.

For romance, we in the great roaring city have but the scantest time, being in the race for life so fiercely driven; but of this story we should make an exception, for the roots of it pierce the beginnings of things and of the fruits we all eat, more or less.

It starts with New York as a rag of settlement on the skirts of the wilderness, a sort of forlorn hope against savagery, a handful of houses (mostly clustered about the Fort) roofing about two thousand people, many Dutch, some English; and an alternation of Dutch and English mastery. The thrifty Dutch have fertile farms about the settlement, and Lovelace, an English Governor, desires two of them, one lying above the other northward from the town. He buys the first of Annetje Jans Bogardus, widow of a Dutch clergyman, and thereby gets a piece of property stretching from what is now Fulton Street to just above Canal and from Broadway to the North River. Then he buys the other, the farm of Old Jans, from Annetje's northern boundary line to what is now Christopher Street, but having an eastern limit that curves towards the river as one follows it northwards. These tracts he adds to the possessions of the British Government in North America as useful to its business and pertaining especially to the dignity and state of the Government's unworthy representative, which is he.

The English had, of course, brought a clergyman and a surplice in the first ship, and as soon as they stepped ashore organized a church. At first they share with the Dutch the old chapel in the Fort. In 1696 they build a church edifice of their own. The next year they get a charter for it under the name of Trinity, and in 1704 the good Queen Anne endows the new church with the two farms that Lovelace had bought and had added to the crown lands.

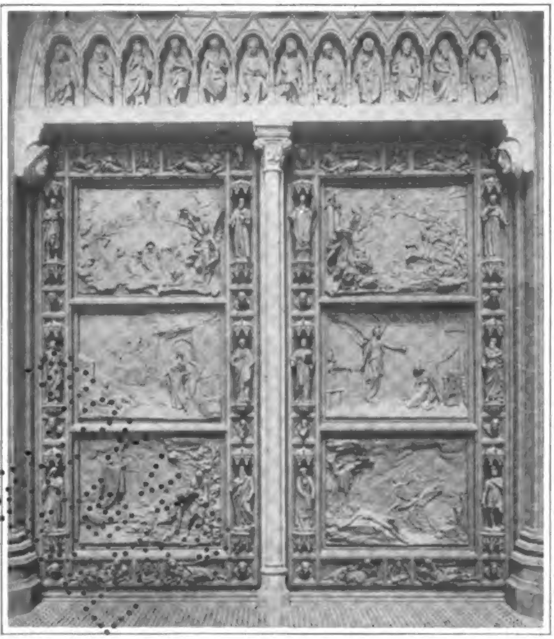

Photo by Brown Bros.

BRONZE FRONT DOOR OF TRINITY CHURCH

WHEN LAND SOLD FOR A SONG

It is not much of a gift. There is a great swamp about Canal Street in the centre of the tract; and then land—who cares for land? There is nothing but land; you can get land for the asking or without. The colony is burdened with a superfluity of land; scarcely anybody in New York would give a hoot for a county of land. The church, also, has no enthusiasm about the good Queen's present. At first for no more than thirty-five pounds sterling it leases the farms to a colonist. Then to sundry and various it hands out free parcels of its possessions. It tries to give to the new Presbyterian Church some lots in the neighborhood of Broadway and White Street and the Presbyterians decline the offer on the ground that the value of the land is not equal to the expense of fencing it. Afterwards Trinity gives to others that do not object to the fencing charge, to new churches that are projected, to various charitable and public enterprises, to education and religion until she has given away her water front and many other good things.

More and more people come to the settlement and the curious fact gets into some heads that every time a new family arrives up goes the value of that land. No one need do anything to the land, nor worry about it nor improve it; the arriving immigrant ships will attend to all that. Then Trinity begins at last to lag in her bestowals and to show a disposition to retain the wealth thus made for her. The town spreads northward, more churches are built in and out of Trinity Parish, the City Tavern at Broadway and Liberty Street is engulfed in houses; then St. Paul's, then St. John's, which have been built as chapels to take care of the new arrivals. The Annetje Jans cabbage fields begin to be in demand for building lots, the swamp is filled in, the dwellings stretch away towards Christopher, and gradually Trinity sees the first of an incoming and steadily waxing tide of gold for which she is in no way responsible; to which she contributes nothing. With worldly wisdom she turns it to her advantage.

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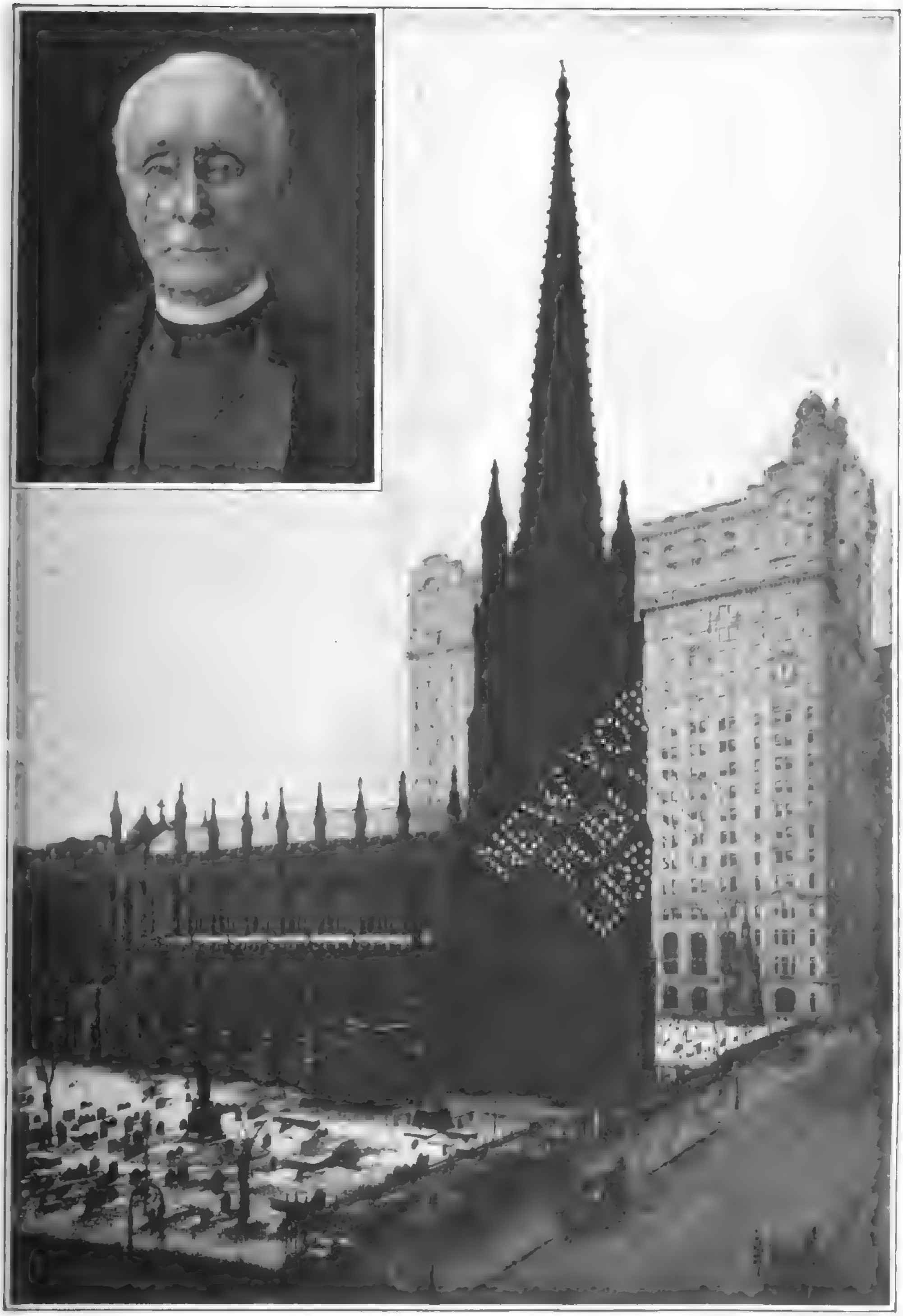


Photo by Brown Bros. *Picture by Brown Bros.*

FAMOUS TRINITY CHURCH, BROADWAY AT THE HEAD OF WALL STREET, NEW YORK, AND ITS RECTOR, REV. MORGAN DIX

The lots into which the Annetje Jans and Old Jans cabbage fields had been cut are desired for the building of homes for the growing population. Trinity leases the lots and the lessees build the houses—upon somewhat hard conditions that make for the swelling of the tide of wealth that streams upon the church.

Much of the Annetje Jans farm becomes the best residential region of the young city. St. John's Park, owned by Trinity, and near St. John's Chapel, is surrounded with houses of the well-to-do; houses that for a certain chaste and severe beauty of design have hardly been equalled in this country. As to the Park itself that is the pride and delight of New York. Nowhere else, men say, are such beautiful trees of so many varieties; the sight of them in the fair pleasaunce is declared worth going far to see. Northward from the Park the residences stretch, growing less important and less stately, but still good for the times and for the newness of all things, and still contributing each to the stream of wealth turned towards the doors of Trinity

Photo by Brown Bros.

TRINITY VESTRY HOUSE ON CHURCH STREET, WHERE THE VAST ESTATE IS REALLY ADMINISTERED

So runs the story up to the time when the Mystery begins to take shape. We should not pass from it without noting that as the profits from the old farms increased the nature of the leases Trinity made began to be important. Trinity owned the lot, she almost never built upon it. The lease was for a term of years, twenty-one, thirty-nine, forty-nine, or something like that, and the lessee, very commonly, erected his dwelling.

TRINITY'S LEASE SYSTEM

When the lease expired Trinity usually declined to renew it, and thus for a nominal sum, or for nothing, acquired the tenant's building. For the lease having expired and not being renewable the lessee had no choice but to remove his building or leave it in Trinity's possession. Some instances are recorded wherein the indignant tenant tore down his house, and, brick by brick, threw it upon the rubbish heap rather than see it pass to Trinity, but such cases were rare. As a rule the building was either given outright to Trinity or sold for a trifle more than its value as junk. Naturally the property thus acquired for little or nothing Trinity proceeded to rent at fair to excellent prices.

This was the system as eventually it developed; the time whereof we are treating saw but the beginning of it as year upon year the growing population made the church rich. It had fallen, to be sure, in the American Revolution, upon evil days. While the patriots struggled and starved, Trinity, true to the traditions of property and the better classes, held steadily to the established order, being for some needless Tory excesses regarded by the Americans with peculiar disfavor. But the storm passed, with the expulsion of the royal red soldiery, the commonwealth became the

Photo by Bain EDMUND D. RANDOLPH

Photo by Brown Bros. COL. WILLIAM JAY

Photo by Dupont RICHARD DELAFIELD

MEMBERS OF TRINITY'S REAL RULING BODY—THE STANDING COMMITTEE

guardian of property, and repentant Trinity, casting its allegiance anew, resumed its ways of pleasantness. Its original title had been "The Rector and Inhabitants of the City of New York in Communion of the Protestant Church of England." Upon the body thus designated Queen Anne had conferred her bounty. In 1778 in accordance with the new order of things the name was changed by legislation to "The Rector and Inhabitants of the City of New York in Communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New York." Now, in 1814, in the midst of all the booming prosperity, there came about a startling change. By some means that no one may discover the State Legislature was induced to allow the transformation of the title to "The Rector, Church Wardens and Vestry of Trinity Church in the City of New York." Thus the great property of which the enormous possibilities were but beginning to appear passed at one stroke from the possession of all the Episcopalians of New York (to whom indubitably under the original grant it belonged) into the sole control of Trinity.

ON THIS ROCK TRINITY STANDS

What valid defense there may have been for this extraordinary proceeding does not appear. The justice of the act was hotly assailed and its constitutionality on grave reasoning repeatedly denied, among those that called it unconstitutional being no less an authority than Chancellor Kent; and the Governor seems to have viewed it with so much concern that he refused to sign it, so that it became a law by the lapsing of the time limit and without the executive sanction. The New York City parishes, as bodies, did not oppose the act, but the disfranchised parishioners raised a vehement protest. Yet, with a kind of chill and unwavering resolution, since rather characteristic of the Trinity policy, the thing was jammed through without loss of time in argument, and upon the basis of legislation thus obtained now rests the right of Trinity to the exclusive administration of one of the greatest estates in America.

But this is not all. With the sole possession of this enormous wealth a total change came upon the business methods of the Church and a strange spell upon the spirit of its control. Up to this time Trinity, as the virtual trustee of the property, had made detailed and annual reports of her management of it; she had made known to its owners the exact condition of her trust. The same law of 1814 that secured her in the possession of what remained of Queen Anne's grant relieved the corporation from the obligation to make any inventory and account except after the acquisition of additional property. This seems to have been construed as obviating all reports of a public or semi-public nature; from this time on it has never been possible for any person outside of the vestry to gather any information as to the business of Trinity; but withdrawn behind an impenetrable veil of secrecy the management, for almost a century, has been responsible to no human authority but itself. Generations have come and gone, vestry has succeeded vestry, comptroller has followed comptroller to the grave, the stream of wealth has risen year by year, the huge revenues have flowed in and been handled and disposed of, and there has been no variation in the rule of absolute silence. What each man has known he has inherited from his predecessor and transmitted to his successor and to no one else. More secret than any mystic order, the management has descended from age to age behind an unlifted curtain. Beyond certain members of the vestry no human being has learned one essential fact concerning the wealth of Trinity nor the disposition thereof.

To this amazing situation it would be hard outside of the Orient to find any similitude. Ostensibly the property belongs to the Church and the Church is composed of the communicants thereof. Ostensibly the property is administered as a trust by certain officers acting in behalf of these communicants. For ninety-three years no such officer has made of his stewardship any accounting to those for whom he has acted; for ninety-three years none of the owners of this vast property, other than the administrators, has been able, as a body, to learn the simplest fact about it. Nobody, communicant or otherwise, beyond the few vestrymen I have indicated, knows to-day, actually or approximately how great is the income thus strangely controlled, nor how that income is spent, nor by whom. The bishop and the diocesan convention, which is the supreme authority in local affairs, are as helpless about these matters as the poorest tenant of Trinity property. Even so resolute and active a shepherd as Bishop Potter would be foiled if he undertook to supervise the operations of this part of his flock.

SPHINXES BEHIND THE VEIL

For ninety-three years not a twelvemonth has passed in which some attempt, personal, ecclesiastical or governmental, has not been made to glean some elementary facts about this great business enterprise and not one such attempt has ever met with anything but failure. The men that at long intervals succeed one another as custodians of the secret have been men of different temperaments; reserved and austerely upright good men like VanRensselaer Cruger, kindly and generous good men like Mr. Hermann Cammann; in the guarding of their secret they have been of the same perdurable tenacity, the same impenetrable secrecy, the same methods of preventing investigation. Very able lawyers, skilled cross-examiners, famous ferrets of the bar, have taken in hand the task of discovering at least the form and shape and extent of the Mystery: universally they have failed to discover anything. Behind those fast bound doors there is no passage that may be traversed even by the Courts, even by the Government of the State; and no one has ever learned one important fact about the secret power that

Photo by Brown Bros.

HUDSON PARK, WHICH TRINITY BITTERLY OPPOSED

Photo by Brown Bros.

HOME OF TRINITY'S RECTOR, 27 WEST 25TH ST.

Photo by Brown Bros.

TRINITY CHAPEL, ADJOINING RECTORY

sits within and administers this enormous property and collects its enormous profits.

I would speak without the semblance of extravagance or imagery, but it is hard in investigating these things to avoid some recollection or suggestion of the Oriental and the weird. What is it that these generations of men have guarded with this jealous care? What is it that is strong enough to seal absolutely the lips of the most candid and unsecretive among them? Good men, doubtless, frank men, with nothing otherwise to conceal, about this one thing they become the incarnations of craftiness and secrecy; for the sake of it they have repeatedly observed a far more mysterious reticence than they might have applied to their private affairs. The thing is like the Rheingold; it is like the Lamp and its slaves; it is like some kind of mysticism; it makes you think of the mind that conceived "The Moonstone." Is there no romance in business? What could be more extraordinary than that an entire fabric of secrecy covering one of the greatest business enterprises in a great business city should thus be handed down generation after generation from one plain business man to another plain business man, and that the instant he received it he should be transformed, as regards this one subject, into a person of elusive, furtive and (in times gone by) shifty manœuvres in behalf of the Mystery?

How is the thing done? And in this age of glaring publicity, newspapers and active, inquiring minds? You can think of such a thing as an appendage to Mediævalism, but not as veritable in the twentieth century. Well, even as to that is mystery and strangeness. The seat of authority in the conduct of Trinity Corporation is the Standing Committee of the vestry, and this committee, consisting of the comptroller, the clerk and six vestrymen, seems never to change except by reason of the death of a member.

TRINITY'S INNER WORKINGS

The Standing Committee is constituted by and from the vestry and the vestry is elected yearly on Easter Tuesday. Therefore you might think that after all the source of authority must lie in the body of the church, after all the government is representative and not autocratic.

But elected by whom?

Not by the communicants, certainly; there are 7,271 of these, and it is not pretended that more than a very small percentage of these ever vote.

Who are they? I don't know.

There is a list of voters made up yearly and submitted to the Rector; some persons vote. That is all any outsider knows. It appears that at one election twenty-three votes were cast for the twenty vestrymen and the two wardens; but there is no indication as to the identity of the twenty-third voter. Not even the power of the Legislature of New York could discover who actually constituted the voting body; but the Legislature did learn that on one particular occasion the Bishop of the Diocese had been refused a sight of the voting list.

The twenty vestrymen and the two wardens having been elected (or re-elected) and the standing committee having been appointed (or re-appointed) the affair is concluded for the year as far as the unknown voting body is concerned and so far as the vestry is concerned. For of all the strange features of this strange business the strangest is that the vestrymen (outside of the Standing Committee) seem to know nothing about it. They seem to have almost nothing to do with the management of the property.

The Standing Committee reports to the Vestry about other matters than the Mystery, but the vestrymen that are not on the Standing Committee do not see the books and they seem quite as ignorant as any communicant regarding the real business and the real condition of the corporation.

The real command is centered exclusively in the Standing Committee and of the Standing Committee there seem to be about three men that know the inner secrets of the corporation. So I am told it has been ever. The present Standing Committee consists of the Comptroller, the Clerk, Edmund D. Randolph, John T. Lockman, Elihu Chauncey, Richard Delafield, Nicholas F. Palmer, Francis S. Bangs. The Comptroller is Hermann H. Cammann; the Clerk is Col. William Jay. All of these are men of high standing in the city of New York.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF TRINITY

I go aside here to declare once for all that these papers are purely narrative and expository and embody no campaign nor propaganda. I have no quarrel with Trinity; if the corporators, who are the real owners of the property, are content to have it managed in this shadowy and elusive fashion, that is their affair and none of ours. The benevolent and charitable work of Trinity Church is extremely admirable. On that side and from that view of what constitutes good in the world Trinity is a good institution. Trinity's trade schools, the hospital and the hospital beds, the various missions, the Sunday school excursions, have indisputable place in the record of good endeavor. I intend no criticism of these nor any other phases of Trinity's work as a church; I do but relate as strange and a curiosity in human affairs that one of the greatest estates in this continent is conducted in this arbitrary, puzzling and wholly extraordinary manner.

TRINITY A TARGET FOR INCESSANT ASSAULT

All the stranger it seems when one refers to the almost one hundred years of attack to which it has been subjected. The legislation of 1814 was bitterly opposed by the Episcopalians outside of Trinity and for years they ceased not to complain of its injustice, making the management the target of incessant assault or innuendo. Indeed, from 1814 to this day the history of Trinity has been a story of conflict. With criticisms sometimes fair, more often unjust; with charges sometimes reasonable and more often merely impossible; with investigations, reports and airy speculations; with probable statement and ingenious invention, this campaign has gone on. Trinity has been accused of almost every conceivable offense; she has been cruelly, grossly and recklessly libeled; she has been charged with doing things she never dreamed of doing, things she could not possibly do if she were to try to do them; and to all the torrent of attack she has presented the same cold, impassive, unvarying front of silence. Only once, and then in response to the stern summons of the State, has Trinity Corporation thought it necessary to prepare anything in the nature of a defense; and only once, so far as I can learn, has any member of the controlling power of the church been stung into a written response to any criticism of his work. Against true charges and false, some of them of a grave nature, of a nature, indeed, in times gone by, to involve most seriously the honor of the men in charge of this trust, there has been the same consistent refusal to respond. Surely this is an extraordinary record.

The occasion when the State intervened still furnishes instruction and interest and

Photo by Brown Bros. TRINITY SCHOOL, 147 WEST 91ST ST.

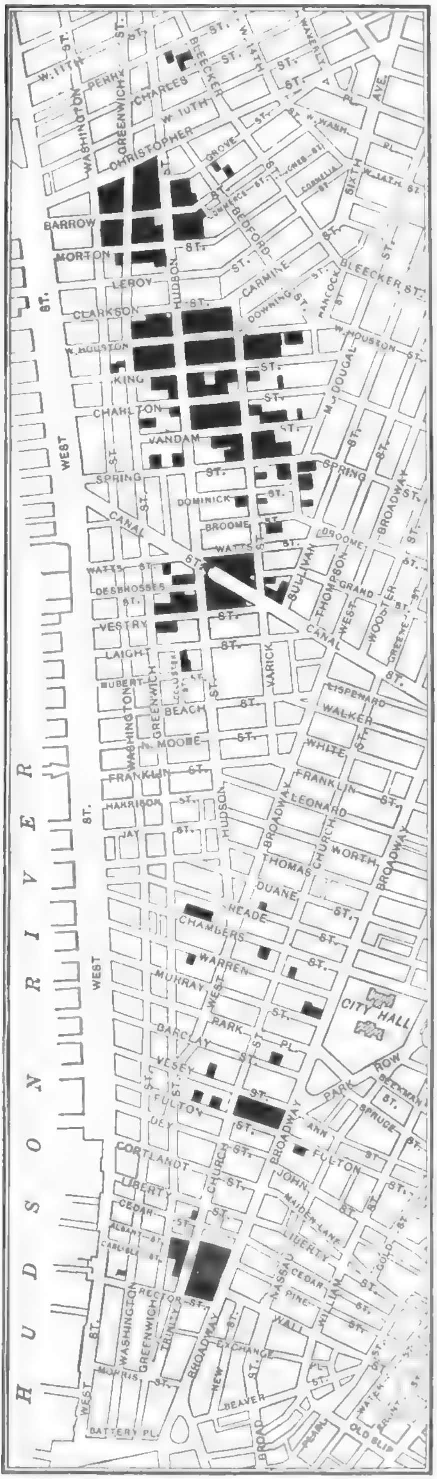
to the observer of that day must have been fruitful in suggestion to meditation. The original grant of the cabbage fields specified that the income therefrom was to be used for religious and charitable purposes. As nobody outside of Trinity's Star Chamber knew after 1814 for what purposes the revenues were spent, and as the revenues were obviously increasing, some of the Episcopalians who, by the act of 1814, had been deprived of interest in the estate, charged that the revenues were being expended for other than religious and charitable purposes. They, therefore, held that the original grant should be vacated for misuse and the land returned to the State.

Photo by Brown Bros. LABORATORY

Photo by Brown Bros. CLASS ROOM

Some plausible ground for their contention they had in the lax condition into which Trinity's benevolent energies had fallen, sixty or seventy years ago. It did not appear that she was doing anything for the poor of her parish, anything to further religion in the regions of the city where it was most needed, nor anything adequate to supply the spiritual wants of a rapidly increasing population. The dissatisfied appealed at last to the Legislature and in 1856 a committee of the Senate was appointed to investigate Trinity, learn what she really did with her money and if the complaints of her critics had any foundation.

All of the subsequent proceedings are related in the vol-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TRINITY
MORRIS ST.
BATTERY PL.
WEST ST.

TRINITY PROPERTY SHOWN ON MAP IN BLACK

umes 2, 3 and 4 of the Senate Documents of 1857. It appears that Trinity Corporation was first required (April 13, 1855) to make to the Senate a report of its condition and transactions, and that somewhat tardily it did so on February 19, 1856, prefacing the document with an emphatic denial of the right of the Senate or of any other body to make inquiry into its affairs. The report was referred by the Senate to a select committee of three, which found it to be extremely unsatisfactory and proceeded to New York to examine witnesses and hold hearings. I cannot pretend that the rest of the story is particularly edifying nor that the church management did not lay itself open to grave charges of evasion and uncandor.

SENATE DEMANDS NAMES OF ELECTORS

One of the points of information demanded by the Senate was the number and the names of the persons entitled to vote for churchwardens and vestrymen of Trinity. In response the church management gave the number of such persons as 350 and "designedly refrained" from giving the names. When the committee went to New York it insisted upon having these names. A list was furnished with the statement that it was "believed to be accurate." The committee found that it contained the names of persons that had removed from the city and of others that had long been dead. Apparently the purpose of the management was to reduce as much as possible the number of voters and to that end there had been adopted at Trinity chapel (then new) a device rather ingenious and certainly effective. Leases of the pews were made out to run from the first Sunday after Easter to and including Easter Sunday.

From Easter Sunday, therefore, to the first Sunday after Easter, the pews were vacant. The election for vestry and church-wardens was held on Easter Tuesday, and, of course, the pew holders were disfranchised.

This arrangement was subsequently rescinded, but the committee learned that it had been rescinded when the Senate began its investigations; which seemed to indicate a knowledge that it was an improper regulation.

The committee found the work of Trinity in benevolence, charity and the furthering of religion to be far from flourishing. The most conspicuous of Trinity's acts of religion appeared to be the building, for her own convenience, of Trinity Chapel at a cost of $227,164.82. "It appears in the evidence," says the report, "that Trinity Church has never at any time established or endowed any institution of charity or benevolence, even for her own poor," and strange as the fact may seem, all, or nearly all, of the charitable enterprises that now we admire as we contemplate the history of Trinity were instituted after the Senate investigation, and most of them so nearly after as to justify a suspicion that the Senate investigation suggested them.

But the most significant part of the committee's labors was devoted to finding out how much Trinity was worth, because this is a glittering phase of the Mystery. It was also an illuminating endeavor, because it produced repeated illustrations of an apparent purpose to elude at any cost the ends sought by the investigation.

The resolution of the Senate directed the vestry to report the estimated value of each lot and parcel of ground then owned by Trinity Corporation in New York City.

To this the vestry at last responded with a report based on the assessed instead of the actual value of the property, and making, as the committee learned, even from the assessed valuation deductions not in the least warranted under the resolution of the Senate. From entries thus obtained the vestry stated the total "present value" of Trinity's property to be $1,446,371.71.

A PLAIN TALE OF LEGERDEMAIN

But the committee learned curious things about this inventory. Thus the vestry estimated the "present value" of No. 251 Broadway at $12,081.56, and the committee found a man that had offered them $40,000 for the reversion of the lot (the lease had sixteen years to run) and had been refused.

The vestry put down Nos. 136, 138, 140 and 142 Chambers Street as worth $28,827.40. The committee found that two months before the vestry made this report it had to the Hudson River Railroad valued this property at $100,000 and it had rented upon that basis.

Property in Greenwich Street that the vestry set down at $6,840.40 it sold a few days later for $20,000.

Property in Fulton, Vesey, Barclay, Murray and Warren Streets was set down at $105,875. The vestry had leased this property on an aggregate valuation of $209,000.

On learning these and other similar facts the committee employed three independent and expert appraisers to examine and price Trinity's landed possessions. These men testified under oath. One said that the property was worth $6,103,500, the second placed it at $6,087,050, and the third at $5,431,520. Each declared his willingness to buy it at the figures he named. Whereupon the committee rejected the figures given by the vestry and used the average of the estimates made by the experts.

ORIGIN OF THE MYSTERY

I relate these things as they are set down in the proceedings of the committee. How the Christian men that composed the vestry justified to their consciences these remarkable exploits in defense of Trinity's Mystery I have no means of guessing. Surely that must be a Mystery of extraordinary power that could so completely dominate such men. And yet the painful impression made by their performances in this regard are far from being the only shock that awaits the present day reader of the reports of these hearings. A kind of obsession or deadly influence seems to have seized some of the best and fairest men; they said things and did things impossible to reconcile with Christian character; and on the whole the committee's contemptuous references to their testimony seem not undeserved.

The committee's report, though framed in language of an obviously studied moderation, was a scalding indictment of Trinity and her methods. Subsequent hearings were held in New York at Trinity's request and more witnesses were examined, but the committee learned nothing which it could add to the microscopic residue of its previous labors.

In its final report it intimated very broadly its belief that the legislation of 1814, which was the beginning of all the trouble, and the origin of the Mystery, ought to be repealed; but for reasons of public confidence it refrained from advising the repeal at that time. It did not charge that in obtaining the law of 1814 the corporation was guilty of deliberate and premeditated fraud, but it added the acid comment that "if there had been any such fraudulent intention to obtain power under that law * * * your committee cannot see that it would have been necessary for the corporation in that case to alter in any respect that which has been their actual course in order to carry out such fraudulent contention with entire success." The committee reported a bill making drastic changes in the act of 1814. The right of all the Protestant Episcopalians of New York to a share in the original property was recommended to be restored; that is, every communicant that held a pew or a seat in any Protestant Episcopal Church in New York City, or had within one year partaken of communion in any such church, was to be entitled to vote for church-wardens and vestrymen of Trinity Corporation; and the vestry of Trinity was required to make once a year to the corporators a printed and detailed statement of all receipts and expenditures and of the existing condition of the property.

This measure was duly introduced in the Senate where, in the face of the strenuous and able opposition of Trinity, it passed by a decisive majority. Before it could come to a vote in the Assembly the session ended. By the following year it seems to have been forgotten, and it has never been revived.

But here was at least some basis for speculation about it. The committee had come upon one or two things hidden behind the curtain. It had learned, for instance, that the cabbage fields of the Jans family had been cut originally into 2,068 lots. Of these 318 had been given away, and at the time of the inquiry 691 remained. Hence it was inferred (for nothing definite could be learned upon this or upon any other point) that 1,059 lots had been sold. By means of independent and expert testimony the committee had ascertained what the remaining property was worth. Six million dollars it was in 1857 in a city of 620,000 inhabitants. From that day to this Trinity has bought many lots; she has sold or bestowed very few. She owns now at least as much as she owned in 1857. What is it worth now when the city that had 620,000 people in 1857 numbers 4,000,000 in 1908?

A ROMANCE OF RICHES

Well, as to that, there are ready means of estimate. Trinity paid for the year 1907 $127,000 in taxes and water rates on its real estate. In 1906 it paid for taxes alone $91,412.03. This would indicate an assessed valuation of about $18,000,000—that is for the property on which Trinity pays taxes. But here we go at once into the airy region of guess. On how much of the property she owns does Trinity pay the taxes? One of her favorite forms of holding property is to place the legal title in the names of trustees. A favorite form of lease provides that the tenant shall pay all taxes and assessments and make all the repairs.

How much wealth is concealed behind this useful clause?

I don't know, but one authority estimates the total value of Trinity's holdings at $39,000,000; another says it is not less than $75,000,000; another thinks it may reach $100,000,000. I doubt if you can find a real estate expert (outside of the vestry) that will hold its wealth to be less than $35,000,000.

Some of the properties it holds in its own name in New York City—and kindly make note of that qualification—are twenty-two pieces in Barrow Street; forty-five in Canal; seven in Chambers; twenty-six in Charlton; five in Christopher; ten in Clark; fifteen in Clarkson; nine in Desbrosses; seven in Fulton; five in Grand; fifty-two in Greenwich; seven in Grove; fifty-one in West Houston; one hundred and twenty-seven in Hudson; forty-three in King; twenty-four in Spring; twenty in Morton; thirty-six in Vandam, and sixty-four in Varick Street, besides several hundred scattering lots and four entire square blocks.

Suppose it is worth thirty millions or fifty; why do we inquire so particularly and speculate so long? Well, not for any impulse of mere curiosity, be sure; but for a peculiar reason that will be clearer when we come to another phase of the Mystery; and also because any phase of a devotion so remarkable and a power so strange is an instructive subject for human consideration.

(*The second article on* Trinity: Church of Mystery *will be published in May*)

The Ghosts of Chartre's Mill

By Herminie Templeton

Author of "Darby O'Gill," and "The Good People"

Illustrations by Edmund J. Sullivan

IN a deep, wooded hollow between two rocky spurs of the Slieve-na-man hills—as lonely a spot as can be found in all Tipperary—stands Chartre's ruined mill. Two generations ago the tumbling stream which fed the mill dried up; and now the conquering ivy shackles the great helpless wheel, and the impudent loosestrife, unmolested and defiant, flares and flaunts itself from every piteous crack and crevice. Shunned and disliked, the ruin droops, a blur of brown and gray among the leaves—a pathetic picture of friendless old age.

Some give one reason for this unfortunate decay, and some give another; but Sheelah McGuire, the fairy doctor, who is, of course, the best authority in Ballinderg upon such matters, declares that the ill luck which blighted the place commenced on that day, in the rebellion of 1798, when brave old Felix Chartre was hanged to its roof-beam for high treason.

However that may be, there is a darker blight than mere ill luck lurking under its thatch; the place is haunted. There can be no doubt of that; any bare-legged little gossoon in the barony will tell you of many strange things seen and heard after twilight in its vicinity; and he will tell you, too, that the strangest of these untoward experiences was that which fell to Bothered Bill Donahue, the tinker, who spent an unwilling night within its crumbling walls. How the tinker was beguiled into such a desperate situation is a part of my story:

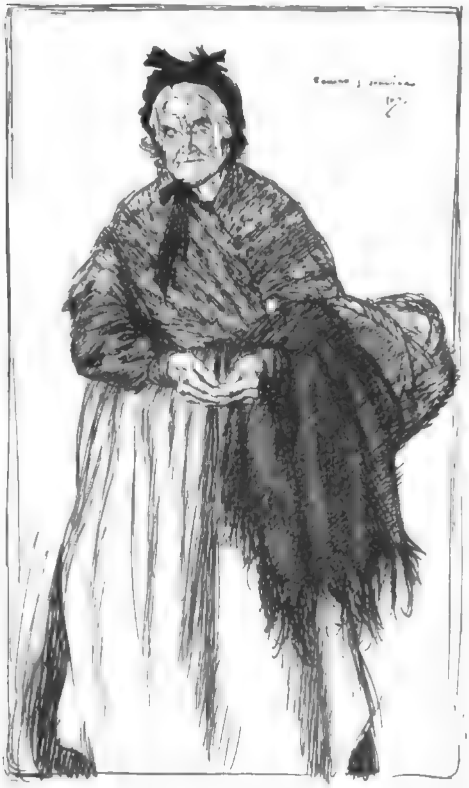
One Sunday morning the village of Ballinderg was astounded by the news that Mrs. Cornelius Brady had lost two of her fine black Spanish hens, and also—and this followed as a matter of course—that Mrs. Brady accused Bothered Bill Donahue, the tinker, of having taken them.

Mary McGuire, Mrs. Brady's own sister's child, saw the tinker only the day before chirruping through the hedge at the two innocent creatures, and they were looking back at him without a blink of suspicion in their eyes. Well, the next morning, when Mrs. Brady went to feed the chickens, there wasn't a pin-feather of the poor things to be found. In a twinkling the indignant parish took fire.

Now, notwithstanding this strong evidence against him, Bill had no more to do with the mysterious disappearance of these same hens than had—well, than had old Lord Killgobbin himself. But even though day after day, by virtue of his oath, he savagely affirmed his innocence to whomsoever would listen, the parish of Ballinderg passed him coldly by with accusing, condemnatory glances.

One afternoon, about a week after the disappearance of the hens, Bill crawled through the gap in McGuinnis' hedge and seated himself dejectedly in the deep shade. Nursing his head in his two hands, the worried man began fiercely debating whether to shoulder his kit and leave the County Tipperary forever, or whether to whirl in and beat black and blue every man, woman and child in the village of Ballinderg. As luck would have it, in the midst of this bitter quandary, Public Opinion, personified by Kate Clancy and her first cousin, Honoria Driscoll, met itself in the highroad not three yards distant from where the tinker sat, and proceeded to settle his reputation.

"Arrah, is that yerself, Kate Clancy? Sure, wasn't I just on the road to yer house this minute. I wouldn't stop to dhrink more than three cups of Mag Hennessy's salybrated new Chinayse tay, though she almost tore the shawl off houlding me back to take the fourth cup. But, to tell ye the thruth, Kate," and Mrs. Driscoll's voice sank to a hoarse, confidential whisper, "betwixt you an' me, the sorra much I think of that same new tay. It isn't to be compared with yer own for stren'th; s-s-sh, she has to bile it ten minutes be the clock or it has no more stren'th than—Oh, did ye hear? I came near forgetting to tell ye. Danny Gilligan dhramed last night that he saw one of Mrs. Brady's black Spanish hins settin' on a stone be Hagan's stile, and it soldering up a hole in the bottom of a big iron kittle."



"'TIS AN UNFRIENDLY AND RAYPROVIN' EYE I'LL BE GIVIN' HIM THE WHILE"

Mrs. Clancy's lips tightened.

"Will ye look at that for proof!" she groaned. "Isn't it a thrue sayin' that murdher will out? Oh, isn't he a rapscallion of a villain!"

"Well, Kate," said Mrs. Driscoll, "it is thrue the worruld must have tinkers, but afther that raydoubtable thrick, while Bill Donahue is mendin' *my* pots and soldering *my* pans, though I may listen to the gossip the villain brings to the house (for sure we must have news of what's goin' on in the worruld), 'tis an unfriendly an' rayprovin' eye I'll be givin' him the while; and—God bless us an' save us! d'ye see where the rogue is lying hiding an' listening beyant the hedge? Oh, here he comes; run for yer life!"

Even as Mrs. Driscoll spoke, the scowling black face of the enraged tinker was pushed through the hedge, and the next moment his long, lank body wormed itself after. Meanwhile the startled women had bolted in opposite directions and were running like frightened hares toward their homes.

Bill savagely shook his fist, first at one woman, then at the other. "Bad manners to the both of yez," he roared. "So I'm to carry the gossip, am I, and it's the loikes of you as'll condescind to listen to it? Oh, ho, niver fear but I'll carry the gossip; I'll hang the saycrit maymores of yer two families an' of their dishgraceful pettigrees on ivery bush betwixt Killmurphy and Ballinderg. Out on yez, ye ongrateful spalpeens!" He waved his clenched fist at the empty landscape. "To the divil with yez! to the divil with the whole parish, for the matther of that! I'm done with yez all!" he shouted.

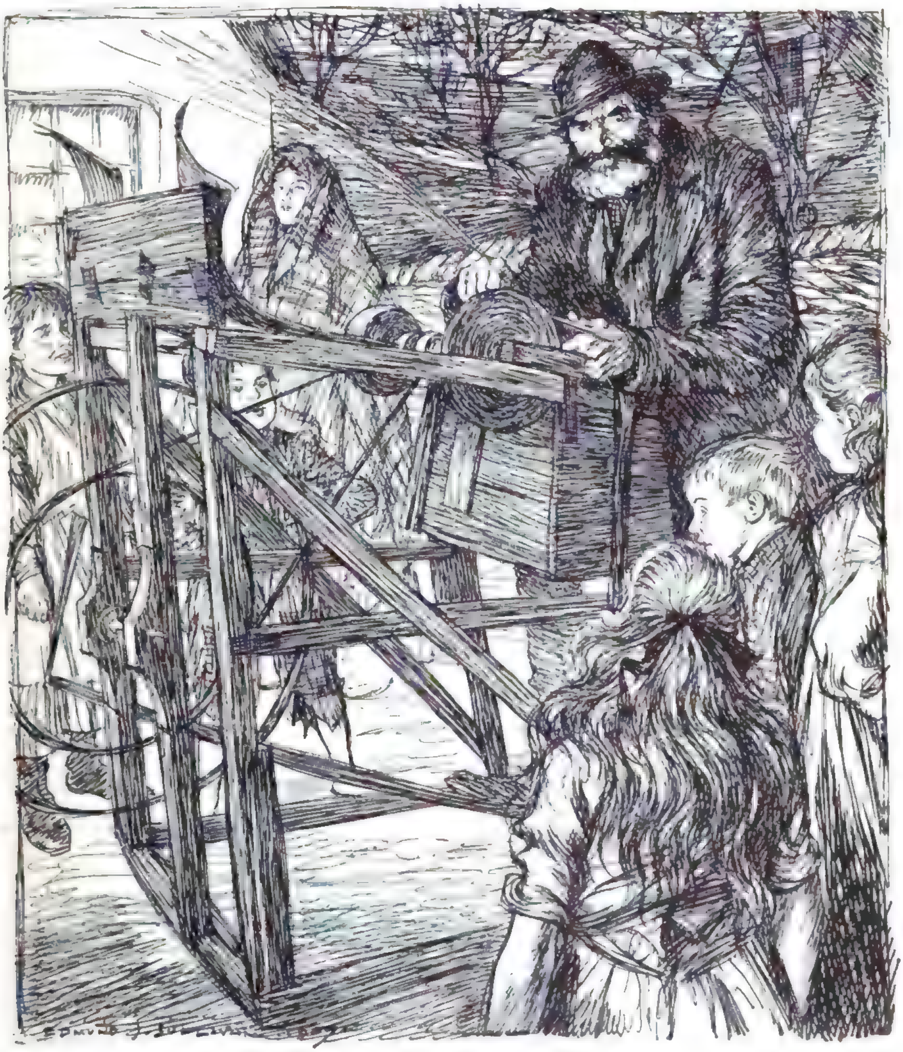
By a strange chance this sweeping denunciation met with immediate challenge. Out of the drowsy noonday silence broke an answering shout of angry derision that startled the tinker. Giving a surprised look in the direction whence it came, Bill saw advancing toward him, down the narrow by-lane, an antagonist worthy of his steel. Standing erect in his donkey-cart and furiously shaking his fist at Bill, came irascible little Michael Callahan, who kept the private still up in Chartre's woods.

Now, Bill had not the slightest quarrel with the little distiller, nor had Michael Callahan, up to that moment, any grievance whatever against the tinker. That mattered little. Every one knew that Michael was a sensitive-minded little man who could pick an insult out of the time o' day; and so Bill understood at once that the distiller had taken to himself the angry shouts and had misinterpreted the defiant gestures as personal affronts. Instead of offering explanation or apology, however, the sore heart of the tinker exulted at the chance of an adversary, and the row was on. Michael Callahan was too far away to be intelligible; but that made no serious difference.

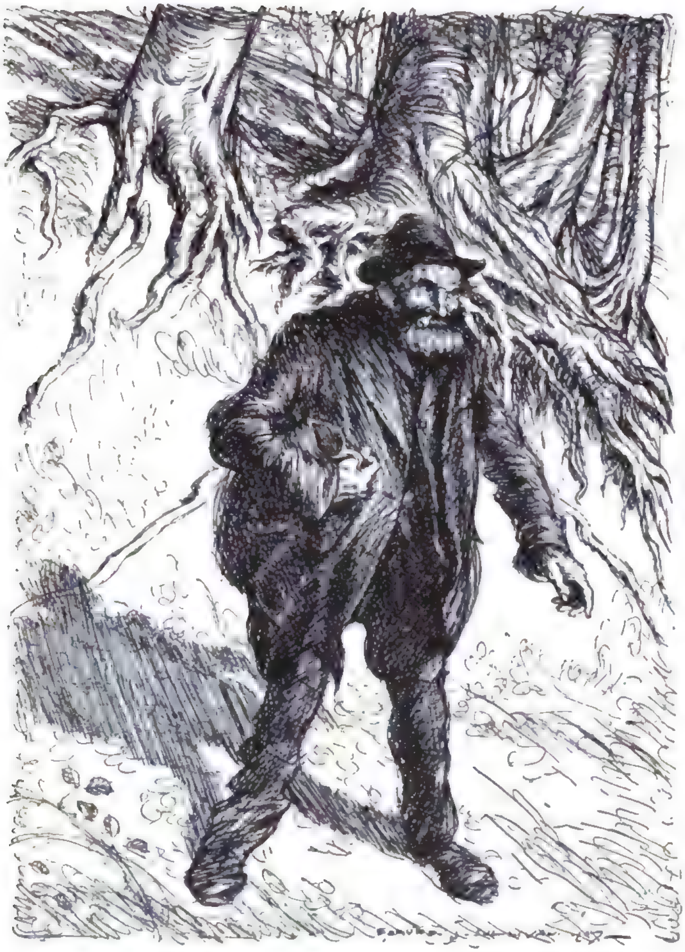
"Tinker yerself, ye chaytin', undhersized Judy Ascarriat," roared Bill, "you and yer swindlin' little pint measures! What's that? I dare ye! Twicet yer size wouldn't be able. Come down out of yer ould ca-art. Oh, ho! What did ye say? I niver saw Mrs. Brady's hins. Ah, ha! Go wan, ye cross-eyed callumniator. What?"

If Michael Callahan's way had tended down the road past where Bill stood, there might have happened something more lasting than hard words; but as the cart's proper journey lay in the other direction, the two men continued only to shake their fists at each other and to shout abuse, until the distiller, thundering and lightning like a retreating storm, dropped out of sight in the hollow of the road this side of Muldoon's hill.

Then Bill turned and wiped his moist brow with a triumphant sweep of his hand. "I'd do no more than right," he muttered, "if I was to tell the gager of the dozen jugs of poteen the blagguard has with him hid undher that pile of fagots in his ca-art. Why shouldn't I?"



DAY AFTER DAY HE SAVAGELY AFFIRMED HIS INNOCENCE TO WHOMSOEVER WOULD LISTEN



THE FATED MAN ZIG-ZAGGED HIS UNCERTAIN WAY DOWN THE HILL

He flung a resentful eye toward the cluster of cottages down in the valley. "No," he went on bitterly, "I can't. It isn't in me blood or breed to turn informer. But hould a bit! I'll have me sweet revenge. I'll go up to Callahan's still in Chartre's wood,—that little divil Michael'll be gone all day, and there's no wan tendin' it—an' oh, thin won't I dhrink me fill!"

He chuckled to himself. "An' whin I've had all I want, I'll march back bould as a sheep to Mrs. Brady's house for the night, an' afther atin' me hot supper I'll sit in me corner cowld an' impident till bedtime, and in the mornin' I'll shake the dust of this parish from me feet forever."

Bill gulped a sob at the thought and continued in a burst of self-pity:

"Oh, ain't they the hard-hearted, fickle people, to forget so soon after all me goodness to thim?" he sniveled. "I've mended an' I've moiled, I've tinkered an' I've toiled for them this twenty years, an' now, afther all me hard worruk, look at the thanks I get."

Wiping his eyes with the back of his hand, for he felt the general slight and insult in the marrow of his bones, Bill hid his bag of tools in a covered drain, and, taking with him only a heavy blackthorn stick, wended his lonely way over the stony upland toward Chartre's woods.

It was almost sunset when the tired man reached Callahan's cave in Chartre's wood, and it was all he could do to scrooge himself through the narrow passage which led into the still; but, after sundry bumps and scratches, he found himself at last in the venerated presence of the big copper vessel itself.

A little hole in the roof let in just enough light to reveal dimly the contents of the mysterious room. Bill's quick, admiring glance took in the coils of pipe and the vessels of copper and iron which lay scattered about; but what riveted the tinker's attention and gladdened his heavy heart was the sight of half a dozen fat, satisfied-looking jugs standing cheek by jowl on the cool, damp earthen floor. Each particular jug Bill had seen so often before in the home of its owner that now he had no trouble at all in identifying it.

"There yez are, the darlints," said Bill; "six of the comfortingest friends a man can have in throuble. Yez'll not backbite him nor thrayduce him to his neighbors; but whin his heart is froze wid sorrow, an' there's nothing left but a cowld and lonely hearthstone, 'tis you that can kindle a blaze in the ashes an' warrum the cockles of his heart wid pleasant dhrames an' friendly faces. An' 'tis meself never had sorer nade of ye."

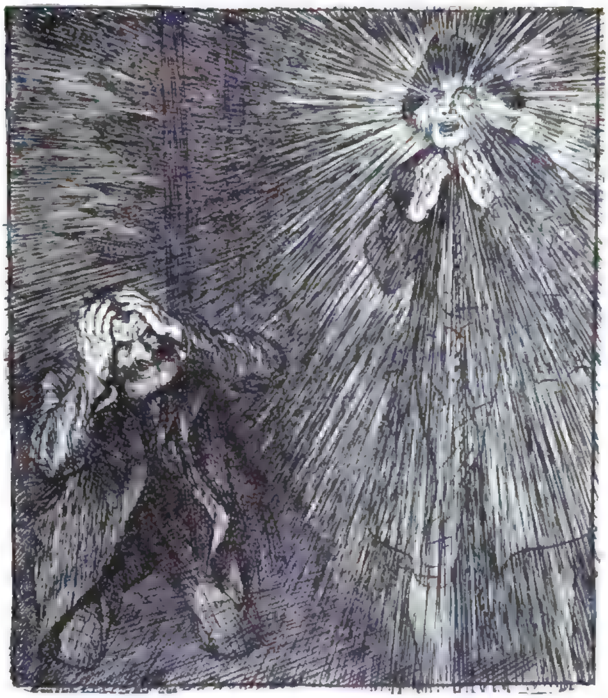
He stooped and lifted one of the jugs high above his head. Then, smiling, he said:

"This is yours, Darby O'Gill; I know it by the nick on the handle. Well, Darby, me bouchal, here's luck to ye." A prolonged low gurgle echoed in the silent room.

Bill set the jug back considerably lightened; he picked up another.

"Wisha, thin, I will so. Joey Hooligan, me lad, since you're so kind and pressing," he said, "Many's the time I've seen ye hid snug behind the forge dure!" Joey Hooligan's jug gurgled even longer than Darby O'Gill's, and Bill set it down with a satisfied gasp.

"Oh, ho, Mrs. Flannigan, is that yerself?" he chuckled, with a rollicking wink. "An' isn't it a sight for sore eyes to see ye sittin' there so aisy an' beguilin'! An' now, with yer l'ave, Mrs. Flannigan, allana, I'll loight my poipe, an' it's outside the two of us'll go, where ye can sit on me knee in the dusk of the evening; for who knows but what that rogue of a Michael Callahan might come sneakin' back an' surprise the both of us together?"



TO BILL'S UNSPEAKABLE HORROR, SLOWLY TURNED ITS LIVID FACE FULL UPON HIS

The shadows were already settling heavy on the hillside as Bill sat himself down under the nearest tree. There was a drowsy twittering of nestling birds in the boughs, and somewhere far down in the valley a belated thrush was hurrying through its evening song.

Bill's gaze roved idly down the hill-slope from one ridge of gray rocks to another; the dull red roof of Chartre's Mill, half a mile away, seemed to push itself through the tops of the clustering trees and to turn a frowning and sullen face toward him.

A little startled, the man paused with pipe half lifted. Even at that distance, the old ruin after sunset was not a pleasant neighbor. "Oh, ho, ye murdherin' ould blagguard, ye! it's glad I am that you're over there and I'm over here. I niver heard a good word of ye yet," he growled. "Lemme see, I wonder if I raymember the chune that was med up about you an' Paddy Carrol an' the peddler. I haven't heard it since I was a bit of a gossoon."

Scratching his head with the stem of his pipe, Bill's mind struggled through the adventure of Paddy Carrol and the peddler:

One stormy night, as Paddy Carrol drove past the mill, his best ear cocked and his weather eye opened for any kind of supernatural sign, he was startled out of his wits by three agonized shrieks for help. Never doubting but what it was the spirits he heard, Paddy whipped up his pony which galloped frantically on its way.

The next morning, however, misdoubting whether, after all, it mightn't have been a human voice he'd heard, Paddy gathered up a crowd of the neighbors and went back to investigate. And well he did so, for what did they find in the upper room of the ruin but a peddler lying flat on the floor, his pack ransacked and he dead as a doornail. Undoubtedly they were the poor fellow's last cries that had startled Paddy. Three days later the assassins of the unfortunate traveler were captured. They proved to be two soldiers who had drunk with their victim at the public house during the day, and who afterward, for the purpose of robbery, followed him to this refuge in the deserted mill.

All these things drifted slowly through Bill's muddled mind as he sat there nursing the jug. Presently, to his surprise, he heard some one singing in a thick, quavering voice the lugubrious ballad which recounted the capture of the two soldiers, their confession, and the rather harrowing details of their public execution. After puzzling a moment as to who the singer might be, Bill was much relieved to discover that 'twas only he himself that was making the noise.

"And to think, Misthress Flannigan, ma'am," he hiccoughed, as he lifted the jug and held it close to his lips, "the sojers kilt him for nothin'; the leather pouch of money that they saw with the peddler at the public house they couldn't find on him. An', be the same token, no one has ever been able to find it; though Long Pether McCarthy says that if any man had the courage to go to the mill at night and face the peddler's ghost, he'd find the money."

"I have the courage, but—well, why don't Pether McCarthy go himself? Why don't he send his—his——" The man's mind floundered helplessly in a whirl of tipsy resentment. "For the matther of that, what does a ghost be afther wantin' with money an-ny way, I'd like to know? He can't spind it. 'Tis pure maneness that makes him kape it. I raypate it," said Bill, hammering out each word on his knee and glaring defiance at the distant mill, "dirthy stinginess an'—an' maneness."

"An' now," he added after a pause, "Mrs. Flannigan, ma'am, we'll be gettin' along. We'll not go as far as Mrs. Brady's the night, acushla, but we'll stop at the first neighbor's house we come to, so we will, an', God willin', that'll be Mrs. McKinney's."

So saying, Bill struggled to his feet. He braced himself unsteadily for a moment, his short black pipe gripped upside down in his teeth, and the half-empty jug under his arm. Then, slanting his hat rakishly to one side, the fated man zigzagged his uncertain way down the hill.

If the unfortunate tinker had turned to the left, as was his intention, he might have landed safe enough at Mrs. McKinney's; but with the liquor growing stronger on him every minute, and the darkness rising deeper and deeper at every step, what does the fuddled man do but take the turn to the right and go staggering down a rocky path till he reached the dark and lonely road that led straight up to Chartre's Mill itself?

Notwithstanding the tinker's brave toast, there was not money enough in the bank of Ireland to have hired Bothered Bill Donahue in his sober senses to walk down that path after dark. And yet, presently, there he stood within five feet of the broken mill door, swaying unsteadily from his toes to his heels and from his heels back to his toes again, and roaring at the top of his voice for some one to come to him; for where did the benighted man think himself but under the eaves of Joey Hooligan's forge?

"Ho, there, Joey," he cried, "are ye within, I dunno!"

There was no answer, and Bill's voice echoed back, strange and uncanny in the stillness, while the old mill, dark, dangerous and secret, crouched lower in the thick shadows, as if waiting to spring.

"What's the matther with yez all?" he bawled. "Oh, I know ye're within, so ye needn't be purtendin' ye're out. You hear me well enough!" Bill lurched toward the door with outstretched arms. "Well, whether ye like it or not, I'm coming in an-nyhow!"

Muttering and grumbling, the tinker planted one knee upon the broken sill. At that instant a bat swooped fiercely from the black void within, and missed the rash intruder's head by a spare inch.

"Hello, who threw that? Sthop yer skylarkin, ye unmannerly blagguards, ye! What! Spake, can't ye? Oh, ho, wait till I lay me hands on yez!" He scrambled to his feet on the dusty floor and stumbled blindly into the room.

Something like the cackle of a low, malicious laugh came from the heart of the smothering darkness over near the great millstone.

"Is that where yez are?" said Bill, venturing a few steps farther. "Well, bad luck to ye, Joey Hooligan, can't ye sthrike a light? What's that? At laste have the dacency to give a man a hand. What?"

This last request was no sooner made than it was grimly answered. A touch fell upon his groping arm, and a hand cold as clay and dripping with water seized him firmly by the wrist.

After the first thrill of angry surprise for he still suspected that Joey Hooligan was playing tricks on him, Bill leaned forward, straining with blinking eyes to catch a sight of his captor. In vain. Neither in front nor on either side was visible any tangible shape.

"Lave go!" he blustered uneasily. "Take yer hands off me, or, be me faith, I'll give ye one belt that'll make surgeont's work of ye!"

And now a thing happened which, drunk as he was, should have sobered the tinker: as he spoke, Bill clutched viciously with his free hand for the arm that held him prisoner, and lo! there was nothing there. The viselike hand that grasped his wrist was without an arm. He then pried desperately at the cold, stiff fingers, but they only closed the tighter for his struggles.

"Lave go!" he repeated, "or, be the powers——"

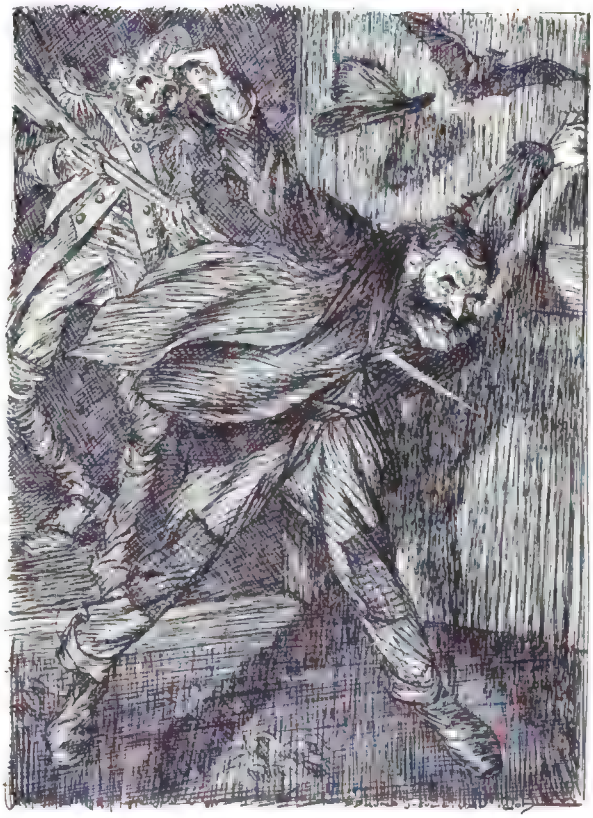
As though in answer to the unfinished threat, the wet hand drew him, questioning and angrily protesting the while, over to the swaying oaken stairs, and with a grip of steel it guided him step by step up to the low-roofed room above. In the darkest corner of the silent loft the hand suddenly left Bill's wrist, and the unfortunate tinker, helpless as a blind man, sank in a limp heap on the crumbling floor and was soon fast asleep.

Just how long the sleeper lay thus unconscious is uncertain. However, he awoke at last, with a start, and sat bolt upright. A great round moon was pouring a flood of silvery light in through the one gaping window of the loft and thrusting straight, slender shafts through a hundred cracks and crevices of the old walls. Bill yawned, stretching first one arm, then the other, above his head, meanwhile taking a drowsy survey of the surroundings. He probably would have fallen back and gone to sleep again except that he noticed that the old structure was vibrating and quivering from gable to foundation. It creaked and groaned and strained as if in dreadful pain.

"Be the mortal man, where am I?" What's all this goin' on?" Bill peered anxiously through the half-darkness.

At the farther end of the room was visible the large black hole of the stairway, and midway between it and himself was a stretch of leaf-figured moonlight which lay like a strip of pale green carpet across the dusty floor.

The bewildered man half rose in an attempt to find out where he was, but got no farther than to his knees, for, as he looked, a strange, silent, shapeless thing rose slowly through the hole of the stairway, and Bill, with a muttered exclamation of surprise, shuffled farther back into the dark corner,



A BAYONET WAS THRUST RIGHT THROUGH HIS BACK where he crouched, wide-eyed and suspicious.

Presently the figure lifted into full view, and, notwithstanding the gloom of the loft, the tinker was able to make out the faint outlines of a bent, quaintly dressed old man, who seemed to be carrying a sack of meal on his back.

"Wirra, wirra," Bill muttered, "I wondher who can this be. I never saw a shuit of clothes like that in these parts before. 'Tisn't any of Hooligan's people."

Silent as a shadow, the apparition glided across the room till it reached the broad patch of moonlight. There it stopped, and, to Bill's unspeakable horror, slowly turned its livid face full upon his. But instead of the traditional gray, filmy lineaments, the features which now met the tinker's terrified gaze were those of a dead man's quiet, inscrutable face.

Day or night, through all the years after, Bill need only shut his eyes to see again those staring, immovable features. The hair was silver-white, fastened behind in an old-fashioned peruke and crowned by a three-cornered black hat. But the never-to-be-forgotten badge of horror was a noose which encircled the bowed neck, and from which the broken end of a rope dangled to the floor. As the tinker knelt staring, fascinated, at the motionless apparition, there grew out of and above the creaking and trembling of the timbers the g-r-ind, g-r-ind of huge millstones and the hoarse, sullen, ker-runk, ker-runk of the ponderous wheel.

"What's that?" Bill gasped. "It sounds like a mill-wheel. Oh, Millia murdher! I must be in Chartre's Mill!"

At the sound of a human voice, the phantom miller, as if imploring, slowly raised its leaden hands to the noose on its neck. That gesture froze the heart of the tinker. He would have fainted from sheer fright, but at that moment every sense of the man was electrified once more into quivering alertness by a blaze of dazzling green light that swept through the mill, revealing each yawning crack and moldering stain of the old walls. It lasted but the fraction of a second; then followed immediately the blinding darkness. But the specter had vanished with the blaze of light, and the mill was once more in its old deathlike silence.

As Bill knelt in the dark corner, anxiously measuring with his eyes the distance to the stair, every hair on his head stiffened, for up through the black opening in the floor there quivered a heavy, tired sigh. No need to tell the tinker what was on the stairs.

"It's the peddler," gasped the unfortunate covering his face with his hands.

At last he ventured to look. There, sure enough, crouching on the floor in the patch of moonlight about twenty feet away, was a little, dark-faced, frightened-looking man, with an open pack of peddler's wares spread out before him. The specter acted as though in great fear of pursuit, for, as it took a leather pouch out of its bosom, it kept turning apprehensive eyes over its shoulders to the dark stairway. Then the phantom seemed to listen intently for a moment, and Bill saw it lean forward and hide the pouch in a crevice between a great oaken beam and the wall.

At the sight of the purse Bill's interest in life returned. He feebly opened a pair of covetous eyes, and sat bolt upright.

"If I live through the terrible murdherin' I'm gettin' this night," he muttered, with chattering teeth, "that pouch'll belong to me the morrow."

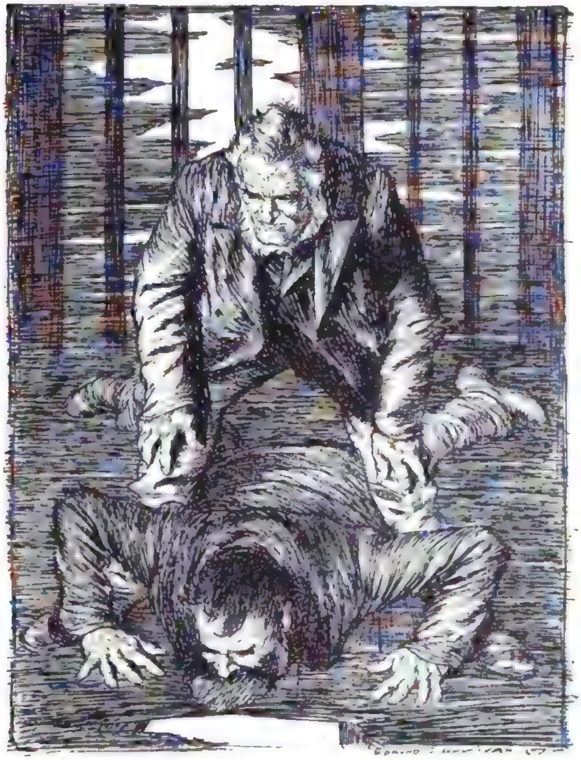
At the thought of the greatness of the treasure a surge of strength returned to his limbs.

"I must get out of here, though, before thim two sojers come up. They'll be here in a minute, and I'd hate turrible to meet thim on the stairs."

So saying, he started to crawl cautiously across the room. But he was not to escape so easily. The unlucky man got no farther than the patch of moonlight, when he paused transfixed at the baleful thing which glared at him from the stair-opening. Just above the floor, not ten feet distant, peered two glittering, sinister eyes, surmounted by a soldier's tall cap. The tinker scuttled back, sideways like a crab, into the deepest shadow.

"Oh, what'll I do at all, at all!" he whispered. "I can't get out now, an' the peddler's goin' to be murdhered before me two very eyes; an' if I wait to see it, it's dead and spacheless I'll be walking home to Balinderg in the morning."

While Bill was speaking, the specter soldier had risen into full view and was



GAINED COURAGE TO PEER CAUTIOUSLY DOWN THROUGH A HOLE IN THE FLOOR

beckoning covertly to some one below. Instantly another soldier flashed into the room, standing beside the first. For a moment the pair hesitated, and then went crouching and gliding like two monstrous cats across the floor to their unconscious victim.

Bill braced himself, body and soul, for the ordeal; but when the first soldier drew his bayonet from its scabbard and lifted the glittering steel high above the peddler's stooping shoulders, flesh and blood could endure no more. Without waiting for the descending blade to strike, the tinker let a shriek out of his stiff lips that split the stillness of the summer night and sped quivering along the startled valley. Instantly the dry, mirthless laugh which had greeted his entrance to the mill echoed from the room below.

In two great leaps, Bill was at the head of the stairs; two others landed him at the foot. But, quick as he was, when he reached the bottom, the ghostly murderers were already there, waiting for him.

Then followed a heroic action, the dramatic recital of which earns for Bill, to this day, a hot supper and a comfortable bed in whatsoever house he cares to honor by his presence. Without stopping to think of the consequence, and governed by natural impulse only, the desperate man lunged a savage blow, first to the right, then to the left, at his shadowy adversaries. As might have been foreseen, his fists encountered no resistance.

His long arms waving around and around like flails, the tinker dashed wildly for the door; and then were proven true beyond all doubt the reports the country-side had often heard of the vengeful fury of the ghosts of the old mill. As the tinker poised for a last wild jump from the threshold to the ground, a bayonet was thrust right through his back between the shoulder blades, and Bill saw the gleaming point sticking out through his very breastbone. However, as it was a ghostly bayonet, he didn't even feel the blade, and before his feet touched the ground it had disappeared, leaving no mark upon his back or upon his chest.

Without heeding the distance or the direction, and hardly touching foot to the ground as he went, the fugitive raced the wind till he suddenly found himself back again at the very entrance to Michael Callahan's still. When he reached the big tree where he had sat a few hours before, the breathless man could go no farther, but, collapsing all at once, dropped like an empty potato-sack to the ground, and lay there unconscious.

The next thing the hunted tinker knew, his name, coupled with many fierce maledictions, was being shouted from somewhere in the distance. Opening his eyes, he saw that the sun was already an hour high, and, with a shock of alarm, who should Bill see clambering frantically up the hill, and shouting and wildly gesticulating as he came, but savage-faced little Michael Callahan, the distiller.

But Bill was full of his story, and it was impossible to keep one's anger burning on top of the overpowering wonder of such news; and so it was a refreshing cup of inspiring mountain dew the haunted man received instead of a sore taste of Michael's knobby blackthorn stick. When the narrative was ended, the awe-stricken distiller said:

"We'll go together, Bill, me brave champeen, you and me, and we'll get that peddler's pouch of goold."

And that's how it came that at high noon, when the whole world was cheerful with warblings and trillings and twitterings, our two friends crept cautiously over the quiet threshold of Chartre's Mill, and tiptoed, wide-eyed and alert, across the broken floor. Step by step, they mounted the sagging steps, and, just as they reached the top, they both declare that some unseen thing brushed past them on its way down the stairs.

Bill's finger trembled as he pointed to the beam by the window, behind which the peddler had hidden the pouch. At the same time Michael tightened his grip on the tinker's arm. Then the two, their hearts in their mouths, and silent themselves as ghosts, glided over to the window. They were bending down within arm's reach of the beam a full throbbing minute before Bill found courage enough to lift his hand. Then, slowly and painfully, as though he were putting it into boiling water, he reached forth his grimy fist.

Great drops of cold sweat glistened on the anxious brow of little Michael Callahan. The groping fingers of the tinker almost touched the beam, when the two men were electrified by a weird sound in the room below. It seemed to the petrified listeners like a harsh, mirthless, cackling laugh—the very sound Bill had heard the night before, as he entered the mill.

"Come away, Bill," whispered the distiller weakly; "lave it to thim. I wouldn't touch a fardin' of it. The money'd only bring us bad luck."

Although the tinker's teeth chattered, he made bold answer: "By gar, luck or no luck, I'll not l'ave it to thim. I'll not go away without it." He thrust a hand desperately behind the beam. Marvelous to relate, there was not a sign of pouch or money.

"It's not here, Michael," Bill shouted excitedly, jumping to his feet; "they've taken it away."

As if in answer to his words, the strange mocking laugh broke out again louder than ever, and ended in a dry, sardonic squawk.

The two men clutched each other and clung limply together. Again came the sound, only shriller and more indignant, and now grown strangely familiar.

"Cluck! Cluck! Cluck aw!"

It was the tinker who first gained courage enough to peer cautiously down through a hole in the floor, and then the eyes almost leaped out of his head. And no wonder! Over in a corner of the room near the great wheel was a heap of brown leaves and rubbish, from the center of which protruded a slim black neck surmounted by a red comb. A trim little head was cocked defiantly to one side, and one round yellow eye stared unwinkingly up at Bill through the hole in the floor. A yard away, in another heap of leaves, clucked a similar apparition.

"Hould fast, Mike Callahan," Bill whispered, trembling with excitement. "Be the bones of Pether White, I'm looking at the shupernatural ghosts of Mrs. Brady's two black Spanish hins!"

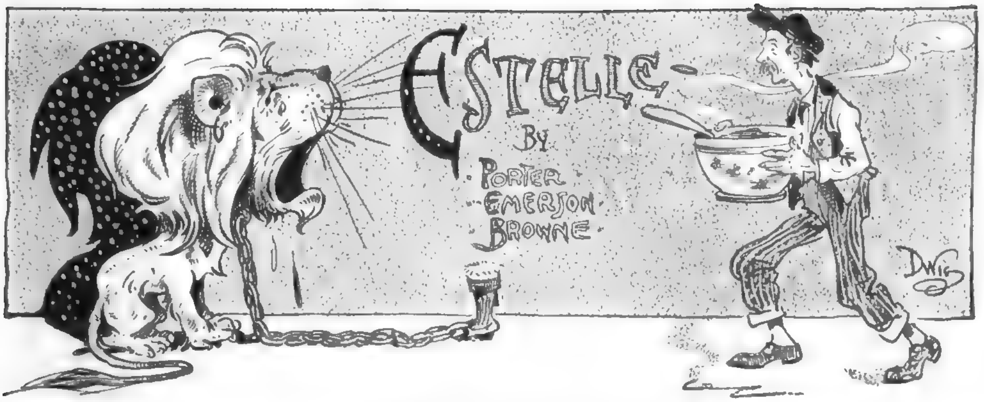
Michael looked long and searchingly into the yellow eyes, and then said, with warm conviction:

"By vartue of me oath, Wullum, I doubt whether the rapscallions are ghosts at all, at all."

A moment later the two fortune-hunters emerged from the old mill. Michael Callahan came first, carrying, gingerly, two hats filled with white eggs.; Bothered Bill Donahue followed, stepping high. Under each arm the tinker firmly held a flustered, expostulating witness to his innocence of the theft.

In the gratifying chorus which greeted Bill's triumphant entry into the village we are sorry to chronicle two discordant notes: Narrow-minded Peter McCarthy pretended to believe that Bill on that eventful night had met with nothing worse than the cackle of Mrs. Brady's hens; while the plundered Mrs. Flannigan maintained that "the only spurrits the owdacious villain saw came out of my jug."

As for Bill, he bore no malice toward the two calumniators; his fame was secure.



Illustrations by Clare V. Dwiggins

OVER in one corner of the little café a careless and cursory orchestra was painfully maltreating the latest specimen of melodious petit larceny that had found the fleeting favor of the public. "Estelle, My Prairie Belle," it was, and as its stereotyped strains filtered through the thick smoke of the room, the property man, seated across from me, gazed in sad, wan pensiveness into his beer and, with the final chord that signified that the orchestra had at last done its worst, he gave vent to a deep, deep sigh and murmured, in abstracted pathos, "Estelle! Estelle!" and then relapsed into another staring interval.

I, wisely, forbore to interrupt him; and at length he came to himself, and to me.

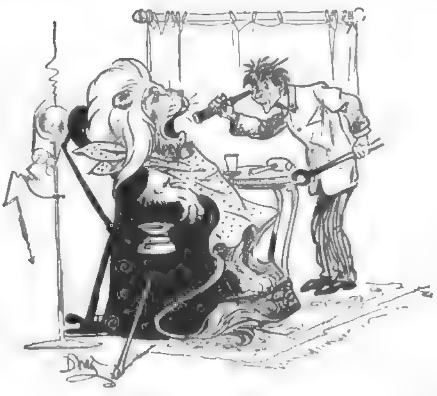
"Oh," he said, with a little start. "I guess I must have been thinking, wasn't I?"

I nodded.

"You had all the symptoms," I returned.

"Ain't it funny," he began; then, in abrupt transition: "That tune always sets me thinking of an Estelle I knowed once. And when I gets to thinking that way, I goes philandering off into the mazes of mem'ry until I don't know where I'm at * * * I never told you about Estelle, did I?"

I shook my head, and pretended only a perfunctory interest in the sad tale of blighted love that I felt sure was to come. Some people, you know, will tell you things only when they think you don't care much about hearing them; and the property man was that kind.



"HIS JAWS AS BARE OF ORNAMENT AS AN UNPAID-FOR CEMETERY LOT"

"Well," he said, at length, reminiscently, "it was this way. In eighteen ninety-seven I was out with 'The Queen of the Hayrem' company. That was a great show. It was about a English girl who gets kidnapped by a Turk and put in his harem. She has a sweetheart, and he climbs over the wall in the second act to rescue her.

"The guy that owns the hayrem catches him there, and he says to his slaves (coons they was that we would pick up in every town that we played), he says, 'Seize him!' and the coons grabs the leading man and ties him hand and foot while the leading lady looks on, weeping and wailing and wringing her hands and telling the coons out of the side of her face that was turned away from the audience to be careful not to walk on her train or she'd tell the manager and they'd lose their jobs.

"In the next act, for revenge, the Turk guy puts the leading man into a lion's den and ties the leading woman with a log chain where she can get a good view while the lion eats up her lover. But just as the lion's about to make good, the leading woman busts her chain and runs into the den and charms the lion with her gaze long enough to untie the leading man. Then they both beat it while the lion's coming out of the Trilby that she has put him into * * * . A hot situation, eh?"

I nodded. "Very," I agreed.

"Well," went on the property man, "we is booked to open in Hoboken. The manager has bought a ex-circus lion for the big scene; and of course he is in my charge.

"They come driving him over from New York in a cage which is loaded onto a truck. They makes almighty good time, too, for the horses can smell him (and I don't wonder!), and it stimulates them to such an extent that they tries seven times to get off the ferry boat between docks; and when finally they do get ashore, they yank the wheels off from three cabs and a mail wagon and come up to the theayter like they was pulling Steamer Ten to a general alarm fire. Tame animals is always afraid of wild ones that way. I knowed a leopard trainer to go out one evening without changing his clothes and hire a cab against the wind. And then, when the breeze changed so the horse could smell him—well, they was chunks of that cab all the way from Forty-second Street to the Battery, and then some. But that ain't got nothing to do with Estelle.

"When they gets in front of the theayter, they sends in for me and I go out, not unperturbed in mind; for it ain't no joke to go chaperoning a lion around the country. But when I get my lamps focussed on the pore animal who's laying back in one corner of his cage looking tired and discouraged and car-sick, I don't feel no other emotion but pity.

"He sure ain't no beauty to look at. In the beast deck, he's more like a dooce than a king. He's got one bum eye and he's kind of moth-eaten, and faded around the edges, and his whiskers looks like they'd been trimmed by an Eyetalian barber who's in a hurry to get away to a street festival. He is certainly a pitiful-looking object.

"We gets him stored in one corner of the stage and I goes out to buy him a slab of cow and some dog biscuit.

"When I shoves this provender in through the bars of his cage, he don't, like I naturally expects, come charging down onto it with his mouth full of growls and a wild light in his windows. Instead, he merely lays where he is, casting a peevish and disappointed gaze upon the sirloin and crackers. Then, when he sees that I am watching him, he bats his eye up at me, grateful and appreciative, and opens his mouth as apologetically as you please, and I see the reason for his peculiar conduct, which is that he ain't got a tooth in his head. His jaws is as bare of ornament as an unpaid-for cemetery site. So I exchanges the carnivora banquet for a couple of gallons of milk and half a dozen loaves of bread.

"The lion takes this juvenile repast like he was a kitten, waggling his tail gentle as you please and purring like one of them rivetting machines they uses on skyscrapers. And every once in a while, he blinks up at me in grateful thanks. Then, when at last he's absorbed his feed, he comes over to the side of his cage and smiles at me his deep appreciation for what I have did for him and then goes over to the corner of the cage, turns around three or four times and lays down; and, resting his head between his paws, he goes off into a snooze that makes the drops quiver.

"Byme-bye, about seven o'clock, the members of the company shows up. Of course the first thing they does is to beat it over to the lion's cage. And there they stands, sizing up his nobs, who is sleeping as peaceful as a hobo on a park bench who knows the cop on the beat is in a saloon.

"'Ain't she a beauty!' says the leading lady, whose knowledge of zoology seems to be somewhat sooperficial. 'What is her name?'

"'I don't know,' I says. 'The guys that brought her over here calls her a lot of things; but none don't seem to be exactly what you might term a cognomen.'

"'Then,' says the leading lady, excitedly, 'I shall name her after myself. She shall be called Estelle; and I shall buy her a gold collar!'

"'A set of false teeth would be a fair more useful present,' I says. But I am interrupted by a chorus of enthusiastic but bashful ladies, all of who thinks her own name is the best and wants to name the lion after herself. I've always found that ladies are very careless students of natooral history.

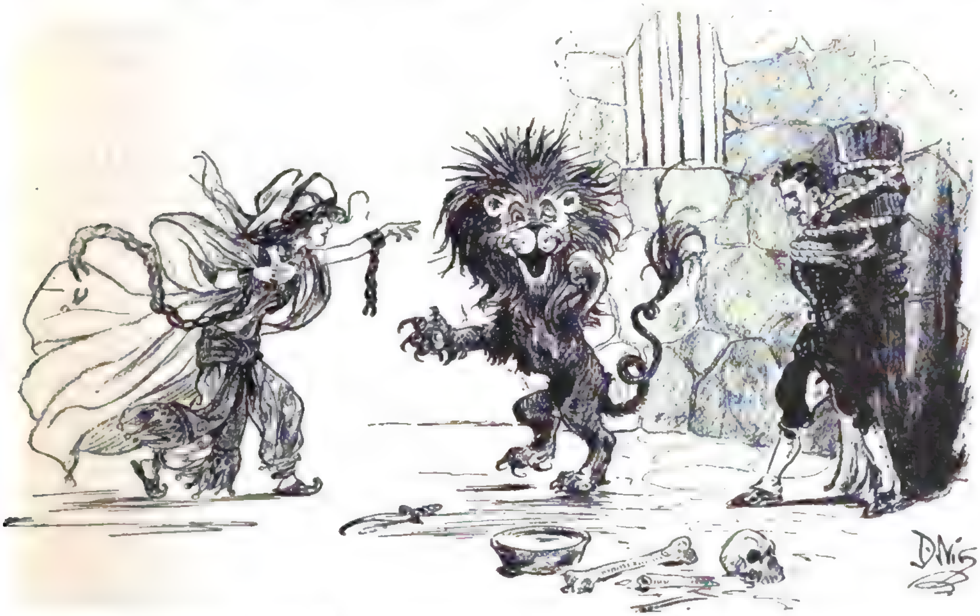
"They're having a row which would wake up anything but that lion when the manager comes in. He is kind of soft on the leading lady. So when she promulgates her decision to name the lion Estelle, he sees a chance to make himself solid without it costing him a cent; so he merely grins and announces that hereafter the lion is named Estelle. And that settles it. He's Estelle.

"Now the big scene comes in the third act. Just before the curtain rings up, it's my job to take Estelle out of his cage and tie him to a mountain, stage left.

"When they was signing the company, they had seventeen property men refuse the job on account of the lion-taming specialty that went with it. But I had been doing the Dead March up and down Broadway all summer and just at that juncture I would have agreed to be *valet de shamber* to a whole African jungle if there was a chance to eat went with the job. So I signs.

"You can make up your mind I'm on the point of giving up the job several or more times before the show gets going. But I decides to wait long enough at least to see what kind of a quadruped they stacks me up against.

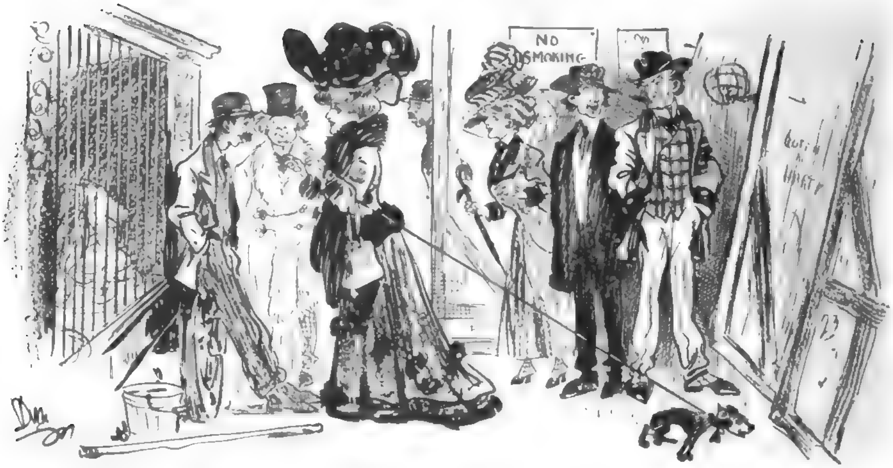
"Estelle's friendly attitood encourages me a lot; but still all my doubts ain't dispelled by a long way for, notwithstanding her grateful attentions after I feeds her, I'm not so sure that when I goes into the cage she won't suddenly remember that, even if her teeth are *non compos mentis,* her hooks are still good, and want to practice a little vivisection work on my shrinking form. Wild animals, you know, have a grace of bearing and a gentleness of manner when they are caged up alone that they sometimes forgets when in human society.



"CHARMS THE LION WITH HER GAZE LONG ENOUGH TO UNTIE THE LEADING MAN. THEN THEY BOTH BEAT IT * * * A HOT SITUATION, EH?"

"All through the first and second acts that night, my pedal extremities is getting more and more chilled; and when the curtain finally rings down on the last scene of the second, they're so cold that I could have put 'em in a tub of hot alcohol and froze it solid. My knees wabbles like I has the ague and I keeps lapping my lips with my tongue and then wondering why I done it; for it's like wiping a gravel roof with a doormat.

"I watches them Hoboken scene slammers putting up the mountain and has al-



"I SHALL NAME HER AFTER MYSELF. SHE SHALL BE CALLED ESTELLE"

most decided to beat it when the manager comes waltzing over to where I'm giving an imitation of the unfortunate herowine freezing to death on the church steps at midnight in 'Turned Adrift; or, Out in the Cold, Cold World.'

"'Aw, what's the matter with you?' says the manager, sourcastically. 'Have you got locomotive ataxia, or are you only shaking yourself for the drinks? Get Estelle out of his cage and hitch him to that ringbolt on the mountain. And get a move on. See?'

"I tries to answer; but the words get lost in the gravel in my elementary canal, and nothing comes out.

"'Do a Daniel,' says the manager. 'Do a Daniel. What's the matter, anyhow? You ain't afraid, are you? Why, he wouldn't bite a cream puff. But if you're scared, I'll send home for my three-year-old niece to come and do it. Hell! Did I hire a man or a blooming old woman? Huh?'

"Now no guy can stand being talked to like that. So I bristled myself up, shut my eyes and wabbled into the cage with my hair standing up like a German diplomat's.

"But there wasn't no call at all to be afraid. Just like the manager said, Estelle was the height of compatibility. A mustard plaster was cold and distant compared to him. And without no trouble at all, except that he jumps up on me and tries to kiss me, I takes him out and hitches him to the mountain.

"The curtain goes up showing a panorama of burning sand embellished with potted palms and the mountain which Estelle is tied to. And in another minute, the coons comes on, dragging the leading man.

"Of course, nobody but me and the manager has yet mixed up with Estelle socially, and for all the rest may know, he's the concentrated squintessence of unadulterated savagery. So you can bet them coons ties up the leading man like they'd worked all their lives at the bundle counter, and then ducks off the stage like the theayter was afire; which, of course, adds verisimilitood to the scene and don't encourage the leading man none too much.

"That guy last-named languishes about three foot beyond the reach of Estelle's chain in a harassed condition of mind that's pitiful to see; for, as I've said, he ain't acquainted with Estelle none at all and he don't know what her homicidal tendencies may be.

"Estelle, after gazing in disappointed and lonely surprise after the disappearing coons, sees the leading man and perks up quite some. He purrs a little and rubs himself sociably against the mountain and then starts to go across to where that hysterical guy is tethered.

"The leading man forgets his bonds and gets ready to take a flying start for the wings. With his eyes bugged out so you could have knocked 'em off with a stick and his hair standing up all over his head like the needles on the peevish porcupine, as the feller says, he waits until Estelle is within eighteen inches of him. Then, so sudden that in comparison to him a streak of lightning would appear slow and sedentary, he gives a yell and starts off for the wings in such a hurry that he knocks the leading woman, who's just coming on to rescue him, off into the bass drum, and disappears from view.

"The curtain's rung down, and the manager goes out onto the apron of the stage and tells the audience, which is all trying to get out of the theayter at once, that there ain't no danger—that the savage brute has been subdued and put back into his cage and so on and so forth until there ain't nobody left in the house to talk to, and next afternoon we opens in Paterson.

"Knowing Estelle's social propensities, we are somewhat doubtful next day when we raises the curtain on the third act. But, being as we've managed to give the leading man full and unqualified confidence in Estelle's pacific intentions and unbounded amiability, we're hoping for the best.

"And so it was that when the coons had dragged the leading man on, and had departed like a bunch of two-year-olds in a steeplechase, leaving the leading man to tie his own hands and feet, he done so unmoved. And when Estelle went sociably toward him, he didn't try to break no sprinting records, but just lay there, gritting his teeth and trying to appear dignified and courageous.

"But would you believe it, before the leading woman had a chance to get on the stage and save the leading man, Estelle has laid down comfortably alongside that languishing guy and went to sleep! And all through that thrilling saving scene he don't wake up at all, but just lays there and snores so that when the herowine yells, 'Sweetheart, you are safe at last!' you can't hear her at all. He don't wake up until after the curtain is down and the audience is yelling itself sick. And then I has to go out and prod him six or eight times with a scimiter before he'll come to.

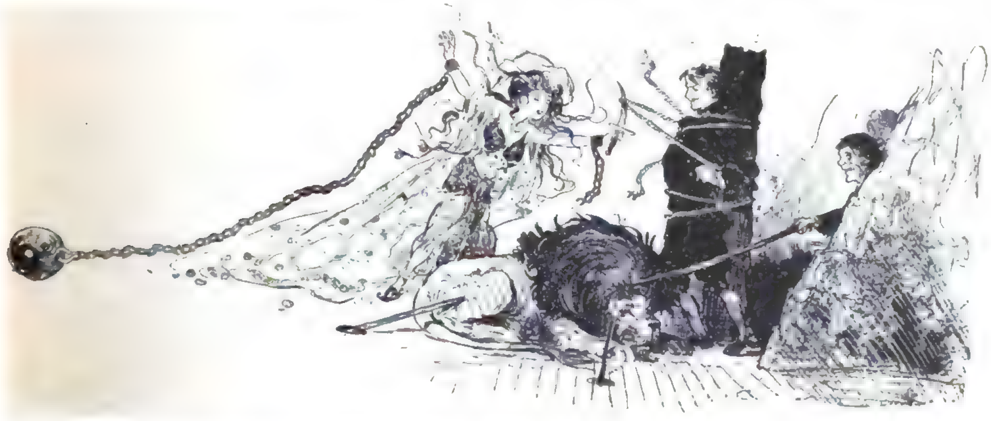
"Things continues to go wrong until we reaches Pittsburg. But then we finds out how to handle the scene; and after that the show goes great. The way we'd work it was to bore holes in the stage and guys would stand underneath with long poles and prod Estelle whenever he'd try to lay down. And the leading lady, by working fast, could rescue her lover before Estelle had a chance to get sociable.

"Then they'd give the quickest kind of curtain.

"During the next six weeks I got to be very fond of Estelle, and he got to be very fond of me, too. You know how you'll grow to love a good, faithful, affectionate dorg that's big, and slow, and poky, and that is perfectly and soopremely happy when he can put his head on your knee and have you rub his nose.

"Well, that's just how it was with me and Estelle.

"And we kept on getting more that way every day. In fact, byme-bye Estelle gets so attached to me that he just can't abide to have me leave him at all. He'll cry and mope and whine and beller every time I go away from him, and take on so he'll



"THE GUYS WOULD PROD ESTELLE EVERY TIME HE'D TRY TO LAY DOWN" scare the whole community into fits; and after they had to send for me fifteen or twenty times to come down to the theayter at three o'clock in the morning and comfort him, I decided the best thing to do was to sleep there. I saved a lot of money in lodgings by it, too.

"By the time we gets to Kokomo, we're Demon and Pythias. Romeo and Jooliet was enemies compared to us, and Hamlet and Ophelia hated each other's signatures on a promissory note. Estelle couldn't spare me long enough even to give me time to get a drink, and I had to have all my meals brought into the theayter to me.

"I had to swear off smoking complete, except when there wasn't no one around; for I couldn't even go outside the stage door for a cigarette but what Estelle would be whooping and howling and yowling and yelping so that people would come running from every which way; and once the Society for the Invention of Cruelty to Animals got after us; and I had to put my head in Estelle's mouth and show the places where his hair was coming out from high feeding to prove that I wasn't maltreating him.

"He loved me so that we could hardly get him to stay on the stage while the leading lady was saving her lover from him. The only way we could work it at all was for me to stay with him until the last minute and then to stand out as far in the wings as I dared and whisper to him. And even then the whole scene had to be played in the time it took Estelle to turn around and make his exit.

"One night the manager come around and he *was* sore.

"'Now, look a' here,' he says to me. 'This thing has gotter quit. It's getting worse 'n worse all the time. Having to play that whole dam' scene in seventeen seconds makes it lose all its thrilling impressiveness. Why, the leading lady has to come on like the driver of Chemical A, and if she misses the first swipe she makes at them bonds, the lion's got his back turned and is on his way home. It won't do.

"'Now,' he goes on, 'I want you to keep out of the way to-night after you've led him onto the stage. Duck quick when he ain't looking and maybe he'll be busy thinking things over long enough to let us get through the scene right.'

"Well, I done what he told me to. And that night, before even the leading lady could reach the leading man, Estelle had turned around and, hearing my footsteps, had tried to climb through the back drop curtain, with the result that he tore it down and thereby exposed to the gaze of the audience a full view of Estelle kissing me like we'd been just reyoonited after years of separation, the manager cussing a blue streak and the company and stage hands laffing and slapping their legs fit to kill. It was the most appreciated scene we ever give; but it didn't seem to make no hit with the management. They cancelled us, and we had to lay off the rest of the week.

"By the time we opens in the next burg, this brainy manager of ourn has framed up a new scheme.

"'I'll lead him on myself to-night,' he says. 'You can duck right after the second act. Then we'll let him hunt all around until he knows you ain't there, and maybe he'll be contented to do the scene right. Of course he'll howl and all that; but that'll only lend extry color to the thing.'

"'All right,' I says, though I was mighty dubious about the lustre of his idea. 'You're the doctor.'

"I done what he told me to. Right after the curtain had fell on the second act, I beat it out the stage door.

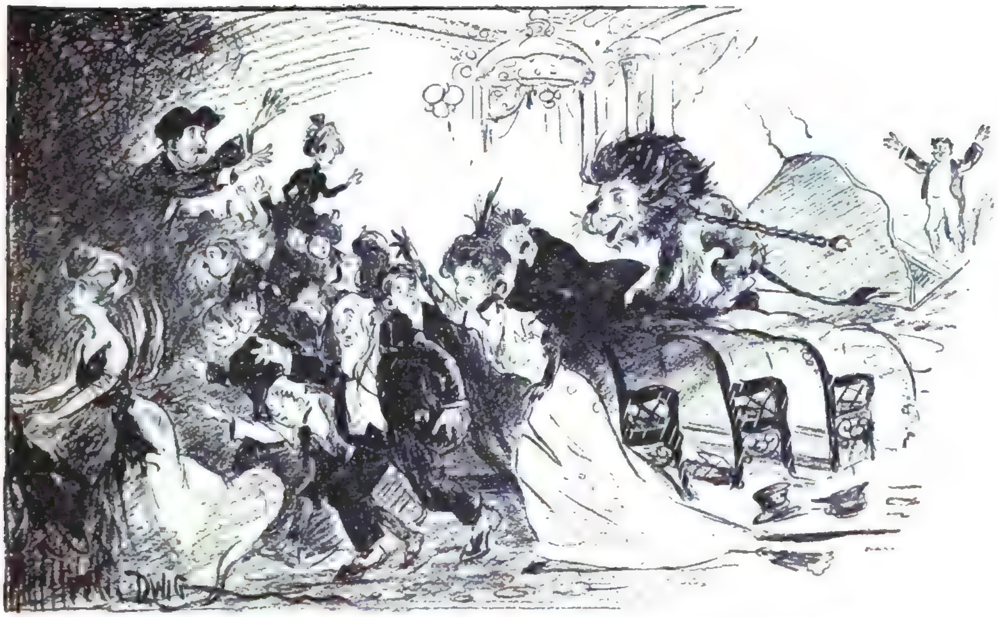
"I could hear Estelle already yelling and yowling and wauling fit to make a siren whistle ashamed of itself, and my heart ached for him in his loneliness. But I wouldn't go back. 'Orders is orders,' I says, and I strolled around to the front of the house.

"'What's the matter in there?' asks the man on the door, as I waltzes into the lobby. "That dam' animated door-mat you've got in behind is tearing it off so the audience is frightened to death. Three women has fainted already and the people is going out faster 'n I ever seen 'em come in in my life. Look a' there."

"I looked. Seventeen people was all at once trying to get out through a door that was originally intended to accommodate a thin guy going sideways.

"'I guess I better go inside,' I says.

"'I guess you'd better,' says the door-



"HE LEAPS OVER THE FOOTLIGHTS, STILL TOWING THE MOUNTAIN AFTER HIM"

man. 'There ought to be at least one person in there for the actors to play to.'

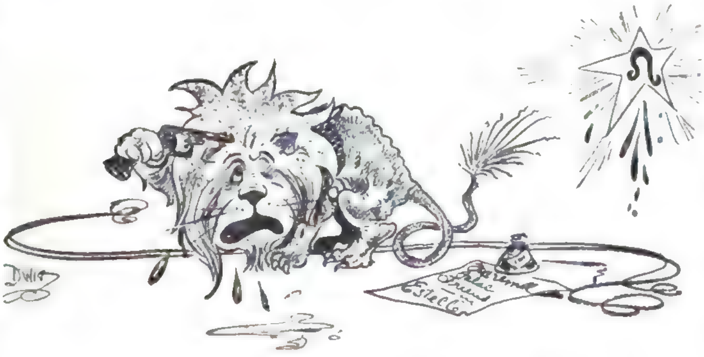
"By violent efforts I manages to get inside and work my way half-way down a side aisle, so's to be out of the rush.

"I could hear 'em on the stage setting scenery at a rate fit to bust the speed ordinances into chunks; and I knowed the manager had saw how things was going, but was ashamed to admit that his idea was a frost, and so was trying to get the scene over with and reyoonite me and Estelle before the audience had went home.

"The curtain rung up in a jiffy; and of course the people that was still in the theayter turned to look. Poor Estelle was nosing around the stage, dragging the mountain after him, and aiming his one good eye this way and that in a frantic effort to find me, and all the while letting out roars and yowls and yips and yells that made the photograph frames in the lobby rattle.

"He only had one good eye. But that one was certainly a peach. In less than a minute he had spotted me; and with one delighted, joyous beller of pure happiness, he leaps over the footlights, still towing the mountain after him, and begins to spraddle his way jubilantly across the backs of the seats to the spot where I'm standing.

"Of course, for what was left of the audience, that was a-plenty, and then some. They stood not on the order of their going. They just went. How they done it is too many for me. The light people climbed over the heavy ones, and the thin people crawled under the fat ones. Winders or doors, it was all the same to



"ESTELLE COMMITTED SUICIDE"

them. I couldn't tell you any more about it to save my life. All I know is that in less 'n thirty seconds me and Estelle is standing alone in that vast ampitheayter, listening to the manager say soothingly from the stage:

"'It's all right, ladies and gents. They is really no cause for alarm, I ashore you. It's all right, ladies and gents.' And when at last he reelizes that it's only me and Estelle he's talking to, he says, kind of helpless and feeble-like, 'Well, wha' d' yer know about that!' and tries to walk through the curtain."

The property man ceased speaking and thoughtfully gazed into his beer.

"And what then?" I queried.

"I got me two weeks' notice," he returned succinctly.

"For what?" I demanded, in some surprise.

"You can search me," he returned; and then, with the disdain and hauteur of the true historian, "Only the good Lord knows why they do the things they do do in some companies. But they gives as a excuse that they thought if they got some one that Estelle didn't love so much as he did me, maybe they could get him to stay on the stage long enough to let them play the scene."

"And Estelle," I persisted. "What became of him?"

The property man was gazing into his beer with saddened eyes.

I reiterated my query.

"Oh, Estelle!" he exclaimed, banishing with an effort the clinging mists of retrospection. *"Estelle committed suicide."*

"What!" I cried.

"Yes," he nodded sadly. "And they rewrote his part for a stuffed tiger."

Renewal

By Margaret Belle Houston

She was so old, the Year,
So bent with all that bows us more than days!
The wind had swept her green familiar ways
Where Summer made sweet cheer;

The snow had blinded her,
Had choked her harp, whose rich and wanton song
Had sent her pulses laughing for so long,
Her blithe, young feet astir.

She was so bent and gray
We saw her die in blessing not in grief,
Her rustling shroud knit of the fallen leaf
Her watcher the dark day!

Now from the glist'ning blue
A kindlier sunlight looks upon the earth,
Now from the russet shell in joyous birth
The living Spring leaps new!

Thro' all the throbbing air
A million songs, a million blossoms break.
O happy Year! that only died to wake
More young, more wondrous fair!

Ah! So shall I depart
With broken harp, my laughing songs all sung;
So shall I sleep—to wake more fair, more young,
More rapturous of heart!

U. S. ARMY DETACHMENT OF ARTILLERY ON THE MARCH

Our Falstaffian Army

By Rupert Hughes

Illustrations from Photographs

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The American people must compel Congress to vote money for the American Army! This must be done at once. The American soldier must receive decent wages and first-class equipment. As a nation we have been pursuing the wrong kind of patriotism. It is time to make our Congressmen quit mouthing Fourth-of-July-Decoration-Day orations and pass the much-needed army appropriations. A fatherland should be in reality a fatherland. This magazine believes in the capable, genuine brand of patriotism. It earnestly recommends those parts of President Roosevelt's message relating to army legislation.

Nobody who reads this second article by Captain Hughes on the American Soldier can help feeling the imperative need of quick action. Do the people of this rich and prosperous nation know that their army—small as it is—is actually in dire need of shoes?

Force your Congressman to act. Write him a personal letter. Make it your business to do this to-day and now. This is the real patriotism, the patriotism that accomplishes things!

OUR country is in less danger from the Japs than from the Yaps. By Yaps I mean those fellow-citizens of ours who may, or may not, be very good to their mothers and may, or may not, pay their taxes regularly, but who have disgusted foreigners since our year One, and have embarrassed the judicious by their nasal brag, "sending a barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world." Whether the Yap may couch his personality in senatorial terms, or steep it in the bromides of jingoism, in his Don Quixotic way he stands ready to tilt at windmills and charge on the embattled millions of all Europe. Don Quixote thought a flock of sheep to be soldiers. Our Yaps thinks that the soldiers of other countries are flocks of sheep.

He is bred at school in a false idea of our history. He is convinced that the American has been always invincible; he is blindly ignorant of the pitiful scenes in our wars when our volunteer armies have fled in mad panic at the first volley, because they were incompetently commanded, and at least in one case, that of General Hull at Detroit, surrendered a fort to inferior numbers; when our men have been left to starve amid plenty, and walk barefoot in snow, while thieves and incompetents in high places ran our army like a political machine. Blindly ignorant of these warnings in our history, the typical Yap derides alarmist talk, pooh-poohs the idea that America could by any possibility suffer defeat, and votes down the most elemental necessities. The Yap is a grotesque Ajax defying the lightning, not by Grecian bravado, but by putting his thumb to his nose.

There is small danger in playing Ajax nowadays, because Jupiter is out of office and his thunderbolt is no more likely to strike the braggart than the meekest tree; but international relations have changed and some day some nation that our Yahoos insult will come crashing about our heads. They have their thunder ready. We must look to our lightning rods.

50,000 ARMED JAPS ON AMERICAN SOIL

For instance, in our territory of Hawaii there are more than fifty thousand Japanese veterans of the Russian war. It is said they are all armed. Yet men in authority admit that our entire regular army could not muster thirty thousand men to send against them.

As for volunteers, Americans, properly drilled and properly trained, are splendid fighters; but so are negroes, Chinamen and Zulus. Our volunteers have always been so poorly instructed in the rudiments of warfare that they have usually been more dangerous to themselves than to the enemy. Our own unsanitary camps have always killed three or four times as many of our soldiers as the enemy could shoot. Far more of our volunteers have died because of miserable sanitary conditions than the enemy has ever slain. To-day the army medical department is in an abominable condition, unable to attend its own sick in time of peace—yet Congress will not pass the long-waiting bill for relief.

The American volunteer is not even taught to take care of his own feet or his own digestive organs. He cannot be trusted to refrain from drinking polluted water, or from polluting the water that he and others must drink. Our contractors sell our citizens paper-soled shoes and putrid meat. And what the average American citizen does not know of handling a gun, or carrying out an officer's commands, is enough to fill a very large volume. It has filled many a large volume of ugly history—history that the general public does not read, preferring those caramels of sweet lies called school histories.

When our next war comes it will require a great army of volunteers. In a previous article I have shown that the National Guard will be largely needed as a source of officers, and have discussed its readiness to respond, describing the condition in which its one hundred thousand men find themselves to-day. These men and officers know at least a little more than nothing about practical war. Most of them can shoot fairly well, thousands are sharpshooters. But for actual knowledge of actual campaign conditions, we must depend on our regular army. How does it stand?

In the eyes of our regulars the American volunteer is regarded as useless because of his lack of training, and the National Guard is a joke. But the regular army is no joke. It is a farce. That is, in times of peace. If war should break out, the farce must shift to tragedy.

Once for all, let me say that I do not hold the regular army to blame. So far as it is permitted to be, it is a magnificent weapon. Its officers, though far too few and though shackled by disheartening handicaps, are a superb body of scholars in scientific warfare. They are fighting a noble fight against the conditions imposed upon them by Yap senators and Yap congressmen supported or intimidated by an enormous Yap constituency.

UNCLE SAM IS FACING A GRAVE CRISIS

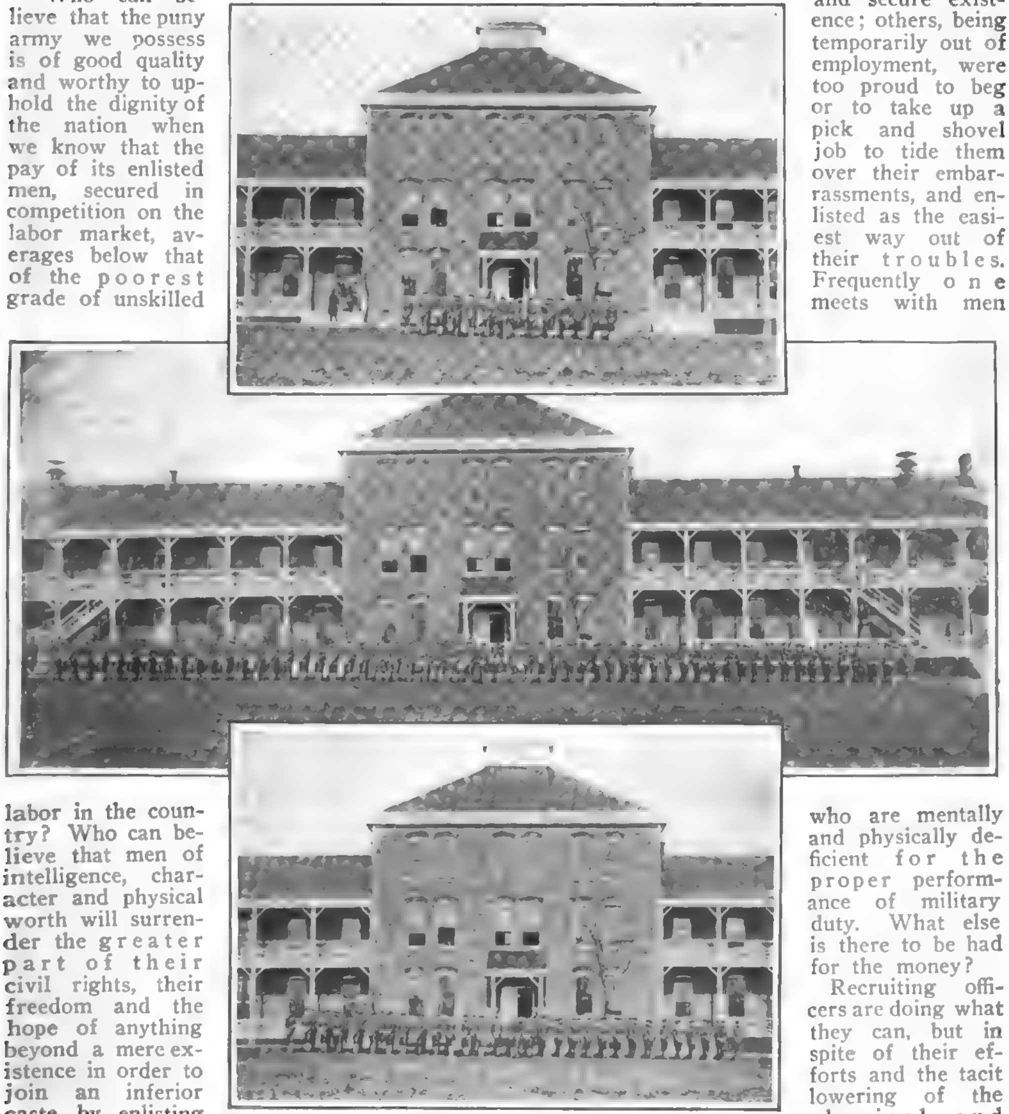
In spite of all their efforts the army never was in a worse condition than it is to-day. It has reached a point deserving that sharp word, *crisis.*

In the title of this article I have used the epithet "Falstaffian." It is strong, but the more you know of actualities, the less unjust it seems. You remember how Sir John Falstaff describes his troop. He says:

> "If I be not ashamed of my soldiers I am a soused gurnet. My whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloths: such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded, unjust serving men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace. There is not a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together."

In surprising accord with this cartoon is the following letter by an old artillery soldier, who thus frankly discusses his fellows in the ranks:

"Who can believe that the puny army we possess is of good quality and worthy to uphold the dignity of the nation when we know that the pay of its enlisted men, secured in competition on the labor market, averages below that of the poorest grade of unskilled labor in the country? Who can believe that men of intelligence, character and physical worth will surrender the greater part of their civil rights, their freedom and the hope of anything beyond a mere existence in order to join an inferior caste by enlisting in the army when the inducements in civil life are such as they are at present? Assuredly no sensible person.



THE U. S. ARMY'S PLIGHT SHOWN IN PHOTOGRAPHS

The upper picture exhibits an infantry company at Fort Thomas. At the present time its actual strength is 33 men. The lower picture shows what this company should be, a complement of 65 men. The middle picture shows the same company as it should be in time of war, 125 men strong. The men necessary to bring this company to full peace and war strength were borrowed from other companies.

"Having been forced by certain untoward circumstances to spend nearly nine years in the enlisted ranks, I know something about the general character of its personnel. Many good men are to be found in the army, men to whom, were their qualities known, would be offered far more remunerative employment in civil life. What caused them to enlist? Some formed a hasty decision based on false expectations of a comparatively easy and secure existence; others, being temporarily out of employment, were too proud to beg or to take up a pick and shovel job to tide them over their embarrassments, and enlisted as the easiest way out of their troubles. Frequently one meets with men who are mentally and physically deficient for the proper performance of military duty. What else is there to be had for the money?

Recruiting officers are doing what they can, but in spite of their efforts and the tacit lowering of the physical and moral standard of the recruits, the army is to-day twenty thousand men short of its authorized strength."

This is an enlisted man's opinion. Here is the verdict of Col. Cornelius Gardner, of the Sixteenth Infantry:

From a Photograph by Waldon Fawcett, Washington, D. C.

INTERIOR OF A TYPICAL U. S. ARMY BARRACKS—FORTRESS MONROE, VA.

> "Thirteen dollars a month is not sufficient to get good men. If perchance, due to youthful enthusiasm to see foreign service, a young man enlists, he will usually stay but one enlistment. A soldier gets forty-three cents a day. He pays from one dollar and a quarter to one dollar and a half for his laundry per month. He has to buy out of his wages all toilet articles, towels, polish for his shoes, equipments and brasses, so there is but little left to him for amusements. He is human, and after a tour of the Islands he longs to see a circus or a theatre, but his pay does not warrant such extravagance. The result is that the recruiting officers can get only second-class men, whose drinking or other bad habits cause them to lose their places in civil life, or men who are of lazy disposition and expect to have an easy time in the army. After having their minds disabused of this idea, and after finding that long weekly practice marches, two or three months' maneuvers every summer in camp, sometimes on their feet from dawn to dark, frequent daily labor, keeping the large posts in presentable condition, cutting grass, pulling weeds, cleaning up public buildings, is by no means what they expected, they desert."

The situation, then, is this: the army cannot get good men and cannot hold what it gets. There result conditions nothing short of appalling.

Falstaff's army included many woodenheads, but did it contain any actual stumps? Yet when a company of our coast artillery corps turned out for service practice November 13, 1907, only twenty-eight per cent. of the men necessary to fire the twelve-inch mortar were available. Their places were taken for purposes of instruction by blocks of wood. And the blocks of wood outnumbered the actual men. (See picture on page 37.)

It is a common thing in our army for a company to start out on a three weeks' practice march with nine men in the ranks. (See picture on page 36.) On October 15, 1907, the Tenth company of the Coast Artillery paraded at the Presidio with only fourteen men.

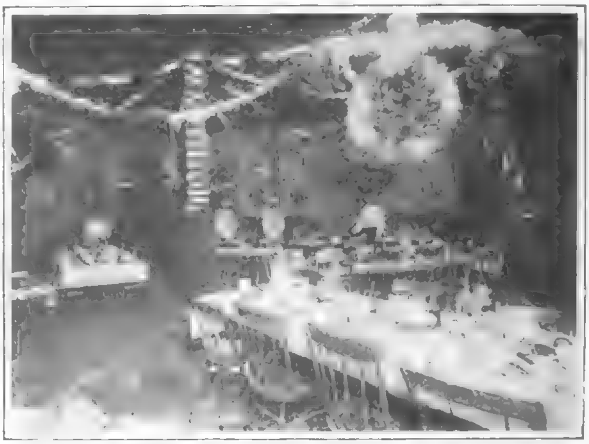
At Fortress Monroe the Sixty-ninth company, assigned to one battery, requires one hundred and twenty-four men to man it, and contains only fifty-four men. Yet it is one of the largest companies.

At Fort Robinson, Nebraska, it takes four troops of the Eighth Cavalry to make one troop at peace strength.

At Fort Sill, Oklahoma, Battery B of the First Field Artillery owns one hundred and nineteen horses, and should have eighty-five men to take care of them. It has fourteen. These men, called soldiers, are overworked as hostlers and paid about a third of what is given the ordinary teamster.

At Fort Wright, Washington, at a regimental formation there were only one hundred and twenty-five men in the ranks. This is just about enough for a single company at war strength.

At the unveiling of the McKinley monument in Buffalo last fall, Company I of the



From a Photograph by Waldon Fawcett, Washington, D. C.

SOLDIERS CHRISTMAS TABLE AT FORTRESS MONROE

Twelfth Infantry could parade only eighteen men. Company M, sent to camp with the National Guard of New York to teach the citizen soldiers their business, could muster only thirteen men. There were not enough men to police the grounds or to supply kitchen police. The National guardsmen had a saying: "There was a company of regulars with us, made up of two first sergeants and a cook."

EIGHTY MEN FOR ONE BATTALION!

In the Seventh Infantry, at a review at American Lake, before distinguished soldiers of many nations, the whole battalion turned out less than eighty men, while Company H, according to its captain, "presented the imposing total of one officer and thirteen men in the ranks."

Our navy is now rated second in the world. Some critics think the ships are built on false lines, but at least they are built, and whenever there is an expert opinion against some feature, there is an expert opinion for it. Our army is not built at all. In President Roosevelt's words, "There never has been any other large nation, not even China, which for so long a period has had, relatively to its numbers, so small a regular army as has ours."

With our enormous seaboard the coast artillery is of vital importance to protect our harbors, our shipping, our pride, our soil. We have spent recently $80,000,000 to strengthen our fortifications, and $50,000,000 more are to be spent, yet we cannot fire what guns we have. According to the Chief of Artillery in an address delivered in New York December 27th, before the Thirteenth Regiment of the National Guard, we have "in actual service approximately thirty-three per cent. of the number needed." In his last annual report he shows that we are "four thousand and eighty men short of one-half of one complete manning detail for the guns already mounted." He adds: "The importance of the early consideration by its proper authorities of some method of obtaining the trained personnel necessary to provide at least one manning detail for our costly coast defenses as well as the troops necessary to protect the forts from attack from the rear in time of war, and, also of taking the necessary steps in time of peace for carrying out such methods of training and mobilization as may be decided upon, can hardly be over-emphasized; for unless this is done, and until it is done, we are liable to meet with national disaster in case of sudden outbreak of war."

From a Photograph by Waldon Fawcett, Washington, D. C.

A REGULAR ARMY DRILL WITH SHELTER TENTS AT FORTRESS MONROE

MANY BIG GUNS, BUT NO GUNNERS

It is said to require three years in the regular army to make an artilleryman efficient. The firing of a single charge from one of the great guns is extremely costly. The correct aiming of these guns is a complicated science requiring elaborate training.

Of what use are our leviathans if when they belch forth their volleys they miss their target a mile? Practice is of an importance that cannot be exaggerated. But the service target practice for 1907 was a ghastly exhibition. Capt. H. S. Kerrick, describing it, says: "Many batteries were ruled out because sufficient men did not remain to fire the heavy guns with safety and benefit. Others finished with twenty-five to fifty per cent. of their authorized strength. The remnant of my company, twenty-eight per cent., competed, manning twenty-five per cent. of its battery of eight twelve-inch mortars. The three other companies of this garrison were so reduced as to be unable to fire at all. Like conditions prevail throughout the service. No recruits have been received in this company for seventeen months. During October and November twenty-seven men were discharged, only two of whom reenlisted. It is a lamentable fact that a crisis has been reached in our national defense system."

NINE MEN WHERE THERE SHOULD BE SIXTY-FIVE

This shows a company of U. S. Infantry starting from Fort Niagara for a twenty-one mile practice march. There are nine men in the ranks out of 22 on the rolls. The others are needed for guard and other duties. The authorized strength of this company is sixty-five.

The reason of the inability to hold men in the artillery is that when they acquire sufficient mechanical skill to handle the guns, they can command such excellent wages outside the army that nothing can hold them to the niggardly pittance doled out by the government. The blame for these shameful conditions rests entirely upon the shoulders of Congress. Unless our representatives at Washington pass the measures of improvement and enlarge the pay, they will actually accomplish on a large scale what Benedict Arnold failed to do on a small scale. He tried to deliver a river fort. They will deliver both our coasts.

In the cavalry we find the same conditions. The horses are too few for peace conditions, to say nothing of war preparation, and even they are insufficiently cared for. According to the report of R. B. Corcoran, of the Field Artillery:

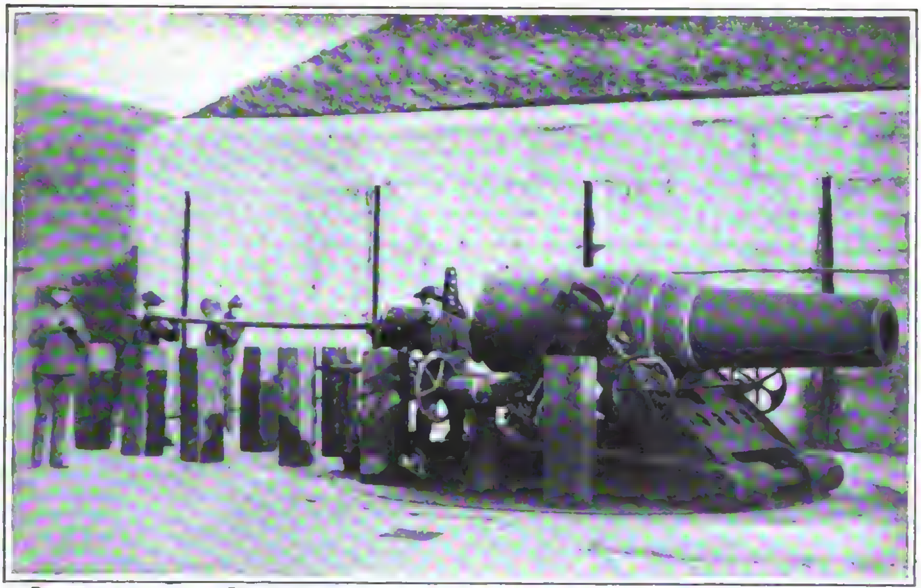
> "The condition of the army now is much more deplorable than at any period in the thirty years that I have had the honor to serve as army veterinarian. Hundreds of public animals are condemned annually for chronic lameness due to the fact that we cannot retain the services of competent horseshoers under existing conditions."

Another veterinarian quotes the proverb: "No foot no horse; no blacksmith no foot." And we must recall the old saying, "For want of a nail the shoe was lost." It ends with the ominous words, "the army was lost."

Falstaff's company was noteworthy for its deficiency in uniforms: "There's not a shirt and a half in all my company and the half shirt is two napkins."

In January, 1908, the deficiency estimate for clothing and equipage of our army amounted to $500,000, of which the *Army and Navy Register* said:

> "This can easily be expended to meet dire needs during the remainder of the present fiscal year. This unusual amount has been rendered necessary by the failure of Congress during the past two years to appropriate the money which has been asked for, and absolutely required in maintaining the stock of clothing and equipage for the army. Nearly all the articles comprising the stock on hand at the various quartermaster depots are greatly diminished, and it is found impossible to meet the requisitions. Probably the most needed article in the list of Army clothing is that of shoes, although for that matter there is urgent necessity for all other articles, including the olive, drab and khaki clothing."



By courtesy of the Army and Navy Life

BLOCKS OF WOOD INSTEAD OF SOLDIERS

Drill for a coast defense gun, regular army. Instead of twelve men and officers, there are only three men and an officer; nine blocks of wood make up the deficit. The effectiveness of such *manning* in war time cannot be estimated.

It is a quaint commentary on our National majesty when its little army is in *dire need of shoes!* It sounds like Valley Forge again.

A matter of the utmost importance, too, is represented in a suggestion that a reserve supply of uniforms be made ready now, in order that in case of war the volunteers may not have to delay at home waiting for clothing, or worse yet, may not be sent into the field as tatterdemalions. In these days of long-range firing, a uniform should not be visible at great distances. To send volunteers into battle in makeshift garb is to court disaster and multiply destruction.

MONEY SHOULD BE SPENT AT ONCE

Money must be spent and at once. Money for horses, for uniforms, for shoes, for guns, and to attract more and better men.

There is a very desperate lack of non-commissioned officers, that is, corporals and sergeants. They are the immediate personal commanders of the men. According to President Roosevelt, to secure and retain competent and non-commissioned officers is "the prime need of our present army. This difficulty rests fundamentally on the question of pay."

But in the case of war the need of commissioned officers will be even more vital. Almost any troops will fight almost any battle if they are well captained. The steadiest veterans will run like cowards if they are uncertain of their commanders.

The whole military theory of our country is that its defense rests on the people, the volunteers. But it requires months to organize, assimilate and train a volunteer army so that it is fit even to make a long march. We need, therefore, a skeletonic regular army on which to hang and form our volunteer force. To quote the President again: "It is *essential* that we should possess a number of extra officers trained in peace to perform efficiently the duties urgently required upon the breaking out of war." We are so far from this *essential condition* that our regular army is going to ruin for lack of officers to hold it together in time of peace.

A bill has recently been urged upon Congress by the Secretary of War to add six hundred and twelve officers to the present number. It is not stated just how they are to be obtained since many vacancies exist and are increasing in the present quota. And there are few candidates for them, though all encouragement is offered to enlisted men to study for promotion, and invitations have been extended to students at military schools. Civilians, also, are eligible under reasonable conditions. But the number of officers still remains far below the authorized strength. This evil begets a new evil—the detachment of line officers from their commands to special duties elsewhere.

AN ARMY "FULL OF ABSENTEES"

One trouble with our army is the old trouble with Ireland. It is "full of absentees." In 1905 the officers absent from their regular duties on special services numbered 517, in the next year 627, and last year 682. Panama, the Philippines and Cuba require many. West Point absorbs 73 as instructors—the post-graduate schools at Fortress Monroe and Fort Leavenworth engage 173. These duties are all important, but the necessity of assigning line officers to them "has bled the line until it is anæmic," to use the phrase of the Chief of Staff. To mention a few instances among many: when on January 26th, 1908, the Twenty-third Infantry left for its third tour of duty in the Philippine Islands, it was twenty officers short. The next three regiments to go during the early part of 1908 were short twelve or more officers each.

From a Photograph by Waldon Fawcett, Washington, D. C.

A U. S. SIGNAL CORPS TELEGRAPHING IN THE FIELD

In the words of an old soldier, "One of the chief troubles with the army arises from absenteeism. It often happens that the officers on detail are the very ones who should not be detailed, as they are the ones most in need of discipline and instruction. Especially are there too many captains absent from their regiments. In many cases regiments have but three or four captains present outside of the regimental staff. Lieutenants of scarcely a year's standing are commanding companies, and not only that, but company commanders are constantly changing. The effect on the companies need not be mentioned, except to say that it is demoralizing. From personal observation, and from conversations with old non-commissioned officers and soldiers after their discharge when they have spoken freely, we have learned of the bad effects of frequent changes of commanders, and of inexperienced commanders.

The present system of detailing line officers "to fill staff vacancies has been in use for seven years. But should war occur, the return of these line officers to their duties and the effort to train new staff officers to fill their places would cripple many of the staff corps and consequently the entire army."

The heavy work imposed on the present officers, the immense distances they must travel, with all the expense of moving their families to and fro, the slowness of promotion, the smallness of their own pay, and the impossibility of getting recruits fast enough to supply the places of the men whose time is up—these things have led to over a hundred resignations in three years.

SEVENTY-THREE VACANCIES AT WEST POINT

The oldtime competition for cadetships at West Point has disappeared, and many of the appointees never turn up for examination. There are seventy-three vacancies now in the West Point School. There are 203 vacancies in the grade of second lieutenant; for these posts only fourteen enlisted men and forty-eight civilians have enrolled as candidates. There are actually needed 381 second lieutenants, but for the

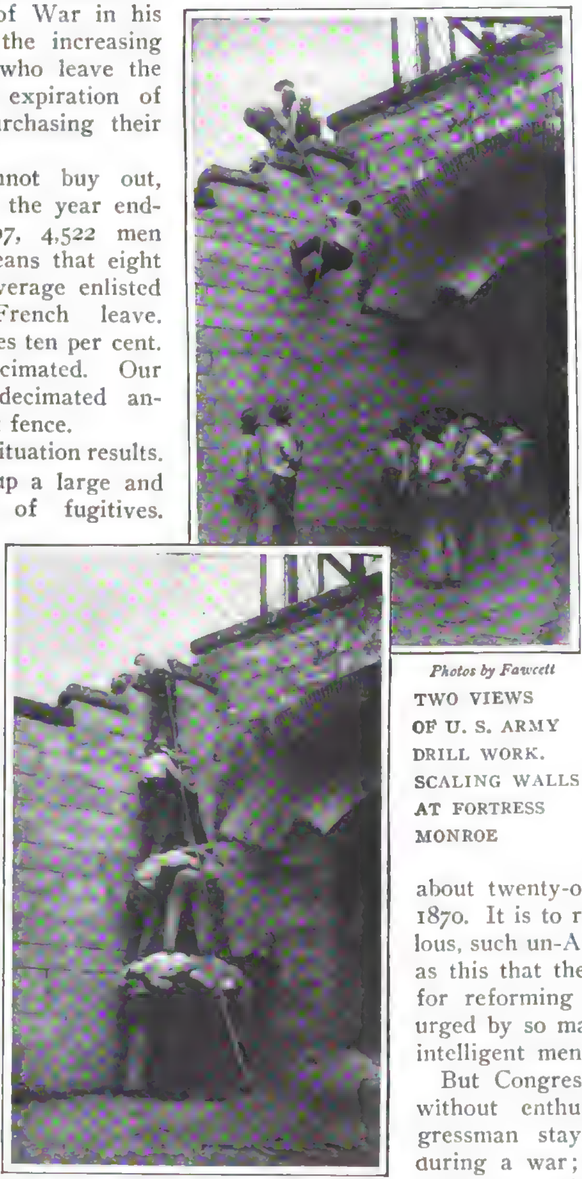
203 open positions—one-fourth of the whole number—there are only one-third as many candidates as places.

While the officers are being detached the men are detaching themselves.

The Secretary of War in his last report notes the increasing number of those who leave the army before the expiration of their leave by purchasing their discharge.

Those who cannot buy out, steal out. During the year ending June 31, 1907, 4,522 men deserted. This means that eight per cent of the average enlisted strength took French leave. When an army loses ten per cent. in battle it is decimated. Our army is almost decimated annually via the back fence.

An astonishing situation results. We are building up a large and increasing army of fugitives. Inasmuch as every deserter is dishonorably discharged and debarred from future service, at the present rate of desertion, every five or six years we recruit an army of twenty-five thousand partially trained soldiers who are forbidden forever to fight. They are properly forbidden, of course, since a man who breaks his oath and deserts his colors in time of peace, because he does not like his wages or his food or can do better elsewhere, can hardly be counted on to be more contented or trustworthy in the test of actual war. And since for the last five years the percentage of desertions has been about the same, it is unlikely that next year it will vary.


Photos by Fawcett

TWO VIEWS OF U. S. ARMY DRILL WORK. SCALING WALLS AT FORTRESS MONROE

Consequently there are four thousand men now in the army who are just waiting their chance to fly by the light of the moon. Is "Falstaffian" too strong a term?

The whole cause of the trouble is our indecent system of pay. The whole cure is in the increase of the pay to a point where a self-respecting man can accept it.

The astonishing fact is that no change has been made in the army pay since July 15, 1870, though in that time the increase in the cost of living has been estimated at from twenty to sixty per cent. by statisticians.

In other departments of the government there has been an average increase in pay of about twenty-one per cent. since 1870. It is to relieve such ridiculous, such un-American conditions as this that the Dick-Capron bill for reforming the pay is being urged by so many far-seeing and intelligent men.

But Congress regards the bill without enthusiasm. The congressman stays in Washington during a war; he can give vent to his patriotism in magnificent bursts of flapdoodle, printed at the government's expense in the *Congressional Record* for wide distribution with parenthetical allusions to "great applause" and "cries of 'hear! hear!'" Besides—and this cannot be too much emphasized—the soldier vote cannot be handled or delivered.

The history of our monthly schedule of pay for enlisted men is as follows:

	1854	1864	1872	1907
Sergeant	$17	$20	$17	$18
Corporal	14	18	15	15
Private	12	16	13	13

Upon this the editor of *Army and Navy Life* comments: "In what department of private life have returns for labor increased but one dollar a month in fifty-three years? And in what civilian calling have the demands upon a man's physical and mental ability increased so greatly as in the military service?"

The schedule of pay for commissioned officers is as follows:

Grades.	1st 5 Yrs.	2d 5 Yrs.	3d 5 Yrs.	4th 5 Yrs.	After 20 Yrs.
General	$13,500.00	$13,500.00	$13,500.00	$13,500.00	$13,500.00
Lt.-Gen	11,000.00	11,000.00	11,000.00	11,000.00	11,000.00
Maj.-Gen	7,500.00	7,500.00	7,500.00	7,500.00	7,500.00
Brig.-Gen	5,500.00	5,500.00	5,500.00	5,500.00	5,500.00
Colonel	3,500.00	3,850.00	4,200.00	4,500.00	4,500.00
Lt.-Col	3,000.00	3,300.00	3,600.00	3,900.00	4,000.00
Major	2,500.00	2,750.00	3,000.00	3,250.00	3,500.00
Captain, mtd.	2,000.00	2,200.00	2,400.00	2,600.00	2,800.00
Captain, not mounted	1,800.00	1,980.00	2,160.00	2,340.00	2,520.00
First Lieutenant, mounted	1,600.00	1,760.00	1,920.00	2,080.00	2,240.00
First Lieuten't, not mounted	1,500.00	1,650.00	1,800.00	1,950.00	2,100.00
Second Lieut.	1,500.00	1,650.00	1,800.00	1,950.00	2,100.00
Second Lieut., not mounted	1,400.00	1,540.00	1,680.00	1,820.00	1,960.00

Last year the army lost of its officers, by death, in action or otherwise, sixteen; by resignation or discharge, forty-nine; by dismissal, three; desertion, two; and by retirement, 82. Of its enlisted men it lost through death by wounds, diseases, etc., 417; by discharge for expiration of term of service, 13,678; discharged for disability, by courtmartial or by order, 8,401; desertion, 4,532; retirement, 259—total, 27,438.

The total strength of the army was 3,797 officers and 59,837 enlisted men.

OUR REGULAR ARMY REALLY IRREGULAR

Compare the loss with the total. It will be seen that a ceaseless tide of new blood, much of it bad blood, flows in and out. Our army lacks the vital advantage of stability. Instead of a regular, we have a most irregular army; instead of veterans, transients.

There remains a yet worse feature—the medical department. *

This then is our army, our Falstaffian army. It is organized on lines far too meager for its peace needs. It is seventeen thousand short of its authorized strength. It is miserably paid, decimated by desertion, honeycombed with discontent, anæmic for lack of officers, overworked and disheartened. It faces the thought of war with a sense almost of dismay.

The fault is not the army's, but yours, mine, our representatives. And there seems to be no sense of responsibility in Congress. It is busied about so many things, such as building fences and laying pipes and wires! And, of course, it must never be forgotten by us—as it is never forgotten in Congress—that the soldier vote does not matter.

OTHER NATIONS KNOW OUR WEAKNESS

Is it unpatriotic to write of these things? The author of an article criticizing our navy was recently berated as a traitor, and one editorial demanded his punishment, declaring that treason was defined as the giving of aid and comfort to the enemy.

But does anyone imagine that foreign nations are ignorant of these conditions? What are their ambassadors, their military and naval *attachés* and their spies doing all this time? Besides, their publications are full of detailed accounts of our condition.

Is it not greater treason to keep from ourselves these things that our enemies know? Is not the only real treason among those Senators, Congressmen, editors, politicians and voters who resist efforts at reform, deny our army the decencies of modern life, the demands of intelligence and the rewards of ambition?

It is plain, to anyone with even a primer full of historical knowledge, that we are sure to have a war some day. Some day is any day. In the kaleidoscope of international chaos, it may prove to be to-morrow.

Our regular army is manifestly unfit and unable to serve the purposes for which it exists. It must lean upon the National Guard for a large proportion of the country's defense. The National Guard needs recruits, and finds them almost as hard to obtain and to hold, as does the regular army. The National Guard leans upon the people—the able-bodied citizens who have most to gain and lose in their national welfare. It behooves every man, who values his birthright, to do his share toward coercing Congress and fitting himself and his country to stand four square to all the winds of the world. As it is to-day, a zephyr would shake our towers.

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* An article on the medical and sanitary department of the United States Army will appear in this magazine next month.—EDITOR.

In Search of a Parent

By E. J. Rath

Illustrations by G. W. Harting

INASMUCH as Roy Clifton was now quite certain that his mother intended to do nothing whatever about the matter, he decided that it was time for him to take action himself. For some time this had been in his mind,but it had not crystallized into a pressing desire until he reached his seventh birthday, which brought him to years of importance and discretion. Further delay was, therefore, out of the question.

All the other boys had fathers, and he resented what was quite plainly an unjust discrimination. Fathers, he had come to learn, were useful persons; principally useful as the final authority on all things. They were needful in arguments, for you could say: "My father says so," and that was an end to the matter. And, although Roy loved his mother with a loyalty that was unflinchingly partisan, he realized very well that it was no answer to rejoin: "But my mother says it's not so." The matters at issue were not often those on which mothers were authorities.

When Roy fully decided that he needed a father he went about the matter without delay. There was no need, of course, to mention it to his mother, for she could have no possible interest in the task of selection. He was the one that had to be suited. Then, too, there would be a certain pleasure in surprising her, after the affair had been successfully arranged; and he had a healthy liking for surprises. As he put on his cap and slipped out of the house on the day of the great decision, he stole a glance at her and saw that she was quite unsuspecting. This he regarded as a triumph not to be lightly regarded, for his mother had a fashion of reading his thoughts that sometimes seemed to him almost supernatural. Of the business in hand he stoutly resolved to say nothing, for fear it might end in a failure, and he hated failures.

The park seemed to be as good a place as any to begin. It was pleasant in these April days and surely it must contain pleasant fathers. He remembered that he had seen several there, almost any one of whom would have suited him quite well. This afternoon he passed several who might have answered, had it not been for the fact that they already had sons and daughters of their own. Roy made it a firm condition in his own mind that he would not divide a father with anybody. At the Zoo, particularly, there was a numerous collection of fathers, but all the desirable ones seemed to have been taken. The unattached ones were vetoed in succession, after a critical inspection. Some of them were too old; others too fat. And some of them did not appear to be rich, which, however sordid a qualification, was one that had to be considered, nevertheless. Rich fathers could buy more things than poor ones.

Finally Roy turned from the Zoo and went back along the winding walk through which he had come. And there he found the very man he was looking for. He halted a little way off and made a frank examination. Then he drew slowly nearer and finally stopped directly in front of the chosen one, for a final inspection. It seemed to Roy as if every attribute were here assembled. He was quite certain of it when the man on the bench suddenly became aware that he was an object of interest and raised his eyes to meet those of the inquisitor. The eyes were clear and blue and friendly and they settled the matter.

"Hello," said the man. It was a good voice, too.

'Hello," said Roy, and they were introduced.

"Did you want to speak to me?" inquired the gentleman on the bench.

"I—I wanted to ask you some questions," said Roy, finding it a little difficult to approach the subject of their business, now that he had found his man.

"Well, that's what I'm here for," said the man cordially. "To answer any and all questions asked by boys who walk in the park."

Roy beamed. Here was the right sort of a father, beyond all doubt.

"What do you want to know, son? Anything about lions and tigers and things up at the menagerie?"

"No," said Roy, shaking his head. "I—I think I'd like to know your name."

"Gregg," said the man promptly, and smiling a little.

"Mister Gregg, I suppose," commented Roy.

"Certainly; mister, of course."

"And I'd like to know just how old you are."

Mr. Gregg burst into a laugh and gazed at the small figure in some astonishment. Then his face became grave again, and he answered solemnly:

"Thirty-six."

Roy received the information with a certain shock, for this was indeed a great age; almost prohibitive, in fact. But then he remembered that Mr. Gregg looked no older than lots of other fathers, and decided that perhaps he had made a mistake in the matter, anyhow. He passed to other things.

"Are you rich?"

"Not guilty," said Mr. Gregg promptly, biting his lip.

Roy betrayed an expression of anxiety and the gentleman on the bench added hurriedly:

"Ought I to be rich?"

"It would be better."

"All right, then. I'm part way rich. Will that do?"

"Yes; I guess that'll do," said Roy, and he considered his next question. At length he put it:

"Have you got any boys?"

Mr. Gregg shook his head.

"Girls?"

"Neither of them," said Mr. Gregg. "Nobody but a dog."

Roy brightened, for the last information was important. In fact, it was conclusive, for he said after a pause:

"I think you will do very well."

"You think I'll do for what?"

"For my father."

Mr. Gregg straightened up in his seat and stared.

"Wouldn't you like to be my father?" asked Roy anxiously.

"The invitation is somewhat unconventional," remarked Mr. Gregg. "I would have to consider it, you know."

"I have no father," added Roy. "He is dead. And I want one."

Mr. Gregg nodded his head understandingly and looked grave.

"I see," he said. "It's a very important matter. Have you a mother?"

"Oh, yes," said Roy promptly.

"Hum," said Mr. Gregg.

"She is very nice," continued Roy.

"There is no doubt of it," declared Mr. Gregg, emphatically. "And—er—does she know you are looking for a father?"

"Oh, no. She doesn't know I'm looking for anybody. It's my own idea."

"I see," said Mr. Gregg, slowly. "And you didn't think she needed to know about it?"

"Why, no," said Roy, surprised. "You see, you're to be my father, not hers."

"That's so; I didn't think of that," observed Mr. Gregg. "But she might want to have something to say about it, even then. Don't you think so?"

"We-e-ll," perhaps," admitted Roy reluctantly. "But she'd like you, I'm sure."

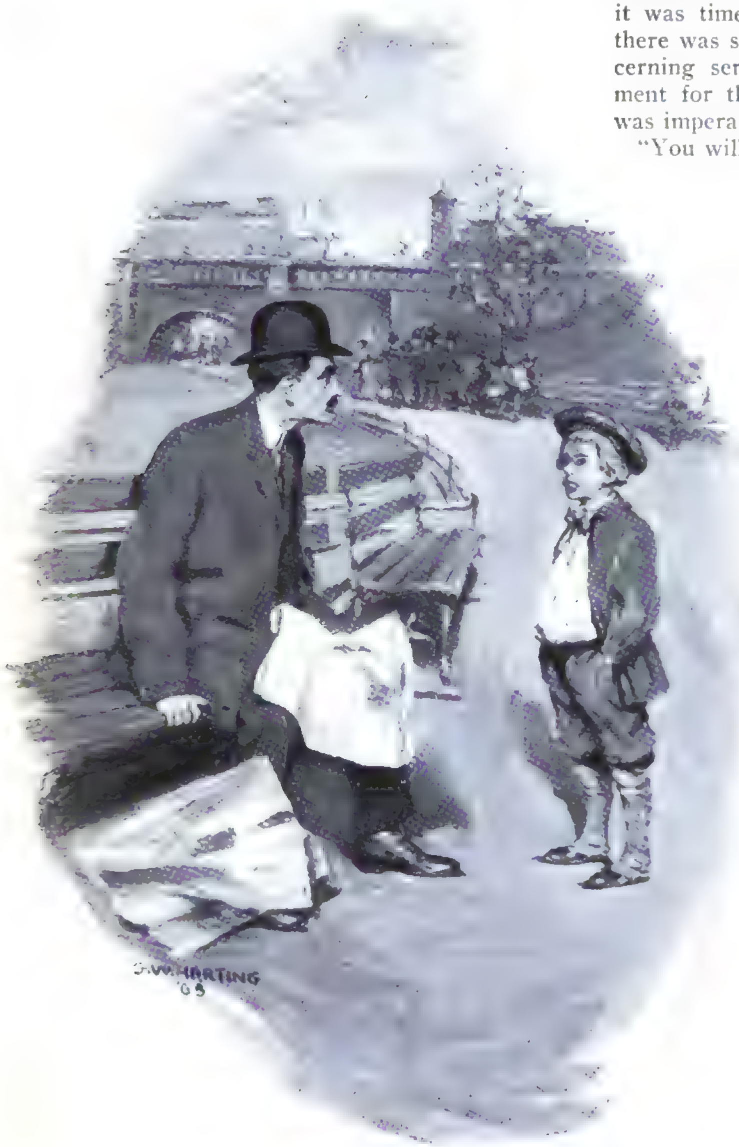
Mr. Gregg bowed profoundly at the compliment.

"So I guess it's all settled, isn't it?" added Roy, comfortably.

The gentleman on the bench laughed oddly.

"I tell you what," he said. "We won't decide this thing right away. We'll get acquainted first. You sit down here and tell me all about yourself, and then we'll go and look at the snakes."

Roy accepted the invitation hastily, and he condensed information about himself into the briefest possible form, for he wanted to see the snakes very much, but had a disinclination to visit the reptile-house alone. Some of the snakes were very large and it seemed as if it must be easy for them to break through the glass, in which event



"I—I WANTED TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS," SAID ROY

it would be highly necessary to have present a father who might slay them. Having rapidly sketched himself, he slid off the bench and announced that he was ready to be taken to the place of thrills.

It seemed that Mr. Gregg had vast information concerning snakes. He had even seen them in a state of wildness, which was a wonderful thing and a powerful endorsement of his parental claims. When Roy discovered, to his displeasure, that it was time for him to run home there was so much left untold concerning serpents that an appointment for the very next afternoon was imperative.

"You will be sitting on the same bench, I suppose," said Roy.

"In the very same place," said Mr. Gregg, laughing.

"I'll be there," said Roy, extending his hand with a frank movement. "I like you all right."

"Thank you," said Mr. Gregg, and he stood with a puzzled expression on his face as he watched the small figure disappear around a bend in the path.

Roy ran most of the way home, for he felt that his mother might worry at his long absence. He hoped, as he entered the house, that he betrayed nothing of the afternoon's venture, for as yet the matter was to be a secret. Mr. Gregg had announced no decision, and until he did it would not be worth while to say anything about it. There was, too, a dark possibility that he might not accept, although Roy dismissed that from his mind confidently.

He was first at the bench the following afternoon, and waited impatiently for the arrival of the father-elect. But it was worth all the delay when Mr. Gregg did arrive, for it was a long afternoon of snakes and confidences, and it promoted acquaintance to the point where Roy thought it might be just as well to tell his mother, after all. He overcame that temptation on his return, however, for Mr. Gregg had registered no acceptance of the post offered to him. In fact, there had been no discussion of the subject that day.

After that there were many afternoons in the park, where there was a museum, and a lake, and an aquarium, and great cages full of birds, all of which had to be explained. And no one, not even his mother, could have explained them so well as Mr. Gregg. These things were so important that Roy permitted a week to elapse before he returned to the basic matter of their acquaintance. Then, sure beyond peradventure of his own mind, he asked:

"I suppose you have decided about being my father, haven't you?"

Mr. Gregg shook his head seriously.

"I think we ought to wait till we're old friends," he said.

"But aren't we?" asked Roy.

"Not old ones," exactly."

"Well, we're friends anyhow."

"Oh, sure," said Mr. Gregg, heartily. "Bully good ones."

"And how long does it take to be old ones?"

For a man who was such a mine of information about wonderful things, Mr. Gregg's answer to this trivial matter was lamentably lame.

"I couldn't say exactly, Roy. It all depends."

None but Roy knew of the struggle which came to him nightly, after he had scrambled into bed and his mother bent over to kiss him. Something that was too intangible to be described as conscience goaded him to tell the secret of his afternoons. Then a friendly sense of doubt or a lack of courage would seal his lips, and he would fall asleep with the happy knowledge that the story was still locked safe within him.

One memorable Sunday afternoon it almost slipped from him, when he walked with his mother on the avenue, for they passed Mr. Gregg himself, and he gave Roy a friendly nod and a smile, and bowed.

"Who is that gentleman, Roy?" asked Mrs. Clifton.

"Mr. Gregg, mother."

"And who is Mr. Gregg?"

It was a critical moment and Roy hesitated. He would have to tell part of it, anyhow, but, because of the indecision of Mr. Gregg, it seemed unnecessary to tell it all. So he answered:

"He's a gentleman I know in the park."

Mrs. Clifton was surprised and somewhat perturbed and was so persistent for information that her son reluctantly told the story of his discovery of a new acquaintance. It did seem strange and distant for Roy to speak of Mr. Gregg as an acquaintance, but he steeled himself against the revelation that hung upon his lips. Mrs. Clifton was doubtful of the wisdom of park friendships, it appeared, but Roy made a gallant showing for Mr. Gregg and succeeded in averting a decision which might have terminated the negotiations for a parent.

Roy was a little surprised the following day when Mr. Gregg made no reference to the encounter on the avenue, and he finally mentioned the matter himself.

"That was my mother, yesterday," he said. There was a little note of pride in his voice.

"Yes, I knew that," said Mr. Gregg.

"Did you like her?"

"Yes, I liked her," for Mr. Gregg found that the question required a direct answer.

"I thought you would," said Roy. "She's pretty, isn't she?"

"Very pretty," said Mr. Gregg, gravely.

Roy nodded his head with satisfaction and jumped to another topic, inasmuch as the last word had been spoken concerning his mother.

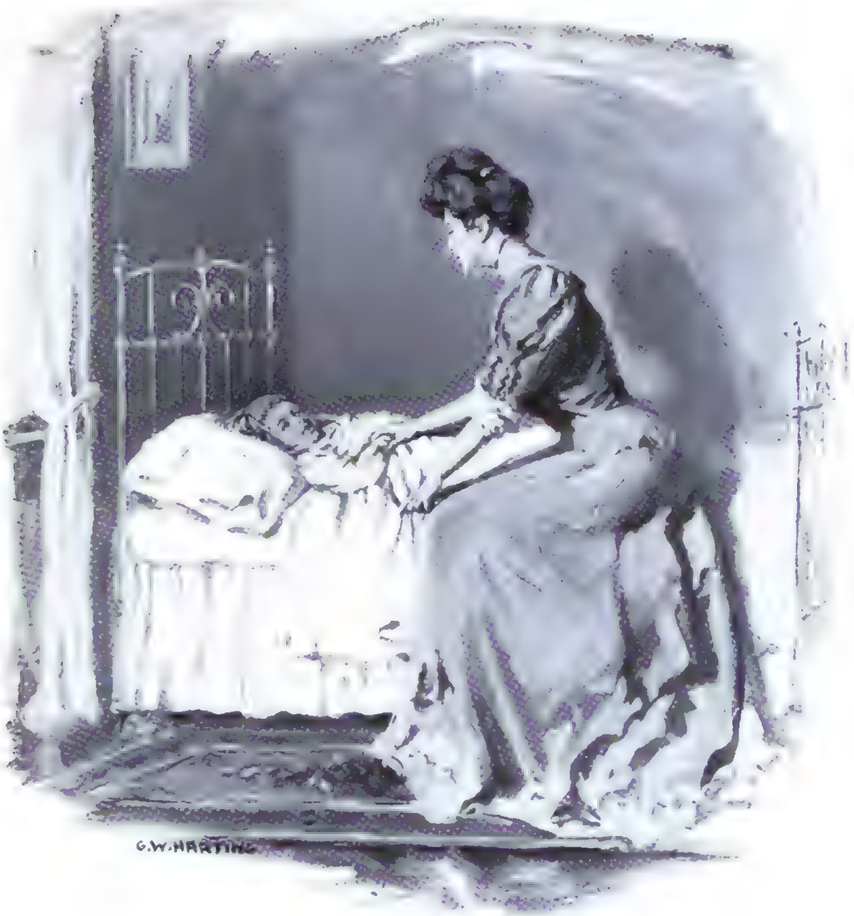
The fact that Mrs. Clifton now knew of her son's friend in the park was regarded by Roy as an incentive to hasten the affair. She made daily inquiries concerning his afternoon doings, supplemented with motherly cautions and advice. It was hard not to tell the great secret. But Mr. Gregg had been unaccountably long in arriving at a definite state of mind. It was advisable to press for an answer, although it seemed to Roy that it could be little more than a mere formality.

"Why can't we just go on being friends?" equivocated Mr. Gregg. "Is it necessary for you to have a father?"

Roy regarded him with eyes that betokened amazement.

"Why, of course it is."

"But are you sure I'll do?"



NONE BUT ROY KNEW OF THE TROUBLE WHICH CAME TO HIM NIGHTLY, AFTER HE HAD SCRAMBLED INTO BED

"Sure," said Roy with emphasis. "I know it."

Mr. Gregg was driven into a corner from which there seemed no escape.

"Well, will you?" persisted his small adversary.

"All right," said Mr. Gregg, with a sigh.

Roy extended his hand solemnly, but his eyes were ablaze with excitement. He had won. Now he was like other boys.

"I shall tell mother when I get home," he said.

Mr. Gregg gave a start of alarm.

"You must do nothing of the kind," he said hastily.

"Why not? It's settled, isn't it?"

Mr. Gregg chewed his lip desperately. He experienced a certain sensation of foolishness. He had not calculated consequences.

"Sit down here, Roy," he commanded. "Let me impress on you the fact that you must tell your mother nothing of the kind."

"But," protested Roy, "she——"

"She might not approve of it," interrupted Mr. Gregg.

"Oh, she would," confidently. "She likes you."

"She does? Did she say so?"

"Well, she didn't say she didn't."

"Did she say anything about me?" demanded Mr. Gregg.

"N-no, I don't think she did," faltered Roy.

"Now, look here, Roy," said Mr. Gregg,

earnestly. "This is a secret between you and me. It's just a private bargain. You mustn't tell anybody."

"When can I tell, then?"

"Not till I tell you."

Roy sighed. He could see no reason for this. Beside, he had a well-defined opinion that his mother really ought to know. It was his habit to tell her everything. Already his long concealment of the real purport of his afternoon adventures in the park had burdened his conscience with a weight of guilt, only relieved in part after the chance meeting on the avenue. But he realized, too, that Mr. Gregg had a claim to consideration, and so long as he was adamant there was nothing to be done about it. Nevertheless, he could not understand why it was any longer a secret, now that it was all settled.

Daily he raised the question, only to find that Mr. Gregg had a most annoying habit of not changing his mind. Sometimes he thought he even detected a shade of annoyance in Mr. Gregg's tone, and then he would drop the subject at once, for he had no intention of spoiling it all, after having gained so much. As for Mr. Gregg, he cursed himself frequently and thoroughly for the momentary weakness which led him to yield to the whim of a child. He felt silly. Of course, it would be easy enough to stay away from the park and thus put an end to it, and more than once he decided that this was the very thing he would do. The resolution was firm, but somehow it always failed of execution.

It was a day of ill-concealed excitement for Roy when Mr. Gregg and his mother met. Mrs. Clifton had yielded quite unthinkingly to her son's pressing invitation to go for a walk and he led her adroitly to the shady path that he had come to know so well. Mr. Gregg was faithfully at his post on the bench.

"This is Mr. Gregg, mother," said Roy.

The gentleman on the bench rose hastily and bowed.

"I believe I have to thank you for being kind to my son," she said, smiling.

"I am just as deeply indebted to him," answered Mr. Gregg. "We are very good friends."

"He is the gentleman who tells me about snakes and things," explained Roy, and Mr. Gregg and his mother laughed. Then they talked for a little while about things that were of no possible interest, and presently Mr. Gregg bowed and left them, with never a word about snakes or wild beasts of any sort.

"He wasn't very good this afternoon," said Roy, as he watched Mr. Gregg disappear down the walk. "He usually tells about animals. I guess you didn't like him very well."

"He seems to be a very pleasant gentleman," said his mother.

Roy nodded affirmatively.

"Yes, he is; but you didn't hear him tell any stories. I guess we'll go home now."

It was another Sunday afternoon that Roy and his mother met Mr. Gregg again, and he walked a little way with them. But Mr. Gregg was so different that Roy privately decided that after this he would leave his mother home. For his chosen parent was infinitely better company in the park, where there was no one but just themselves, and nothing to interfere with a free discussion of natural history.

This preference for exclusiveness received a rude shock one evening when the door-bell rang, just before it was time for Roy to go to bed, and Mr. Gregg was shown into the library. A momentary pang of jealousy gripped Roy as he beheld the visitor. Mr. Gregg had given him no hint of this.

"Hello," he said, a little coldly.

"Hello, Roy."

"Did —did you come to see me?"

Mr. Gregg laughed.

"Why, yes; to see you and your mother."

Roy had guessed as much. He felt a shade of resentment against this division of a father, even with his mother.

"Did she ask you?" he inquired, pointedly.

"No," said Mr. Gregg, shaking his head. "I asked her."

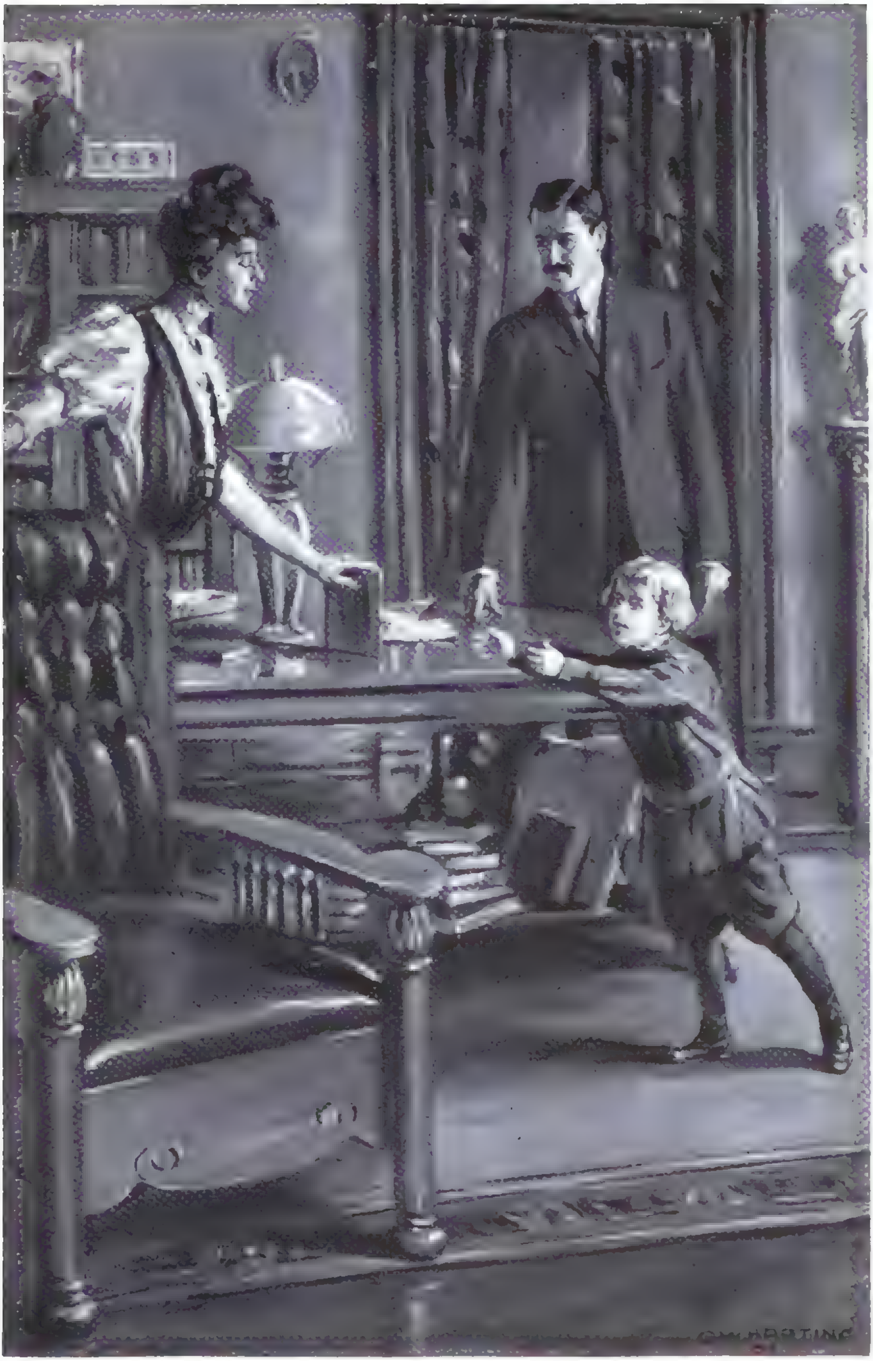
Roy contemplated him in silence for a moment.

"Then I suppose I can tell her all about it now," he remarked.

Mr. Gregg placed his finger on his lips and shook his head vigorously. He did not speak, for he heard a step outside the doorway. Mrs. Clifton entered to witness the pantomime.

"Secrets?" she asked, laughing.

"Important secrets," said Mr. Gregg.



FOR ANSWER HIS MOTHER OPENED HER ARMS, AND THE BOY RAN TO HER

"Then I warn you, Mr. Gregg, that your confidence will probably be betrayed. Roy tells me everything. Don't you, Roy?"

Mr. Gregg looked at the little figure anxiously.

"Ye-es, mother," said Roy slowly, with a guilty glance at the caller.

For a while he was permitted to sit in the library, only to go to bed with a sense of disappointment. Mr. Gregg did not tell a single story. It seemed that parks made a great difference.

He casually mentioned this fact to Mr. Gregg the very next afternoon, as they sat on the bench under the trees.

"So you don't want me to come to the house any more?" observed Mr. Gregg, with gravity and looking very much hurt.

"Oh, yes," said Roy, hastily. He did not wish to be rude. "But you are better in the park," he added.

"How's that?"

"You tell about snakes out here."

"I see," said Mr. Gregg, nodding his head understandingly. "And if I told about snakes at the house would it be better?"

"Yes, that would be better," admitted Roy.

"But your mother would not care to hear about snakes, perhaps," suggested Mr. Gregg.

Roy looked at him inquiringly. The brief pang of jealousy that he had felt the evening before was returning. He did not see what his mother had to do with the matter at all.

"You're to be my father," he said, stoutly. "You're not hers."

"That's so," said Mr. Gregg, in the tone of a man who had suddenly awakened to an obvious fact. "I hadn't thought of that. Well, now, how will this do? I will tell to you, personally, a snake story every time I come It will be your story, and your mother can listen to it if she wants to."

"Well, I guess that will be all right," said Roy. "She'd probably like to hear it, anyhow. She doesn't know much about snakes."

Mr. Gregg's subsequent enlightenment of the Clifton household on reptilian subjects was an experience which always left him with a vague feeling of doubt. Roy was the same rapt auditor of the park, but his mother was a somewhat embarrassing factor. The story-teller would occasionally find in her eyes a furtive expression that suggested mild amusement, and now and then a smile would lurk on her lips. She was a very good listener, but somehow she listened differently.

A humid August came, and it bore Mrs. Clifton and her son away to the mountains, with the secret still untold. Sometimes it fairly cried out to Roy for release, but he managed to conquer it, although they had herculean struggles with each other. For Mr. Gregg had been unaccountably deaf to all pleadings, and he had rights in the matter that could not well be ignored.

It was a long month to the lonely haunter of the park. He missed the rousing "Hello!" that used to come to him every afternoon. There no longer seemed to be any jolly companionship in the things about him. And he knew very well that he was getting rusty on stories.

He was searching the columns of a newspaper one early September day, when a shout brought him out of his seat on the bench. An instant later a small figure collided with him violently. Mr. Gregg seized it by the shoulders and held it off at arm's length.

"Tanned like an old salt, by Jingo!" he exclaimed.

Roy nodded, gasping for breath, for he had run all the way.

"And freckled," added Mr. Gregg.

The yellow head nodded vigorously again.

"And looking as fit as a racehorse."

Roy found his voice.

"And I saw a real snake," he shouted.

"Bully!"

"And a man killed it with a stick."

"Great!"

"And I told mother."

"And what did she say?"

"She got all red in the face and didn't say anything."

"What? She never said a word about the snake, after all the stories I told about them?" said Mr. Gregg, in a pained tone.

"Oh, I didn't mean I told her about the snake," explained Roy.

"No?" remarked Mr. Gregg, puzzled. "What did you tell her about?"

"About you going to be my father," said Roy, beaming hopefully.

Mr. Gregg sat down on the bench suddenly and stared at him.

"I couldn't keep it a secret any longer," added Roy, apologetically, observing the stare with some uneasiness. "You don't mind, do you?"

"Tell me what you said," demanded Mr. Gregg.

"Why, I just told her; that's all."

"And she said nothing?"

"No."

"Did—did she laugh?"

"Oh, no," said Roy, hastily. "She didn't laugh at all. She looked—well, she looked something like you do now."

Mr. Gregg glared at him in silence for a minute longer, possessed of a desperate desire to say something and not knowing what to say. Then he arose suddenly, seized the breaker of promises by the hand and started rapidly down the path toward the park entrance. He walked very fast indeed, so that Roy had to run part of the time to keep up with him. Now and then he would glance timidly up at the tall figure, to see if Mr. Gregg was looking any pleasanter. He was not. His face was very stern and he looked straight ahead.

"Not mad, are you?" ventured Roy, as they reached the avenue.

Mr. Gregg made no reply.

"It just came out sort of all by itself," observed Roy, tentatively, a little later; but Mr. Gregg seemed to have no interest in the manner of the crime. He walked faster than ever.

"I don't see why you're mad," added Roy, mournfully, as they neared the house. "She didn't get mad."

They ascended the steps rapidly, and Mr. Gregg rang the bell.

"You're not going to stop being my father, are you?" asked Roy, fearfully.

The opening of the door forestalled an answer, and Roy darted in panic-stricken and dashed upstairs to his own room. He heard Mr. Gregg enter the library and he knew that his mother was there. Then he closed the door of his room and went over to the window, where he sat on a bench and looked out upon a miserable world. Mr. Gregg was very angry; he knew that. Probably he would stop being his father now. It had been very wrong to break the promise. But he couldn't have helped that, for it seemed like cheating his mother not to tell, and he knew that his mother never cheated him. He reflected unhappily on the difficulty of keeping fathers after they were found. Failure was bitter indeed, after a half success. He felt that he would not have the heart to begin all over again. He knew that he had bungled it, but he did not quite understand now.

Presently there was a knock at the door and he slid slowly off the bench and answered it. Mr. Gregg was standing there.

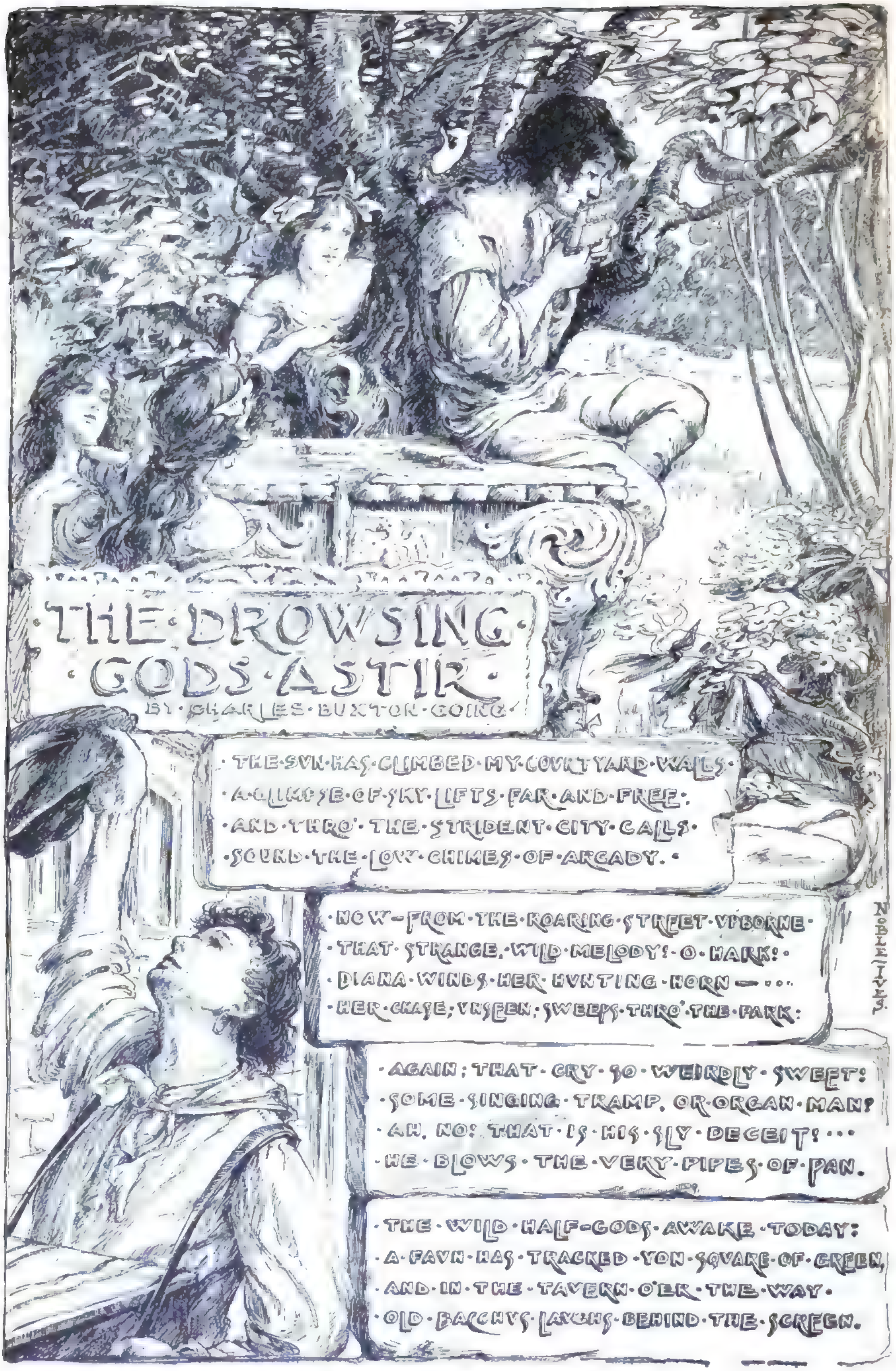
"I was sent up to bring you down," he said, smiling a little.

"Are you going to keep on being my father?" whispered Roy, incredulously.

Mr. Gregg nodded. Then he seized the promise-breaker, swung him up on his shoulder and carried him down to the library. Roy found his mother standing by the big table, looking at him oddly.

"Did Mr. Gregg tell you he was going to keep on being my father?" he asked.

For answer his mother opened her arms and the boy ran to her. She gathered him up and kissed him, over and over again. He submitted indulgently, although he knew it was a most unaccountable thing to do, seeing that Mr. Gregg was *his* father and that the matter could be of no possible interest to her.



THE DROWSING GODS ASTIR

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

THE SVN HAS CLIMBED MY COVRTYARD WALLS
A GLIMPSE OF SKY LIFTS FAR AND FREE.
AND THRO' THE STRIDENT CITY CALLS
SOUND THE LOW CHIMES OF ARCADY.

NOW—FROM THE ROARING STREET VPBORNE
THAT STRANGE, WILD MELODY! O HARK!
DIANA WINDS HER HVNTING HORN— . . .
HER CHASE, VNSEEN, SWEEPS THRO' THE PARK:

AGAIN; THAT CRY SO WEIRDLY SWEET:
SOME SINGING TRAMP, OR ORGAN MAN?
AH, NO! THAT IS HIS SLY DECEIT! . . .
HE BLOWS THE VERY PIPES OF PAN.

THE WILD HALF-GODS AWAKE TODAY:
A FAVN HAS TRACKED YON SQVARE OF GREEN,
AND IN THE TAVERN O'ER THE WAY
OLD BACCHVS LAVGHS BEHIND THE SCREEN.

Edward W. Bok: Editor Extraordinary

By Ada Patterson

Illustration from Photograph

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Edward W. Bok editorially addresses and influences probably seven million men, women and children—the largest audience of clean-living, clear-thinking, reading people commanded by any American publicist. Even of those hundreds of thousands who read The Ladies' Home Journal comparatively few know who makes it. What is the secret of his success? What of this unique personality? How does he do it? Rather than deal with hearsay we have thought it best to have Mr. Bok tell his own story.

THE first thing that impresses you upon meeting this man is the difference between the Edward W. Bok of the endless newspaper paragraph and the Edward W. Bok of real life. Few men have been more paragraphed, made fun of and ridiculed. And it is easy to form the impression from these countless paragraphs associating this young man with needlework, cooking, the clothes of women, and all the feminine arts, that he himself is essentially feminine: that he is, to use a short word, a "sissy."

AN ATHLETIC PERSONALITY

Such a preconceived notion is quickly shattered the first moment you meet the man. Tall and spare, he radiates virility. He is masculine to his finger-tips. He has the lean look of the man in whom mentality dominates appetite. He has, too, a suggestion of the great out-of-doors about him, for there is a dash of ruddy color in his cheeks, and a lithe swing in his movements that hints of long country walks and intimate acquaintance with out-door sports. He is, as a matter of fact, inordinately fond of golf and tennis.

Mr. Bok is forty-four years of age, and looks younger despite the silver tufts of hair above his ears. The dominant note in his facial harmony is power. His nose, well shaped and large, is the sort whose owners always cleave their way through difficulties. His lips are firm, but kindly. His chin is strong enough for balance and not large enough for unwarrantable pugnacity. His broad forehead, high and full, hangs domelike over a pair of clear, far-seeing eyes.

It is a pleasant face that is presented to you as you sit looking at it: strong to inspire confidence in the ability of its possessor, genial to invite regard. That impression is borne out by a singularly felicitous mingling of earnestness and urbanity in his manner. There is no consciousness of self. He lives out a phrase of his own: "A man should take his work seriously, but never himself." Seldom is the person of exceeding earnestness an agreeable companion. Still less often is the exceedingly agreeable person a thoroughly earnest one. Mr. Bok presents that anomaly in character.

HIS HUMBLE START IN LIFE

"I am not an American," he said, when he began to talk of himself. "I was born in the Netherlands. My father was a man of wealth in the old country, but lost his fortune and we came to this country. I was then six years of age. My father's struggle to establish himself in a strange country was too much for his health, and he soon passed away, leaving my mother, my brother and myself. We lived in Brooklyn, in a tenement house of three stories. My father adopted strenuous measures with my brother and myself. As soon as we arrived here he placed us in a public school. Neither of us knew a word of the English language. It was hard, of course, but I see now it was right.

"The first money I ever earned was by selling water to passengers on the horse-cars bound to Coney Island, at a cent a glass. I noticed that at a point near our home, where they changed horses, the passengers used to get out and run for a drink of water on hot days. I thought I could save them the walk and earn a little money by carrying the water to the car. I filled a pail with cold water, jumped on the cars and sold it.

HIS FIRST LESSON IN SUCCESS

"The other boys in the neighborhood took it up, and I had my first taste of competition. Then I got some sugar and lemons and sold what I called lemonade at two cents a glass. This was my first lesson in one of the basic facts of success. To be successful one must do the common thing in an uncommon way.

"My next business step was to wash the windows of a bakery shop near by. I got fifty cents a week for it. After a while I was raised to a rank behind the counter, and was paid a dollar a week. This was after school-hours.

"My father left us very poor. My mother, who had been accustomed to luxury and servants in the Netherlands, had to do her own housework. My brother and I tried to help her. Every afternoon when we came home from school we helped her in every way we could. We used to scrub the floors of our rooms and the flight of stairs leading to our floor once a week, and once every three weeks the whole three flights. I washed the dishes for her. I learned to cook and used to relieve her of that as much as I could. In this way I learned what I have never forgotten—the fearful interminable routine of a housewife's life. Men go out and mingle with other men, their brains rubbing against those of their peers, the distractions of the business life sparing them the grind of monotony, while women spend the entire day in an endless round of washing, darning and scrubbing. That knowledge of the life of my mother in housework prepared me to understand in some degree the needs of the average woman in the home."

A smile here lit up Mr. Bok's face as he said:

"It always makes me smile when some woman, a reader of our magazine, writes me and asks: 'What do you know about the needs, the life or the struggles of poor people—you, who were born with a silver spoon in your mouth?' Bless her heart, she little knows that I have been through it all and know it, hoof and heel. I know what it is to live on practically nothing; to stealthily leave the house at night, go to the lots and through the streets and pick up odd pieces of wood because we had not the four cents to buy a bundle of kindling; to pick up odd bits of coal; to sift the ashes until my fingers bled; to get up before dawn and make the fire; to have a horror of passing a grocery store because we owed the man money and couldn't pay it; to go around afraid to stoop because of the patches in my clothes. Know it? Oh, yes, I know what it is to be poor; knew it not for a six-month, either, but for a number of years.

"And it was fine, I tell you," said this man unexpectedly.

"Fine? You mean poverty?" I asked.

POVERTY A BLESSING TO HIM

"I do," he said emphatically. "The finest thing that ever happened to me, the finest thing that ever happened to any young fellow is to be poor. There is no greater stimulant than poverty—not as a condition in which to stay, but as a condition to work out of."

"About this time," continued Mr. Bok, "I conceived the idea of securing the autographs of celebrities. I have now the second largest collection of autographs in this country. Every evening I would read about famous people and then write to them, but not directly for their autographs. They have little value. I wanted characteristic letters. I wrote to General Grant, for example, asking him the exact spot where Lee surrendered to him. He wrote me a four-page letter in reply. So I secured interesting letters by first familiarizing myself with the lives of the people I wanted to write to and then asking each one some question about the most eventful point in his or her career.

"At thirteen I left school. I was then in the grammar grade. I never went to school again. I have hustled from that time until now.

"I went to work as an office boy in the Western Union Telegraph Company. Clarence Cary, a friend of my father, said to me: 'If you learn stenography you will find your advancement will be more rapid wherever you work.' I took up stenography at once in a night school and in a few weeks I could take dictation. Meantime, I was, of course, doing an office boy's work, running errands, copying letters—all valuable to any man, no matter how high he rises, because going through these positions he knows the possibility of every position below him. He has been there.

HE INVENTS THE MODERN THEATRE PROGRAM

"While working in the Western Union and studying at the night school it occured to me that the theatre programs could be made larger with profit. At that time they were single sheets printed on one side, like those used in the upper galleries of a theatre now. Frederic Colver, now with *Success Magazine,* and my brother joined me in the venture of enlarging the programs to four sheets and filling them with advertisements. We did this for four theatres in Brooklyn and soon cleared a good thing out of it every week."

The inventor of the modern theatre program! That, in itself, is a piece of fame which any business man would be proud to own.

"While doing this we also got out *The Brooklyn Magazine,* which we made out of a little sheet that had been the organ of the Philomathean Society. We published in it the sermons of Doctor T. De Witt Talmage and Henry Ward Beecher. So in the monthly we published eight sermons besides other matter. I got some of the most notable men to write for us for nothing. It was cheek. I was a Plymouth Church boy and Mr. Beecher helped me as much as he could. We ran the magazine for two years and sold it at a profit.

"I was now seventeen and my friend, Clarence Cary, asked me what I thought I would like to do since I had learned stenography. I said I should like to be in some work that would throw me among books. He introduced me to Henry Holt, the publisher, and I became his stenographer. I remained there for a year. Then an opportunity came for me to go with the Scribner's as stenographer. After four years I was promoted to do the advertising writing, something I always liked. I prefer writing an advertisement to-day to an editorial. Business always appeals to me. I remained with Scribner's for seven years. During this time my brother and I started the Bok Syndicate Press.

"In the development of the Bok Syndicate Press I did that of which I am not proud. I conceived the idea of getting forty celebrated women to write a letter apiece for the service. I wrote to editors throughout the country telling them of my plan, saying if they published these letters women would read the paper and that would bring advertising, and adding that I must have good rates to get good service, for these women must be well paid. It was a heavy contract."

"Had you no doubt about being able to carry it out?" I asked.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Bok emphatically. "I never undertook anything that I didn't feel when I undertook it that I could carry through. There is always a way to do a thing if you want to do it hard enough." And the man looked it as he spoke.

BOK NOT PROUD OF THIS PARTICULAR FEAT

"The editors liked the plan, and were liberal enough to justify me in securing articles from almost every famous woman living at that time. I secured a weekly New York letter from a writer called 'Bab,' who was very popular at that time. Then the editors began writing me: 'Your own letter, the weekly letter from celebrated women, and Bab's, give us half a page a week. Can't you give us three more columns so that we can make a whole page devoted to women?' I wrote that I could not. I would furnish the three and they must provide any further material. They did, and that was the beginning of the present woman's page that all the newspapers now conduct—a product of which I confess I am not very proud. But it familiarized me with women's needs, and was preparatory, again, for my future work.

"The weekly literary letter of the Bok Syndicate Press which I wrote I signed by my brother's name, William Bok, to prevent any embarrassment for my employ-

EDWARD W. BOK, WHO EDITORIALLY ADDRESSES SEVEN MILLION PERSONS MONTHLY ers, the Scribner's. Mr. Cyrus Curtis, the publisher of *The Ladies' Home Journal,* was a reader of this letter of mine in the newspapers, and he found out who wrote it.

"Mr. Curtis called upon me and said that his magazine was being edited by his wife, but that, as they had a little daughter who was growing up and needed more of the mother's attention, she had no longer the time necessary to be given to the magazine. He asked me if I knew any young man whom he could get for the position.

"I said I did not. He smiled.

"'How about you?' he said.

"I asked for a few days to consider. I asked my friends what they thought. Every one of them said I would be buried alive in Philadelphia. Not a friend encouraged me. But that is all nonsense, you know, about a man burying himself anywhere. If he's got it in him, it'll come out in Philadelphia as well as in New York. I decided to go. That was eighteen years ago.

"And that," said Mr. Bok, with a smile, "is all."

I asked him to tell me of the development of the magazine.

A BUILDER OF CIRCULATION

"You know," he said earnestly, "folks have a very complimentary way of saying that I 'made *The Ladies' Home Journal.*' And I have heard some of Mr. Curtis's best friends say this. They forget that in such an erroneous statement they do an injustice to Mr. Curtis. The basis of the present success of the magazine was laid when I came to it. It had already a circulation of 450,000 copies. It was for me to build it up from that point. And that," and Mr. Bok said it so simply that one would think it had been the mere turning over of a hand, "is what I have tried to do. Mr. Curtis put the job up to me, and it was for me to make good.".

"It is said that every woman who writes does so with her eye on one man who shall read what she writes. Do you edit the magazine in that way, with one woman in view?" I asked.

"'Yes. For fifteen years I have edited the magazine with one woman in view. I have never met her, but a year or two after I became editor Mr. Curtis and I made a tour of the smaller cities, to study the needs of the American people. In one city, a small city—I will not mention the name because some one might know—I saw a woman who seemed to me by her dress and manners, and in every way, to be typical of the best American womanhood. I saw her at church and at a concert, with her husband and children. I passed her home and saw about it the same air of typical 'homeness' and refinement I had noted in her. 'That woman,' I said to myself, 'is the woman I shall have in view in editing the magazine.'

THE WOMAN HE EDITS FOR

"I made inquiries and found she did not read the magazine. Two years later I saw her name on the subscription list. A few years later I received a letter from her telling me how the magazine had helped her in her home and with her family. That woman will never know how gratifying was her letter, for I merely wrote her an ordinary letter of thanks. Four years ago I stopped at the town just to see that woman again. I was at a town near there and took a train to her city. I walked out past her home and saw her daughter, but not her."

"Why didn't you ring the bell and tell her she was your type?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Bok in an alarmed way, "that would embarrass her."

Of his life apart from his work Mr. Bok is absolutely close-mouthed.

"I am married," he replied, "have been married for eleven years. We have two children—boys. That is all."

"Mrs. Bok is the little girl that was growing up so fast that she needed more of her mother's attention when you took charge of the magazine," I said. "In other words, you married Miss Curtis, didn't you?"

He smiled assent.

This was the story of the man who, as editor of a magazine which extends its influence into three million homes, is practically a lay preacher to the largest congregation in the United States. It is impossible to estimate this one man's power in American home life, or the tremendous range of his appeal. What of his character? What of his philosophy of life?

He thumped his big-knuckled fist:

"Behind every story of success is a story of hard work and self-denial," he said.

And Edward Bok works! He has

worked—worked since he was thirteen, and he works to-day. But he loves his work, and there is the secret of his success. He lives his own favorite maxim: "Work for work's sake, and the rest, the money part, will take care of itself."

The city and its gaieties see little of Mr. Bok and his family. "We are country-folk," he says, "fond of sunshine and fresh air." Fond of the theatre, he rarely goes because he abominates the foul air of an auditorium filled with people.

BOK HAS LITTLE USE FOR SOCIETY

To dinner-parties and the social life of the near-by city of Philadelphia Mr. Bok and his family are entire strangers. "I have no time nor taste for such things," he says. "A man can't do good work and go out into what is called 'society.' He can do one or the other, and it is for him to choose which one. I prefer to keep myself fresh for my work. Besides that, there aren't evenings enough anyway in a week for your friends and your books, and my friends and my books mean more to me, and are far more worth while than all the theatres and dinner-parties and 'social crushes' in Christendom."

"How can the average man succeed?" I asked further.

"If he lacks in initiative, if he is not a leader among men—and few are—then let him do the common thing in an uncommon way."

"What advice will you give your sons when they begin a business career?" I asked.

"To be competent in whatever they do. I care not what they become; what trade or profession they follow so long as they shall do the thing that they aim to do better than any man has ever done it before."

"And is there any philosophy about magazine publishing?"

"There is, undoubtedly. *The Ladies' Home Journal* is not a journal of philanthropy. It is a business institution. But we think we have shown that it is possible to make money and do good at the same time, to make the world better, to make people's lives a bit easier because the magazine was published. The people are the editors of it. When I assumed the editorship of that periodical, I set about dissipating the old idea that an editor is a superior person who sits on a throne and is the god of wisdom. The province of the editor is to find out just what his readers want. I ask them to tell me where we are going right and where we are going wrong. They write me thousands of such letters each year. Then I lock myself up in my study or elsewhere and spend often a week doing nothing but reading these letters. They tell me the policy of the magazine. The people know," said Mr. Bok emphatically.

"Besides," he added, modestly, "I have an excellent editorial staff. They flag my mistakes. *The Ladies' Home Journal* has over thirty editors, every one in love with his or her work. With their love for their work and their loyalty to it, it would be difficult for anything to go very far wrong."

SAYS NO MAN UNDERSTANDS WOMAN

Mr. Bok works in general upon the principle that there are four main things of interest to women—their children, their home, their table, and their dress. These four topics have their endless variations, and these he pursues in a broad-minded, all-embracing method.

Here is his final statement. It came like a thunderbolt. His face almost flushed with anger as he spoke:

"Once and for all, let me make it clear that I don't understand women. No man does or can. The man who claims to understand them is an idiot. It is not given to man to understand woman, any more than any woman understands man. The sexes will always be a mystery to each other; it was so ordained!"

* * *

The Mystery of the Lace Veil

By Broughton Brandenburg

Illustrations by A. Methfessel

LAWRENCE RAND and I have a multitude of enemies, and for years we have walked daily in the shadow of danger. As a result of which, aroused by someone rapping on my door, I swung out of bed and caught up my revolver before I flung wide the door and saw in the hall Anton Werencki, one of the oldest and cleverest operatives in the Service.

"Mr. Rand is in Maryland, I know, but the chief wants to see you," he announced briefly.

I dressed, sent a telegram to Rand, and accompanied Werencki to Chief Stirling's room in the Hotel Bavaria.

"The matter is just this," explained that official, motioning us to chairs. "The Navy Department is making some experiments in steel which promise to be the greatest thing ever brought to light for use in building big guns. For weeks it has appeared as if the American navy was about to gain gun supremacy over the world. The work is proceeding in the navy-yard here, where a close guard can be kept. Now, Duncan, our puzzle is this: Though the twelve men who are engaged in the work are shut up as if they were in prison and communicate with the outside world only through the commanding officer, nevertheless a bulky letter that had burst its envelope and lost its address fell by mere chance into the hands of the Post Office Department and proved to be an anonymous communication to Berkelen Frères, the big Belgian shipbuilding firm, containing a complete report of everything the experimenting party had done up to last Sunday, four days ago.

"Of course Berkelen Frères are merely the receivers for one or more foreign governments. We have failed so far to determine which one it is that is trying to steal such important information, nor have we the slightest indication of where the avenue of communication lies.

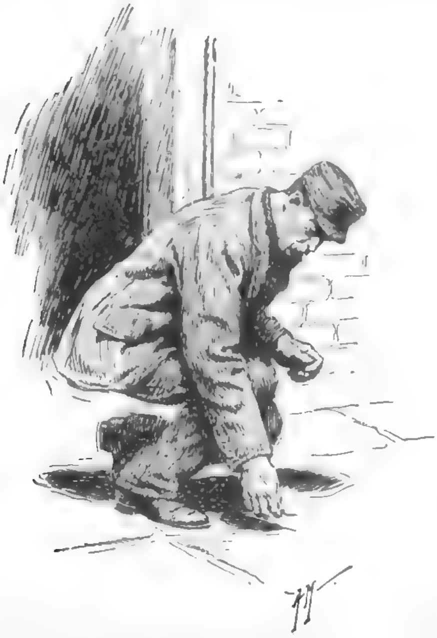
"Lieutenant Richard Dunton is in command of the experimenting party, with Lieutenant John Ormsby as second. The chemists are Eldridge, Speigel, John R. Hart and Alfred Cinametti, the latter Italian-born. The others are enlisted machinists.

"The party does all its work in a low brick building fifty yards from the gun shop and with nothing near it except the blank wall of the yard. It is in plain view from the offices, as is also the section of new barracks in which the party eats and sleeps. When finished with their work in this temporary foundry and laboratory the men retire to the barracks. All are volunteers and are under watch day and night.

"Now, despite all this, one of our men in Paris, cabled three days ago that the coterie of international spies there knew that the agent of some government had cabled home the news of his success in getting the results of the new experiments up to date. There is a clean leak in the navy-yard. If we do not stop that leak, there is going to be trouble."

On my suggestion we went immediately to the navy-yard. It was nearly four o'clock and everything was dark and deserted, yet waking Lieutenant Dunton we made a quiet inspection of both the living quarters and the laboratory. I first satisfied myself that when the laboratory was locked at night no one could obtain entry except by such burglarious methods as to leave abundant trace, and that when the sleeping quarters were locked the men were as if in prison. Dunton had possession of all keys. I went carefully over both buildings to be sure there were no telegraph, telephone or electric wire connections. There was but one possible solution. Some member of the party had a means of sending notes or signals to the outside world in daylight hours. I said as much to Lieutenant Dunton, and he replied:

"That is the result of any process of elimination based on these facts, but eight men stationed in and about this yard day and night, and Ormsby and myself inside the laboratory have watched every man for one suspicious move and every outside person for any indicative act, and I tell you positively *there are no written or signaled messages going or coming out of this place. Everything passes through me.*"



MCCREADY STOOPED AND PICKED UP A SHORT PIECE OF FINE COPPER WIRE

A sudden suspicion flashed over me. I whirled on him and looked at him searchingly. He understood instantly and said with deep feeling: "Yes, I know it is up to me. That I am the one avenue of outlet would be any man's logical conclusion. That is why I am so deeply concerned. I, alone of all of you, *know* there is another and most dangerous one, *for I have told nothing.*"

I liked the note of honesty in his voice and was pondering over the matter as we walked back toward the barracks. Suddenly Dunton stopped and picked up a long pole, round, well-polished and fully fifteen feet in length.

"What is that?" asked Stirling.

"Some material," said Dunton, "that is entirely foreign to this yard. I have served here four years and this is the first time I have ever seen anything like it within the walls."

I bent a closer attention on it. It was quite dry except where it had lain on the moist ground. Everything else was damp with the night mist from the river. I mentioned this fact. The pole had been put there *within the last ten or fifteen minutes.*

It was still quite gloomy, as day was just breaking, when we reached the door of the barracks and I took a careful look around before we entered. Not a soul was in sight, but it seemed to me that the shadow in a little niche of a building forty paces away was a little blacker than it should have been and I walked toward it. When within twenty-five feet of it a lithe figure dashed out, ran at right angles to my track, and shot around the corner.

I was in hot pursuit instantly and Dunton and Stirling were coming along behind me. Around the building we went, I gaining rapidly on the runner. He dashed across the open space, going toward the spot where the pole still lay and caught it up as he ran. Planting it deftly and securely in the pavement, he rose and cleared the high wall.

"Don't shoot, don't shoot," I heard Dunton gasp to the chief. "It's a woman."

Outlined for an instant against the lighter east was a figure in man's clothes, but long hair loosened by her efforts flowed from her head. It was a woman.

Pursuit was useless. She would be lost before we could get to the gate.

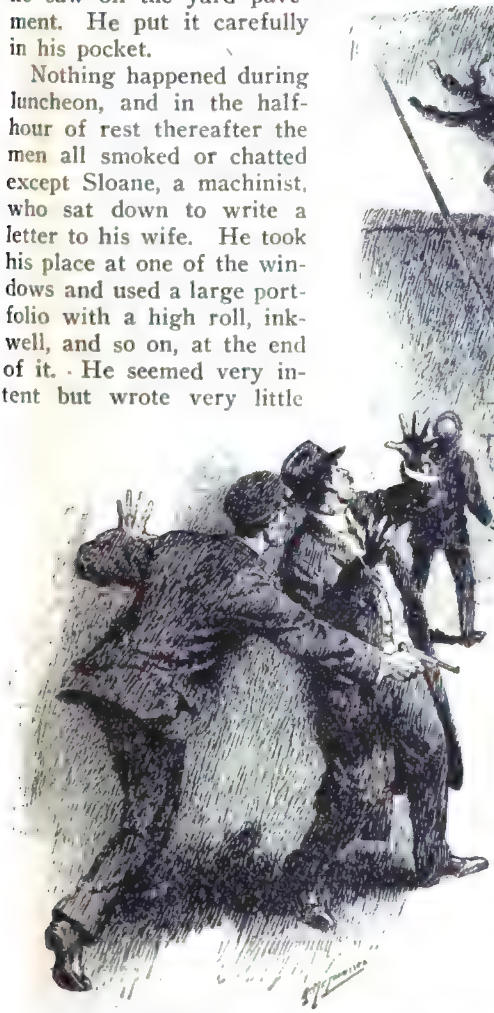
"There is but one thing that I can suggest," I said as we walked toward the gate, "that either Mr. Rand or I, perhaps both of us, be allowed to take up work with you in the laboratory in the guise either of workmen or chemists."

This suggestion pleased the chief. It shifted the burden of responsibility from his shoulders.

I arrived, properly accredited and equipped, at eight o'clock that morning, as a specially detailed chemical expert who had come on from Washington. Before I came to the yard, however, I had found time to write a detailed report for Rand.

I soon found that it was almost impossible to see from the laboratory windows to any point of vantage where a receiver might stand concealed to take signals, and certainly there was none sent. Apparently not a man in the place paid the slightest heed to the outer world. Luncheon time came and we repaired to the barracks. On the way I watched the men to note if any of them seemed to be looking for anybody or anything, but the only incident of any sort was when one of them, a stocky little fellow named McCready, stooped and picked up a short piece of fine copper wire which he saw on the yard pavement. He put it carefully in his pocket.

Nothing happened during luncheon, and in the half-hour of rest thereafter the men all smoked or chatted except Sloane, a machinist, who sat down to write a letter to his wife. He took his place at one of the windows and used a large portfolio with a high roll, inkwell, and so on, at the end of it. He seemed very intent but wrote very little for the length of time he took, but there was absolutely nothing about him to indicate that he was signalling in any way; also the only persons who could have seen him were the civilian clerks in the headquarters building about two hundred feet across the yard, and none of them looked in his direction at any time. At one window were two laughing men, at another a girl stenographer and a young clerk obviously engaged in small talk, while at a third window another clerk, with hat and veil on, was apparently waiting lunch time.



"DON'T SHOOT," I HEARD DUNTON GASP, "IT'S A WOMAN"

It was late in the afternoon when Lieutenant Dunton stopped work.

As we were crossing the yard I saw two familiar figures approaching—Rand and the Secret Service Chief.

"Hello, Dunk! This is a pretty job," was Rand's greeting. "Vastly interesting, isn't it? What has turned up to-day?"

I detailed the day's events for him.

"And you are sure no messages have been sent out?"

"Everybody has been closely watched."

"Look at this." He tendered me a fresh report from a Secret Service operative in the employ of the New York office of the Belgian cables, giving the cipher transcript of an anonymous message which had been filed for Berkelen Frères at three that very afternoon *giving the full details of our morning work!*

The thing was a physical impossibility, and yet before me was proof of its occurrence.

"Perfect! An absolutely perfect report," Dunton repeated.

"There you have given us the key to the premises," exclaimed Rand, studying the development of Dunton's head. "This transmission can be prepared and executed only by a man of high order of intelligence. Brains always show in the head and face of their possessor. Now, granted you and Lieutenant Ormsby are in that class, let us see who else could qualify. Return to the barracks. The chief and I will visit your party in half an hour."

They did so and I noticed Rand surveying each of the men with close attention. When he went out he merely said to me: "Work straight ahead on the lines you have laid out for yourself until to-morrow evening, and if you have detected nothing then, leave the yard and join me at the club."

All night I lay awake, struggling with the mystery and listening for any movement among the men or any exterior sound that was suspicious, but there was nothing. From lack of sleep, much worry and the effect of the fumes, I was scarcely able to drag myself about at the hour for beginning work in the laboratory.

"We are likely to hit the big truth in the experiments to-day," Dunton had said early in the morning. "I dare not retard the work and I dare not puzzle the men on details. One man cannot know what all the others do not, and so I hope to high heaven we tap this underground line very soon."

But when we quit work neither goal was reached. A few minutes' conversation with Rand made me ashamed of my weariness.

"I have just received notice that another message containing the last twenty-four hours' work has been filed for Berkelen Frères," was his opening remark.

"I'll stake my life that *it did not come from the experimenting party,*" I answered with some heat.

"Go slow, Dunk, go slow," said Rand with that easy, provoking smile I knew so well. "*They alone* know the details of the work. I have more news for you. Permit me to felicitate you on the skill with which you took hold of this case and on the progress you have made from the outset. By the way, you remember the lady who vaulted the wall. I measured the wall and found it to be a good eight feet high. So I went to O'Rourke of the Athletic Association Committee and asked him where I could find a woman who could do that in passable street attire. 'There are only two,' he declared, 'that I know of on either side of the Atlantic. The one is Miss Sadie Nutter, of Chicago, and the other is Anita Yvonne Desarte, a professional, who was in this country with Barnum & Bailey this summer.'

"Miss Nutter has been in Chicago for months. Paul Desarte, brother of Anita Yvonne Desarte, says she goes down to Coney Island daily but always returns in the evening. Miss Desarte is a remarkable person. She speaks a number of languages, has written a technical work on electricity, has traveled two seasons with a circus, and has a way of leaving home and disappearing for months.

"After securing this information I then sent for the pole found in the yard, and the marine who brought it over happened to get on the car with a conductor who said that he had seen a young man two nights before taking such a pole with him along the street. The conductor's description of that young man fits in exactly with that of the woman at the navy yard. Further, Miss Desarte, in height, weight and complexion is a duplicate of the woman at the yard."

At this juncture a page brought in two notes. One was from a well-known sporting goods house.

"Ah, by the way," said Rand, "I saw this firm's brand on the pole and sent the pole around by Tom Rahway. Here is a note from the manager to say that it is one which he presented to Miss Desarte, and gives her a character such as described. By Jove! here is a note *from the young lady herself!*"

He read it with evident amusement and then passed it over to me. It read:

MY DEAR MR. RAND:
Hearing that you have been making inquiries about me, and wishing to be of all the assistance to you that I can be, will you please meet me this evening at the New Amsterdam Theatre? I have the lower stage box on the left, and shall be alone.
ANITA YVONNE DESARTE.

"I must ask you to go, Dunk," said Rand. "It will do you good, and I must finish looking up the records of the men of the experimenting party. I might remark that both officers, all the chemists, and two of the workmen are men of probably sufficient brains to compile and transmit these reports, and one workman is certainly a fellow of such ability that he is out of his place in life. He is the man McCready, whom you noted the first day."

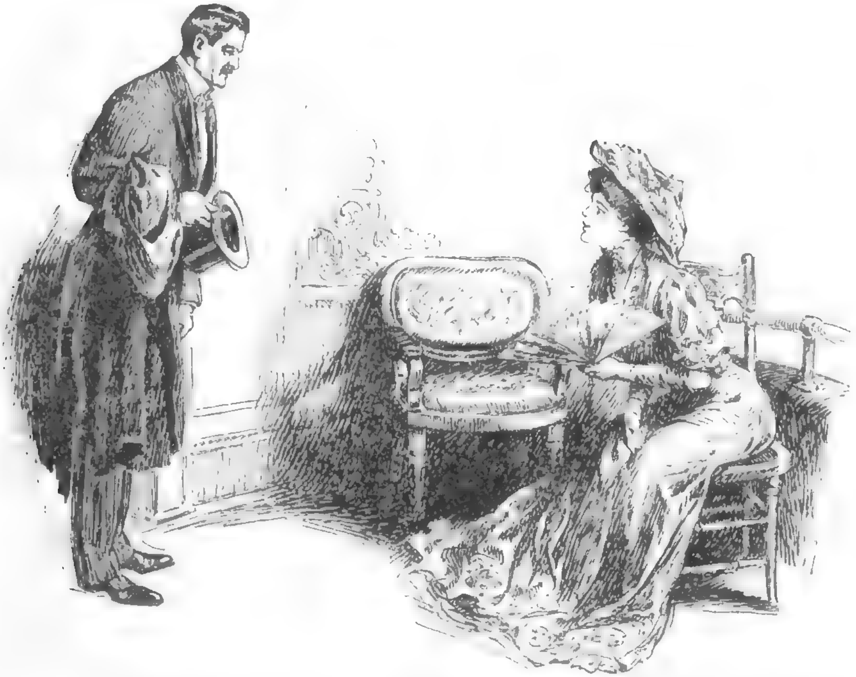
An hour later as I stood at the head of the center aisle and looked at the little woman seated in the stage box watching the performance already begun, it flashed over me that I had seen her in broad daylight some time recently. I could not say when or where, but every line of her figure and something about her hat with its filmy drapery about the brim, was familiar.

"Good evening, Mr. Duncan," she said with a gracious smile as I entered the box. It was necessary for me to put forth an effort to repress surprise that she knew my name. "You are Mr. Duncan, are you not? Of course you wonder how I guessed it. I know Mr. Rand by sight and, as he did not come, who is so likely to take his place as yourself?"

"I am extremely glad to meet you, Miss Desarte," I began boldly, leading a trump. "I must confess profound admiration for the manner in which you cleared that wall the other evening. One of the officers with me wanted to try a wing shot at you but I am very glad he was restrained."

"Really, *was* some one about to shoot at me?" she responded gleefully and without the slightest constraint. I had not stirred her in the least by my tactics. "That was most exciting. You know I do a very great deal of work for the foreign governments, especially the French, and I had made up my mind that there were a number of things in the shops which are going into the new battleships, that the Bureau Maritime would be glad to hear of, so I went over with my pole. I was very sorry to be compelled to leave it behind."

I could scarcely keep from smiling. She thought she had hoodwinked me completely, by her apparent candor; at least she had established a friendly though false basis between us which would be agreeable to both and would allow us to play each his or her own game in the background.



IT WAS NECESSARY FOR ME TO PUT FORTH AN EFFORT TO REPRESS SURPRISE THAT SHE KNEW MY NAME

She was very pretty and most interesting, especially in her stories of experiences as a spy; in fact, we enjoyed the evening greatly, and if there was any constraint between us, neither showed it. I was amazed at her information about the great secret international cases of late years and realized for the first time that we were arrayed against a coterie well worth the struggle. Perhaps she *meant* for me to see this. Perhaps she was so audacious as to be willing to let me think that, in her, I had my hand on the medium of the transmission of the information and to defy me to find out who the sender was and who the ultimate receiver.

As we were about to alight from the cab at her door, she said:

"Mr. Duncan, it is a fad with me, this going to the beaches, but will you meet me at Hedler's on the walk at Far Rockaway at eleven to-morrow morning. I may have some very interesting things to tell you."

The latter hint was bait, pure and simple. Of course I agreed to go and it was not until I got to the club that I made up my mind that she had no intention whatsoever of going, but was bent only on removing me from the scene of action.

The cabman called me back as he turned away from the club doorway.

"You have left something, sir," he said.

Another cab was passing at a slow speed and a tall dark man lolled indolently in it, watching me by the bright light as I stepped forward and picked from the bottom of my cab, a thin, black leather wallet closely filled with papers. Just then there was a rush from behind me. The wallet was snatched from my hand, and I turned in time to see the tall, dark man spring back into his cab with the agility of a tiger. Before my cabby could get under way the other cab was lost in the throng.

Of course I must tell Rand at once all that had happened, and I knew I would have a struggle to keep from choking him when he laughed at me. And well he might be amused. Doubtless I had had the whole secret in my hands, at least I could have made sure of whether or not the fair Anita was our prey.

Absently I stood in the library pondering the matter when one of the attendants came to me with a note on a tray. Under it lay the thin black wallet empty.

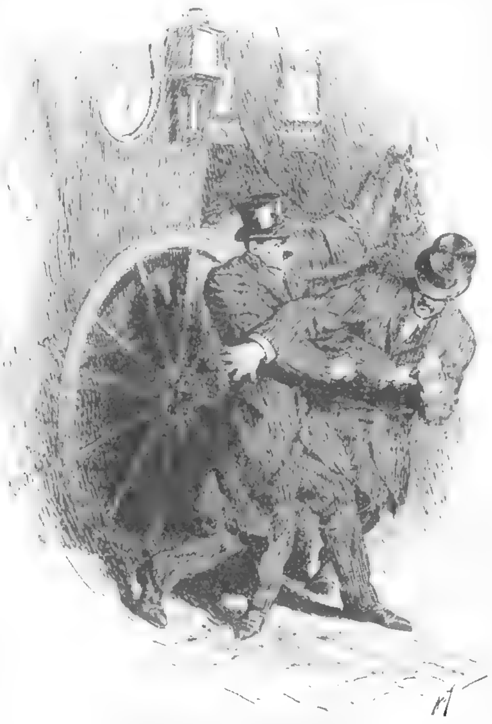
The note read:

> DEAR DUNK: Go to Yorkville Court in the morning at nine and appear against the Baron von Oldenhaus, charged with larceny of your wallet on the street. Get a postponement. He is in the custody of Sergeant Creagan in the Hotel St. Auburn, and if remanded to Creagan's custody may be kept out of the game to-morrow. Join me at the navy-yard at noon. We are near the finish. RAND.

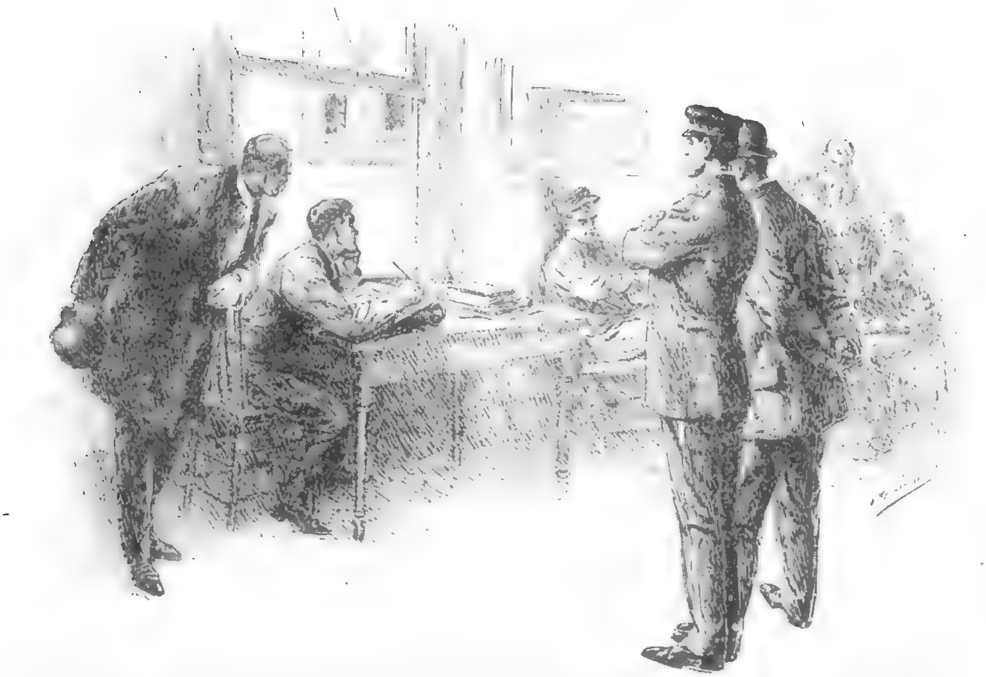
I was too tired to puzzle over the last strange turn of events, and in half an hour was at home and asleep.

At Yorkville Court I found that the "Baron von Oldenhaus" of Rand's note was my tall, dark friend of the night previous. I got him remanded in Creagan's custody as suggested. It was nearing eleven when I left the court and I hurried to the navy yard, reading on my way a note which Creagan had passed me in answer to my whispered request as to what statement the Baron had made to him.

Creagan said that the Baron's version was that he had been instructed by his government to come to the United States, get in touch with Anita Desarte, and while maintaining a friendly relationship between them, make sure that she was properly serving the bureau of military intelligence at Berlin in securing some *information on battleship construction.* He had followed her to the New Amsterdam theatre, had seen her encounter me and had trailed us to her home. Just after I left she had come running out in great excitement to look for her lost wallet. Hearing her story the tall, dark man had followed me, stepping from his cab, and had snatched the wallet



THE WALLET WAS SNATCHED FROM MY HAND



SLOANE WAS TOUCHING WITH HIS PEN TWO TINY SPOTS OF BRIGHT COPPER ON THE END OF THE BIG ROLL OF HIS PORTFOLIO

out of my hands himself the moment I had picked it up. Just as the tall man thought himself safely away, a gentleman who spoke German had drawn up beside his cab in an electric hansom, and calling a police officer, had the tall man arrested, and the police had taken the wallet from him.

So Rand in person had been following Anita Desarte and me. Well, that was one of his ways, and he took a certain pleasure in his cleverness. That pleasure was plainly written in his smile as he said "good morning" to me in the commandant's office at the navy yard.

"Creagan has already telephoned me the result in court," he began. "Now, let us see if we can do as well on this side of the river. We want the person taking the information and the sender in the party, and his method. *That* is where we balk. Never in all my experience have I been without a vestige of a theory as to how messages can be transmitted from one confederate to another under such a guard and such conditions. Why, we are even sure that as the reports cover the afternoon of one day and the morning of the next and are filed in the afternoon before three o'clock that the information goes out shortly after noon. But *how, how, how?*"

He walked up and down a moment thinking, then he turned to the commandant and said:

"Is it possible for you to have a detail of eight men to carry Mr. Duncan and myself under sheets in stretchers across the yard back and forth once or twice during the noon hour. Have the men go slowly, and by the time we are through with that I will have found some other device for loitering before that barrack section from which the information must proceed, without appearing to be on the watch."

In ten minutes a stretcher detail took me as a sick man across the yard; in fifteen minutes another took Rand. I saw nothing though my eyes traveled over everything in view. As soon as he was around the corner of the building, where we awaited him, he leaped out of the stretcher and calling to me to follow, ran to the back door of the barracks. He whistled in at Lieutenant Dunton's window and got us admitted, and in another minute we stepped into the room where the men were resting.

All was quite as it had been the two days

I was there. The men did not hear us enter. They were smoking and chatting, and by the window Sloane was laboriously writing to his wife a brief message that must pass under Lieutenant Dunton's eye. A silence fell over the other men in the place. They saw that something was about to happen.

Rand stepped quietly up behind Sloane and watched him closely for a minute. By Jove! I now saw that at intervals Sloane was touching with his pen two tiny spots of bright copper on the end of the big roll of his portfolio, and it was plain from the manner of his touch he was sending telegraphically. His movement was so slight that only eyes as keen as Rand's would have discerned it.

Rand stepped back from the window out of sight in the depths of the room.

"Sloane, come here to me," he said sternly.

The man sprang to his feet, pale and tottering. He hurriedly laid down his portfolio and pen.

"Bring that thing with you."

Sloane did as bid, then, and Rand tore the portfolio apart and disclosed the mechanism for a miniature wireless sender.

"Place all these men under arrest and guard Sloane and McCready carefully, Lieutenant Dunton. Now to find the receiver. Come, Dunk, I think I know where to look."

We shot out the back way, popped into the stretchers, and in a few minutes had entered the headquarters building.

Leaving the two details we hurried straight through to the front, Rand leading the way. Then he stopped, puzzled.

"By George! that fellow was sending straight at these windows."

About the windows were some clerks and stenographers lounging most innocently just as I had seen them the first day. All were talking, save at one window where a woman stenographer with her hat and veil on, ready for the street, stood staring intently toward the gate of the yard, just as I saw her the first day. Rand looked at her keenly, then strode up behind her, peered searchingly at the back of her head, and said:

"Very sorry to interrupt you, Miss Desarte, but the man who was sending to you is under arrest and so are you now. Too bad you spend so much time at the beaches."

She shrugged her shoulders and laughed as, at his suggestion, she took off her hat and its net drapery.

"Will you look at these, Duncan?" said Rand, examining them curiously. "This veil is traversed with a fine film of tiny receiving wires and on this broad hat it must act beautifully. In the crown is the remainder of the mechanism, and here in Miss Desarte's hand is a military telegrapher's receiving roll on which she pricks the dots and dashes of the notes she makes of the messages. Permit me to say, Miss Desarte, this is the most ingenious contrivance I have ever seen. Who is the inventor, may I ask?"

"I am," she said proudly.

"Is it all clear now?" said Rand as we left the place after turning the three prisoners over to the commandant.

"All but Miss Desarte's night visit," said I

"Oh, she brought that piece of wire to lay it where McCready had told her. He wanted it to repair his sender. I found it in the crown of his hat."

We were ready to prove our cases in their entirety against the fair Anita, the expert Sloane, and the very able and intellectual McCready, with the Baron thrown in for good measure, but having preserved its secret, the value of which will be apparent in the next war, the government impressed upon Rand that nothing be said of the matter or nothing made public until after the new guns were finished, and the fleet started for the Pacific.

The Call of the Shops

By Mabel Potter Daggett

Illustrations from Photographs

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Every woman's visit to New York inevitably turns into a mad whirl of shopping. To her the big city is simply one seething center of Style. In consequence, twenty million dollars a week or a round billion a year is a very conservative estimate of what the New York shopper spends. How she is entertained; what novelties she may see; the metropolitan luxuries of shopping; brilliant pen pictures of the most fashionable salons des modes; incidents in the world-wide feminine pursuit of style—all are cleverly and intimately told by Mabel Potter Daggett in this article. No woman who ever revelled in a week of New York shopping, or dreamed of that glorious revel, can afford to go without reading this bright, gossipy, entertaining story of the great American bazaar.

IT is exactly as if, when you were a little girl poring over Alice in Wonderland, some good genii had arisen from underneath the Morris chair to say, "Come, we will go," and you had answered, "Really, truly?" and so had followed on even beyond your dreams.

On just as wonderful a journey went a woman one day, who had her first glimpse of the modern palaces reared by New York's Aladdins of commerce. And hers is the right perspective from which to view them. Even the New York hostess accompanying her got the fairyland feeling, and the realism of the department store soon faded before the idealism of its radiant splendors.

From a Photograph by Van Eaton

CHOOSING ONE HAT FROM A THOUSAND, RANGING IN PRICE FROM $15 TO $150

The woman had come to New York from the Methodist parsonage of a dreary prairie town. Once, in the annual missionary barrel, she had found a jacket bearing a magical Broadway label. She had put it on with the preening stroke of feminine fingers that touch the right thing, and for several seasons it had glorified for her the drab little house of worship where her husband preached. As she read the magazines thereafter, she turned to the New York advertisements with an almost personal sense of interest, in itself delicious!

Now, to be actually here in the city that is big with its music and art and its scientific achievements, presented to her one paramount possibility, the visit to its department stores. It is the first purpose with which every woman thrills as she steps from a train at the Grand Central Station. If she is a tourist and is given a week in New York, examine her schedule and it

From a Photograph by Levick

THE UPPER FIFTH AVENUE DISTRICT WHERE THE FOUR HUNDRED DOES ITS SHOPPING

will read something like this: Sunday, attend church, return along Twenty-third Street; Monday, a day to be spent in shopping; Tuesday, Coney Island, Grant's Tomb, some stores after return; Wednesday, a ride on the touring automobile, and a little shopping; Thursday, Central Park, Metropolitan Museum, and buy a pair of gloves; Friday, Brooklyn Bridge, Statute of Liberty, Aquarium, and look at hats; Saturday, Hippodrome, and stores for souvenirs.

THE STYLE CENTER OF THE UNION

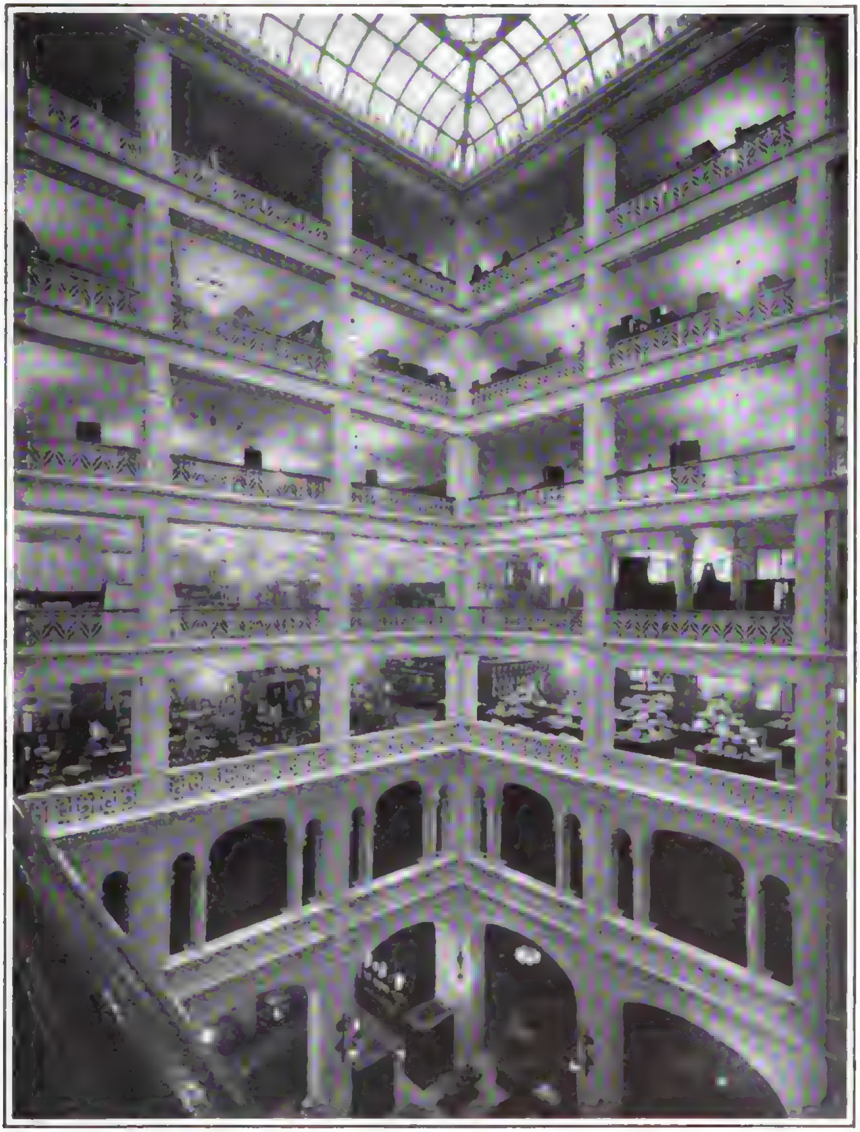
It is the call of the shops. A man's ears are not attuned to hear it, and he does not understand. For a woman, it is simple and clear, its appeal to a universal feminine instinct is primal and persistent. Man naturally worships a beautiful woman. Woman naturally worships what makes her so.

Then, the woman from the prairie, with all New York spread out before her, who still wanted, most of all, its shops, was just universally feminine. For weeks before her coming she had, in imagination, traversed the streets of the magic shopping quarter, a city within the city; woman's New York as distinct from man's New York. From Eighth Street to Herald Square she had strolled, through the maze of great white palaces, gleaming with marble, glittering with glass, which house the treasures, the rarest that any age has offered.

The buildings themselves represent the wealth of kings. One, on the northern boundary, where the music of the hour is chimed by the bronze Titans on the Herald Building, cost nearly five million dollars. Far to the south, where the human waves of the tumultuous East Side whirl and eddy, rises another of equal cost, gleaming in the sunshine; in between are three or four others which cost as much or more, while there are yet ten others which approximate these in glory. Built of glass, marble and steel, rivaled in size only by the parliament buildings of the nations, these modern department stores—almost a score of them—each harbor a nation's ransom in wares.

From $12,000,000 to $15,000,000 are represented in one great jewel emporium; $5,000,000 to $7,000,000 in silks, linens, laces, furniture, clothing, pianos, books, antiques and pictures are sheltered in one department store; $3,000,000 to $4,000,000 in another; and so on. The teeming populations of the globe contribute their native products for the woman in New York, all for her, just her, the shopping queen of America. The silk weavers of Southern France, the lace makers of Ireland and Belgium and Holland, linen weavers of England and Ireland, depend in a large measure for their sustenance on her. For her one New York store maintains a glass factory in Bohemia, pottery and china factories in France and Germany, and a whole handkerchief factory in Belfast. Everything comes to New York and the New York shopper.

With her hostess on her first day in this wonderland, the Michigan woman sat at a department store breakfast in the beautiful white loggia, way above the street—the largest dining-room in New York—where two thousand eight hundred guests may dine in comfort. Far below her and far into the distance stretched the magic city. The sense of its grandeur, in the subtle



From a Photograph by Van Eaton

FROM FLOOR TO DOME IN A GREAT NEW YORK DEPARTMENT STORE

DAILY ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PERSONS PASS ACROSS

feminine way, did not fail to reach her as, for the first time, she breathed the atmosphere that was redolent of riches.

A PERENNIAL FOOD FAIR

One store she saw where an entire floor is given over to an all-the-year-round food fair. Never had the woman from the West seen such a variety of groceries and canned goods; the marvels of the "Back-Home" county fair, the booths built of canned fruits, the dainty creamery, the structures made up of packages of tea and coffee. This was the luxury of household shopping she knew, for when her companion decided to purchase some groceries, she led the way to a room in which were graceful little white tables and chairs and as they sat with a patient clerk attending them, a white capped waitress served them tea—comfort and luxury in shopping and a vast bazaar to wander through.

Daily, great crowds parade through the stores, as these two were free to do, out of only eager feminine curiosity to be near beautiful things, even to touch and handle them lovingly perhaps, but with no definite purpose to purchase. The comfort of this great throng is catered to by every modern convenience. There are the lunch rooms' where, nearby a flowing fountain banked in greens, a dainty repast is served at as low a price as twenty-nine cents for afternoon tea.

Within the last year or two the northward trend of trade has carried the new department store even to the borderland of a district whose skirts are drawn aside from such plebeian contact. Fifth Avenue and its stately confines, the brownstone side streets, have heretofore been sacred to the shop that is known as a *salon des modes*. Between this and the regular department store there is a wide difference. The store may be large and grand and rich, but it caters to the many. The *salon* is small and fine and rare and caters to the few.

A PEEP INTO A MILLINERY PARADISE

It is most frequently French, with "Louise," "Marie," "Eugenie," on its sign. Its windows bear a crest in gold and red and blue, sometimes a royal crest with the cryptic words beneath, "By appointment," which means that the American woman who can afford to buy here, may boast a milliner or gownmaker who also serves a queen or an empress. Tourists look at the Fifth Avenue shop from the outside only, as they do at "millionaires' row" further

THE TWENTY-FOUR ACRES OF FLOOR IN THIS HUGE STORE

along the street. To invade its privacy would be as if the vulgar throng should troop through an artist's studio. It is stamped with an air of exclusiveness that the most obtuse may see. You recognize this by the very windows heavily shrouded in costly laces and by the plate glass door that swings silently open at the approach of patrons and as swiftly closes, revealing just a glimpse of a statue-like lackey.

WHERE COSTLY CREATIONS REIGN

Inside, well-mannered attendants flutter forward to meet them. Madame herself manifests the polite graciousness of a well-bred hostess greeting her guests. She may be as richly robed as they, the diamonds at her throat and ears and on her shapely white fingers as real as theirs. It is almost like a social function. There are little groups of friends who find each other here, the same people who meet in each other's drawing-rooms. All of them are beautifully gowned—as befits women who are literally the handiwork of their milliners and modistes and other builders and beautifiers. For these so perfect creations, the salon provides a rich setting with furnishings that have cost fifty thousand dollars; yes, seventy-five thousand dollars. In one of the most exclusive, the walls are picked out in gold design in Empire touches and the furnishings were in bird'seye maple, to bear out the yellow tone. Another is all in pearl gray from its walls to its velvet carpet. It was recently done over in this Louis XV style to match the season's millinery, and its walls have been hung with quaint gold framed Reynolds prints that portray its hats in duplicate. The vase that holds the great fern is worth fifteen hundred dollars, and just the lace that curtains the door cost two thousand five hundred dollars.

Here a woman may spend a thousand dollars in a morning and count it lightly as in the day's pleasuring. If she orders a gown, there must be a special study made of her special type of beauty—or the lack of it—every line and least variation in shading, every embroidered jewel, every bit of lace in it, contributing to the final result. The artist who sketches the water color picture of it is paid fifteen dollars, and if the woman desires the design exclusively for herself, she buys it for fifty dollars. The designer who furnishes the artist with the ideas from which to work is an expert on a salary of one hundred dollars or perhaps one hundred and fifty

ONE MILLION SHOPPERS LUNCH HERE ANNUALLY

dollars a week. And the gown when it is done figures at from three hundred, five hundred—up to even twelve hundred dollars. A hat in these shops is never less than twenty-five dollars. It may be one hundred dollars. It sells like a picture—which, indeed, it is. "This," says the saleswoman, "is a 'Reboux' or a 'Blum' or a 'Bendel'"; as in an art gallery they would say, "This is a Corot or a Millais." For a linen shirt waist, forty dollars is not an unusual price, and a lace one may be one hundred and seventy-five dollars. The women who buy these things spend not less than twelve thousand dollars, and some of them as much as seventy-five thousand dollars, a year on the fine raiment that makes them works of art and makes New York noted as the home of the most beautiful women in America or, for that matter, in the world.

But the shop that is a *salon des modes*, as has been said, is not on public view. It is beyond the ken of the average woman. She is content to pass on to other doors that stand invitingly open.

With the great department stores in this respect, one of the most famous shops has ranged itself. It is the great jewelry house whose name is synonymous with what is rarest and costliest in wonderful gems. Its great new store on Fifth Avenue between Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Streets, the most beautiful commercial building in the world, modeled after an Italian palace of the sixteenth century, is thrown open to the public with a cordial invitation and the freedom of a museum. The women who entered found themselves in a mist of silver-gray atmosphere, through which gleamed and scintillated and sparkled diamonds and silver and gold. The floors on which they walked were of silver-gray teakwood from the Philippines, and the coffered gray ceiling above was supported by great columns of Formosa marble. The showcases of polished steel inlaid with brass enclosed rare treasure; here a pair of earrings worth the price of a Methodist preacher's yearly salary, there a tiara that would have purchased a frontier town. Plates at two hundred and forty dollars apiece, spoons at seventy-

THIS BOOK DEPARTMENT IS A MODEL OF LONGFELLOW'S HOME five dollars a dozen, and the splendid cut glass punch bowl valued at three thousand dollars, stood in brilliant array waiting for some modern millionaire potentate's table.

Nearby, on Thirty-fourth Street, they turned to two other great stone palaces, New York's newest department stores. Unquestionably their mahogany fittings, their velvet carpets, and their great staircases of marble and bronze make them the most beautiful in the city; and, by the long line of carriages that stand before their doors, their clientele is the most fashionable. Their aisles are as wide as a Washington boulevard, their bronze-wrought elevators as large as a hall bedroom.

To this store, too, come those who seek the rarest, the choicest, the newest, silks. Twice yearly obeying the whim of the Parisian dealer, all the silks are renewed. New shades, new designs, new weaves, take the place of those which have become old in a few months. The store's experts in fashion fly across the ocean every two or three months to the home of French fancies, stay a few days to find what is newest and best, and return to give the woman who shops the benefit of their trip.

For the woman who seeks the conservative, however, another shop on Broadway, near Union Square, provides. It is an old-fashioned store, large and roomy, with an old Knickerbocker clientele which wants the best but not the latest. The very atmosphere breathes conservatism. This woman from the South comes to New York once every two years. The same clerk has waited on her for a generation; he knows her name and her children's names; he has followed the daughter from the time she was clad chiefly in the lawns and laces of babyhood until to-day, when he suggests the first ball gown; the customer knows him, too, and so confident of his judgment has she become, that in emergency, from her far Southern home, she writes him personally what she wants, having learned in

From a Photograph by Herbert E. Angell

IN THE HEART OF THE GREATEST SHOPPING DISTRICT IN AMERICA their years of dealing that he understands her tastes and will satisfy her.

THE MECCA OF THE OUT-OF-TOWN BUYER

And just above is another store, equally conservative in principle, which has, however, accepted more modern methods and has become a pioneer in one line. One of the great floors is given up absolutely to the entertainment of the milliners and dressmakers throughout the country who come to the number of three thousand annually to this New York store to lay in their six months stock of goods. In this department are the most experienced salesmen; here are displayed the newest goods, and here, when the dressmaker from out of town comes to buy, she finds a salesman whom she has known for years, who understands fully her requirements. This is the store that is famed, too, through forty states for its hosiery.

These department stores are famed for one fact—they "make good." If you are dissatisfied, or if you are only fickle and just "change your mind," what you buy to-day will be taken back to-morrow at the price you paid for it. It has been taken back a month from to-day, a year from to-day, as one woman tells, who thriftily exchanged a Christmas gift on the Christmas after and sent it to the original donor. Another woman who had purchased a shirt-waist for five dollars and fifty cents, later in the season returned it, and was promptly given her money, even though the garment had to be put in stock that had been marked down for a bargain sale at four dollars and twenty-nine cents. Seeing this endeared the discarded garment. One hour later she returned and bought it back at the bargain price.

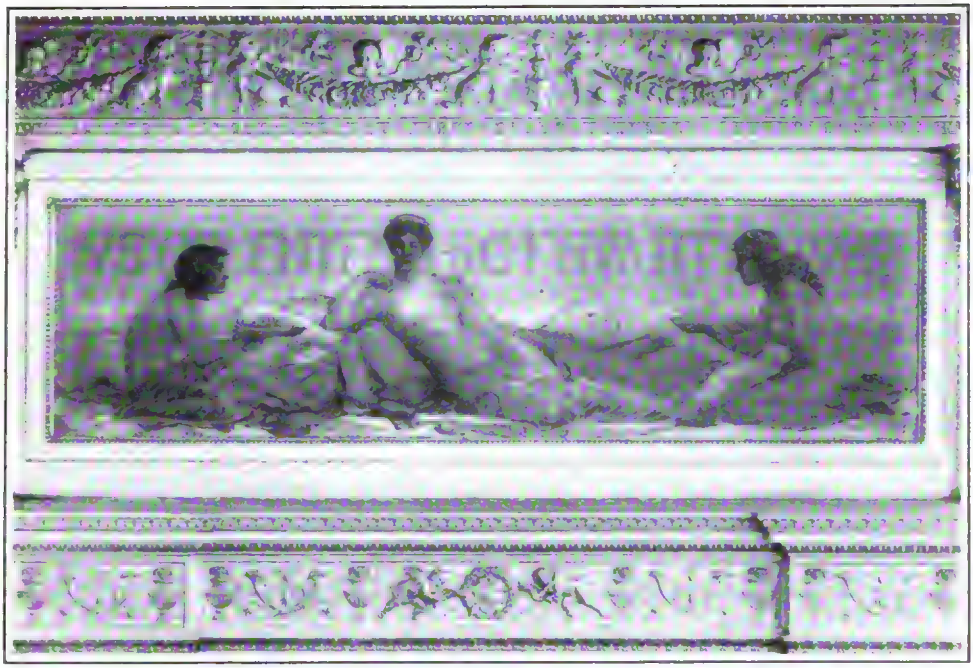
But it is at the southern boundary of the shopping district that shoppers see the modern department store idea expressed on a stupendous scale that leads all the rest. Separate roofs are required to cover the structure that occupies two city blocks and is linked by a continuous passageway under ground. It represents the area of a farm. Its combined floor space by actual measurement totals to thirty-two acres. By subway you may travel into the basement of this store. And to cater to the women who come at the call of its popularity, a vast establishment is needed. There are five thousand five hundred employees. A tour over its acres of flooring, past its miles of counters, is a day's trip to tire the most indefatigable shopper. "O, but it's a whole World's Fair," breathed the Western women as they rested beside the palms on the grand staircase. They had trailed through shop after shop set within the greater shop in bewildering mystery, to thrill even a grown-up with the looked at books in illuminated bindings shelved in a little white house that was Longfellow's home in miniature. They had stopped before an antique shop, so Eastern in aspect that the woman of imagination had pleaded, "O, let's stay to hear the ringing of the temple bells!"

THE CLIMAX OF LUXURY

There remained the afternoon concert as the climax of luxury in this New York shopping tour. After seeing beautiful sights until the vision almost blurred, here was another revel for the senses in beautiful sound. At half-past two o'clock they sat in the opera house which this department store maintains free of charge in one corner of its vast domain merely for the daily diversion of its customers. It is larger than some New York theatres, and equally as complete, with stage and gallery and seats for one thousand five hundred people. Sometimes two thousand crowd its standing room. The performers are paid artists, the performance classical, with here and there an old familiar song interpolated for memory's sake. When the music of the great forty thousand-dollar organ, reputed the finest in the world, breathed out at first softly, and then louder and louder, filling all the auditorium with increasing waves of melody, the woman who listened for the first time, sat rapt and mute for one hour.

Then came the end. Amid the hushed silence of the hundreds of listeners, a sweet singer crooned softly "My 'Ain Countrie." In a swift instant the woman was transported. Before her vision were waving fields of Kansas corn and acres of yellow sunflowers nodding in the summer heat.

As the last words of the last verse died away the woman was sobbing, overcome by the glory that is New York, the wonderful dream-world to which the call of its shops beckons womankind.



DECORATION IN THE LAWYERS CLUB, NEW YORK CITY

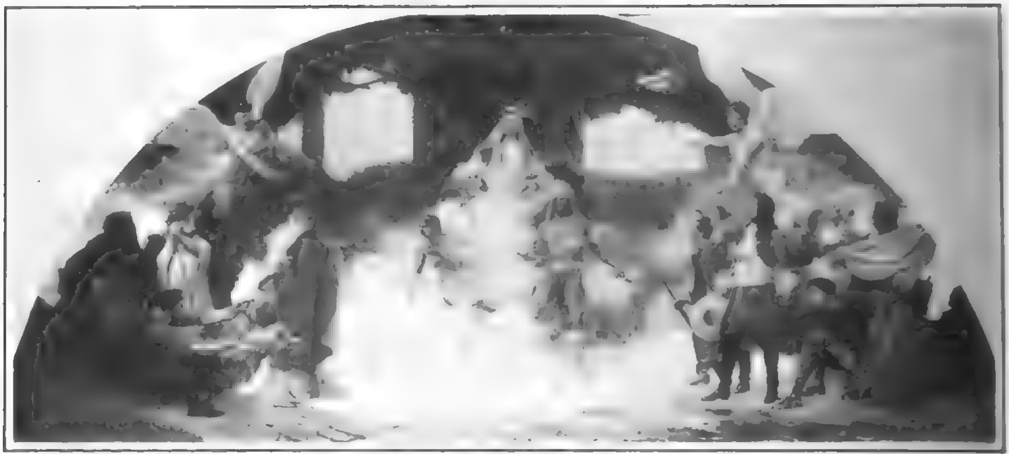
Edwin H. Blashfield: Mural Painter

By Florence Finch Kelly

Illustrations from Paintings by Edwin H. Blashfield

UNTIL twenty years ago the art of mural painting was almost unknown in the United States. Some few attempts had been made, but concerning the most of these it is well to let the charity of silence cover their multitude of sins. These later years tell another story. Previous to the nineties of the last century two or three artists and an almost infinitesimal portion of the public began to interest themselves in the beautifying of wall spaces. One of these artists was Edwin Howland Blashfield, and from that day to this he has been one of the foremost exponents of an art that has developed and advanced with amazing rapidity. With the growth and spread of wealth there is coming a more general understanding and appreciation of the part, both pleasurable and beneficent, that art can play in daily life. Most important among these developments is the general movement, both public and private, to make the art of painting a handmaid to the art of architecture. This movement had its first important impetus at the World's Fair at Chicago, fifteen years ago. A few ceilings and panels in the houses of H. McK. Twombley and others in New York City had already shown Mr. Blashfield to be peculiarly fitted by native endowment and by technique for this mode of artistic expression. On the invitation of Frank D. Millet, who had charge of the work of interior decoration, Mr. Blashfield painted one of the domes of the building of Manufactures and Liberal Arts, taking as his subject the "Art of The Worker in Metals." Ever since the commissions for decoration of walls and ceilings have occupied practically all his time.

Mr. Blashfield lived, studied and worked for fifteen years in Europe, returning to



From a Photograph by The Inslee & Deck Co. *Copyright, 1904, by E. H. Blashfield*

"THE DISCOVERERS AND CIVILIZERS LED TO THE SOURCES OF THE MISSISSIPPI"—LUNETTE IN THE STATE CAPITOL, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

make his home in New York in the early eighties. Since then he has made trips to Egypt, Greece and Sicily, spending some three years in those countries. He is enthusiastic over the opportunity in those regions, especially Egypt, offered to the figure and the decorative painter for studying the draped and undraped human form. Nowhere else, he says, can the artist find such flowing, graceful lines in dress. Even more advantageous, he thinks, is the sight, which he can have constantly before his eyes, of splendid specimens of masculine physique, nearly nude, engaged in their daily vocations, and presenting an unending variety of natural pose and gesture.

TOO BUSY FOR EXHIBITION WORK

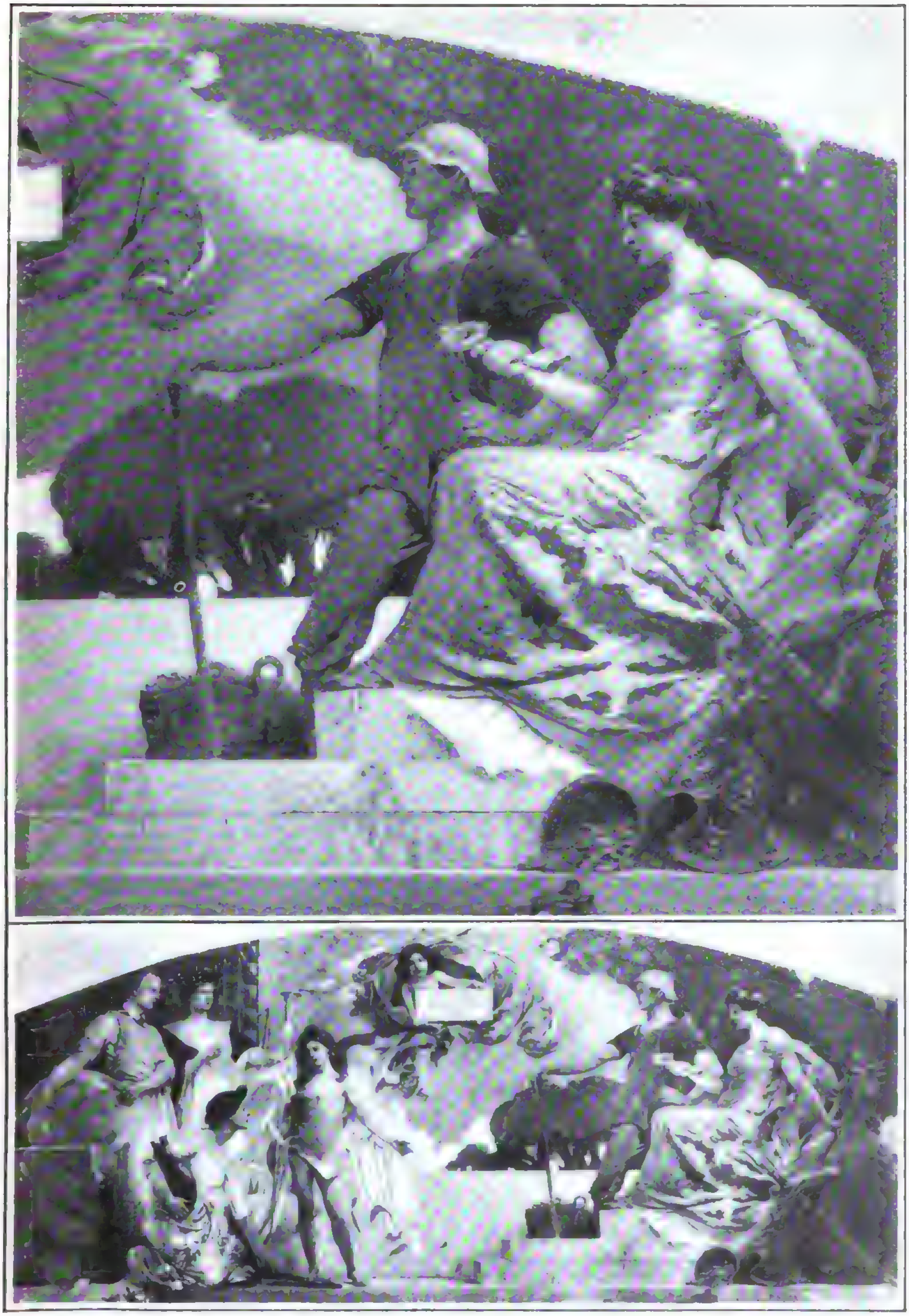
Mr. Blashfield's beautiful and impressive "Angel with the Flaming Sword," which was reproduced in BROADWAY in colors in the December issue, is a canvas, nine feet by five feet, painted for the Paris salon of 1891. Mr. Blashfield was represented in this exhibition by another huge painting, "Christmas Bells," since made familiar by widely published prints. Ever since, he has been too busy with mural decoration to have time left for the painting of exhibition pictures.

A recent mural work of Mr. Blashfield is the decoration of the chancel of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Saviour, in Philadelphia. The frontispiece of this issue reproduces in colors a small portion of the decoration of the semi-dome. In the complete work the center is held by a mighty angel bearing the Holy Grail. On each side is a long group of adoring angels, seven feet high, thirty-six in all. In executing this work the artist's aim was to produce a decoration that would delight the eye by form and color and, by its suggestion, uplift the spirit.

TWO LUNETTES FOR A STATE CAPITOL

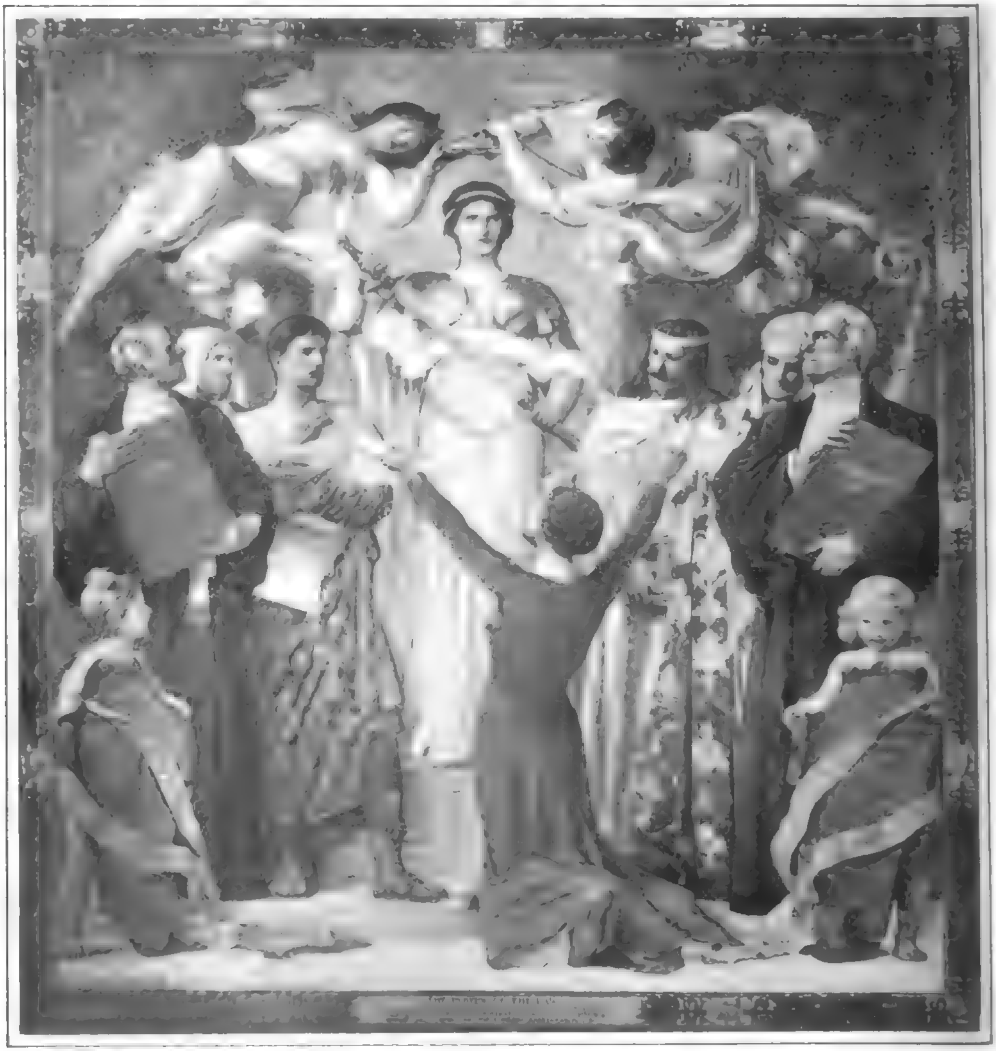
The senate chamber in the new state capitol of Minnesota, completed about four years ago, contains two lunettes, each thirty-five feet on the base by eleven feet high, painted by Mr. Blashfield. One of these represents "The Triumph of Minnesota as a Grain State," and the other "The Discoverers and Civilizers Led to the Sources of the Mississippi." The "Sources of the Mississippi" contains an impressive central figure symbolizing the Manitou, or Great Spirit of the Indians, guarding in solitary majesty the source of the mighty Father of Waters. At the feet of the Great Spirit are an Indian man and woman. At one side is a group representing the explorers. On the other are men and women typical of the agencies of civilization. The two winged spirits seem, in the one case, to lead on the explorers with hope and promise and in the other to bestow blessings upon the land.

In his figures Mr. Blashfield likes to use models from every-day American life. The workingman he thinks a splendid type, and the erect and manly figure, muscular in



From a Photograph by The Inslee & Deck Co. *Copyright, 1903, by E. H. Blashfield*

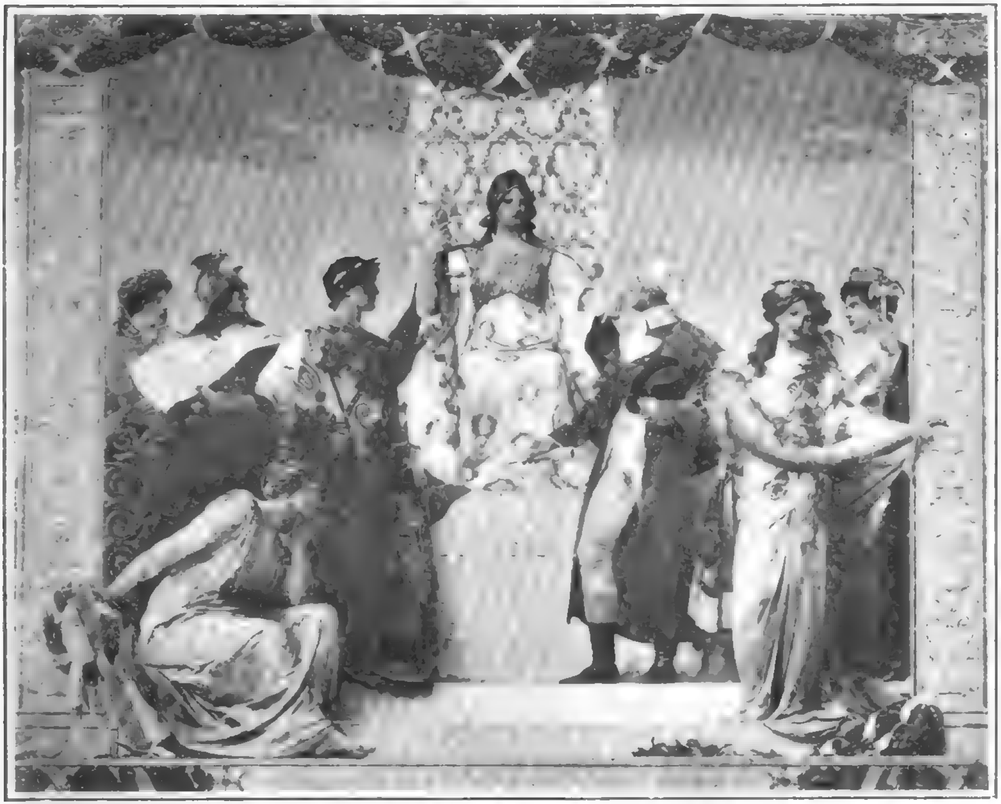
"CAPITAL, SUPPORTED BY LABOR, OFFERING THE GOLDEN KEY OF OPPORTUNITY TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE ARTS"—LUNETTE IN CITIZENS BANK, CLEVELAND, OHIO body and intelligent in face, that represents Labor in the lunette in the Citizens Bank, of Cleveland, shows how faithful he has been to his ideas. Of this decoration the full title, which is also explanatory of its theme, is "Capital supported by Labor offering the Golden Key of Opportunity to Literature, Science and the Arts." Capital is personified by a beautiful woman holding the golden key and supported on her right by the standing figure of Labor. Her dress is a beautiful golden yellow, exactly matching in tint the golden coins pouring from the cornucopia at her feet. The nude sprite joining the two groups represents the Genius of Civilization. The young woman in mortarboard and gown personifies Literature, the man leaning upon a retort is Science, and the kneeling maiden personifies the Arts.



From a Copley Print, copyright 1899, by Curtis & Cameron

"THE POWER OF THE LAW"—A PANEL IN THE APPELLATE COURT CHAMBERS, NEW YORK

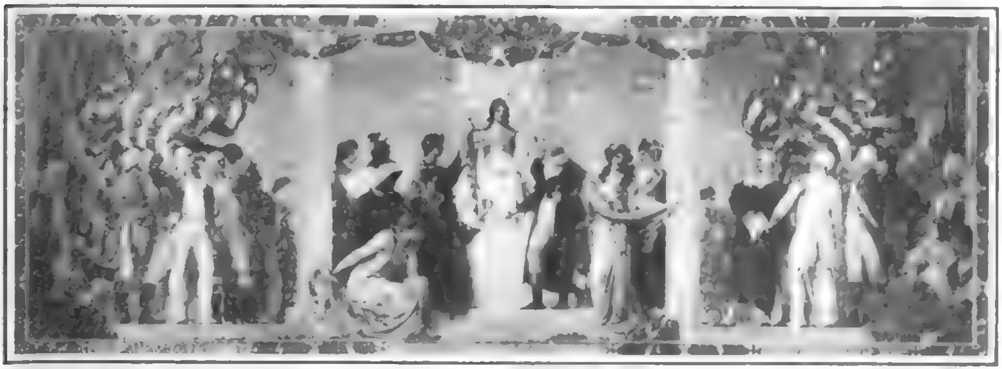
In the Baltimore court house are two large panels, each twelve by thirty-five feet, in which Mr. Blashfield has made historical incident, idealized and expressed in allegory, serve the purposes of mural decoration. "Washington Laying His Commission as Commander-in-Chief at the Feet of Columbia" is painted as a triptych. The



From a Photograph, copyright, 1903, by J. W. Schaefer

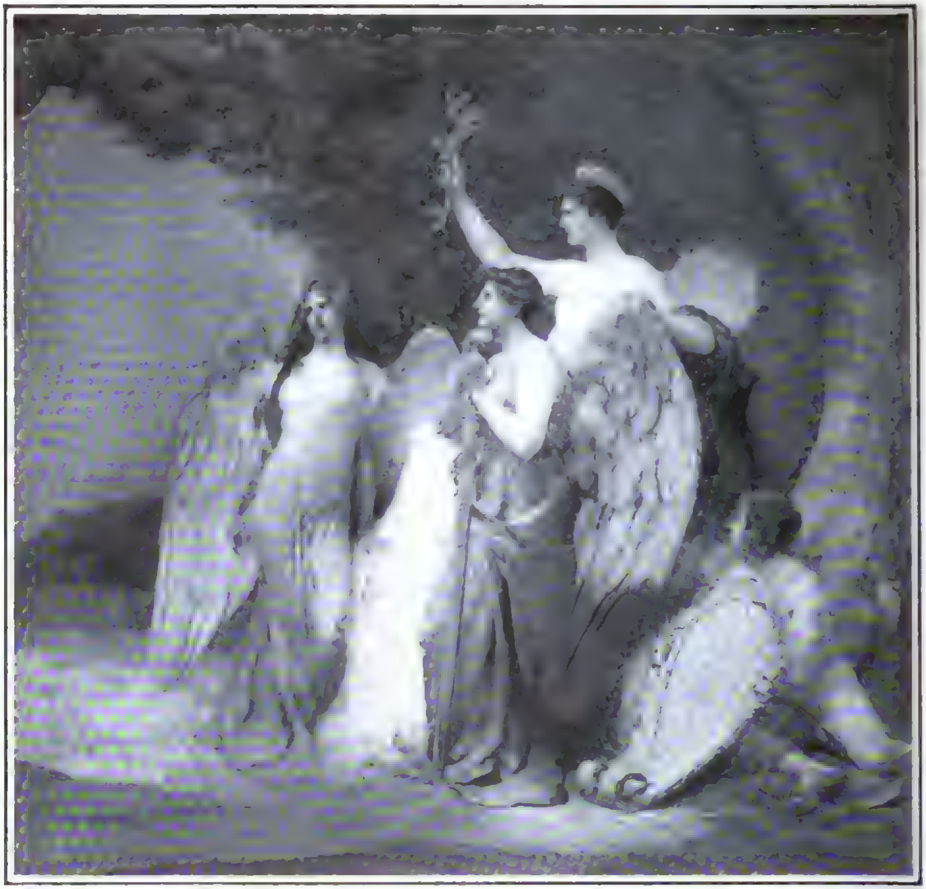
"WASHINGTON LAYING HIS COMMISSION AT THE FEET OF COLUMBIA"—CENTRAL PANEL OF DECORATION IN THE COURT HOUSE, BALTIMORE

figure of Columbia is that of a rarely beautiful woman, heroic in mould and very noble in expression. Washington, in a long military coat and white breeches, wears the look of reserve, dignity and forcefulness with which his portraits have made us familiar. Behind him follow Prosperity, with horn of plenty, and Commerce, with an eagle standard. Opposite, at Columbia's other hand, is a figure in a black and gold robe typifying the state of Maryland, another shows War, sheathing the sword, and a third, Resistance to Oppression, breaking a rod. Seated apart from all these, but



From a Photograph, copyright, 1903, by J. W. Schaefer

DECORATION IN COURT HOUSE, BALTIMORE



From a Photograph by The Inslee & Deck Co. *Copyright, 1904, by E. H. Blashfield*

DETAIL OF PANEL: "THE EDICT OF TOLERATION OF LORD BALTIMORE"—COURT HOUSE, BALTIMORE

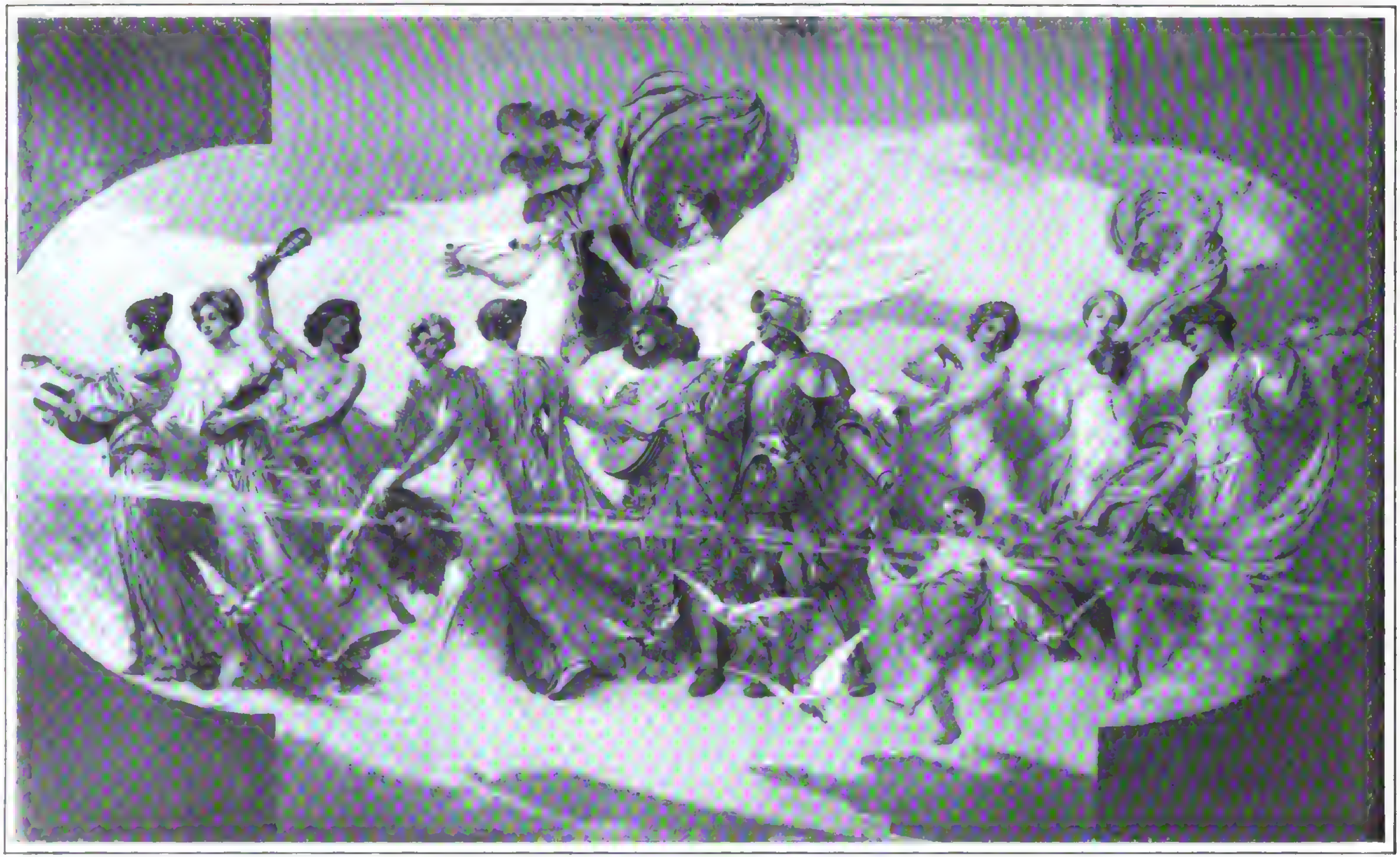
looking on with interest, is History, a lovely and graceful figure. The end panels are filled with groups of soldiers and citizens.

The subject of Mr. Blashfield's other panel in the Baltimore court house is, "The Edict of Toleration of Lord Baltimore." The scene is represented in the open air and the idea of the triptych is carried out by means of the trunks of huge trees. The figure of Lord Baltimore stands almost in the center and behind him are whites, negroes and Indians, a Catholic priest and a Protestant pastor. These, his people, he is recommending to Wisdom, Justice and Mercy. In front of him is a little, graceful nude figure holding aloft the balances of Equity. Near by a child supports a shield bearing the date of Lord Baltimore's edict.

The grace, dignity and beauty of his allegorical figures are very striking in his panel in the Appellate Court, Madison Square, New York City. The Law, a commanding figure, draws her sword in behalf of the Right of Appeal, who kneels in front of her with uplifted hands. On either side she is supported by magistrates and figures typifying Roman Law, Canon Law, and Common Law.

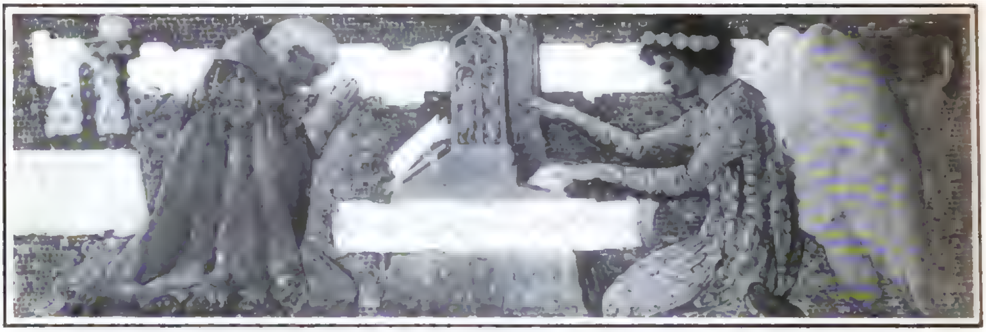
THE GENIUS OF MUSIC

Very different from these civic pieces in both idea and expression, but still symbolical in meaning, is the panel which decorates the music-room ceiling in the home of Adolph Lewisohn, at 9 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City. The impression one gets from it instantly is of rhythmic, joyous movement. The Genius of Music, mounted on a white-winged horse, presides over this procession of nymphs and spirits,



From a Copley Print, by Curtis & Cameron

THE GENIUS OF MUSIC—DECORATION IN MUSIC ROOM OF ADOLPH LEWISOHN, 9 WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY



SACRED MUSIC—A PANEL FROM THE PIANO DECORATION PAINTED FOR MRS. G. W. C. DREXEL, PHILADELPHIA

sweeping onward to its own inspired strains. A billowing mass of rose-colored drapery brings into strong outline the head and profile of the Genius. Ancient Music is symbolized in the three absorbed figures which lead the procession. Close behind them follows Pastoral Melody, and next comes Dramatic Music. A minstrel with his lute personifies Folksong, and a warrior in armor is significant of the strains of Martial Music. The modern classical forms of the art are typified by the three graceful figures which complete the composition. A dancing cherub and fluttering doves add to the light and graceful sense of movement.

THE DREXEL PIANO PANELS

Music is also the theme of the decorations of a grand piano which Mr. Blashfield did for Mrs. G. W. C. Drexel, of Philadelphia, in which four panels containing small figures represent, respectively, Sacred, Pastoral, Dramatic and Military Music, while Classical Music is represented by a medallion upon the lid.

While representative of the various phases of Mr. Blashfield's work as a mural painter, the pieces which have been described are only a small portion of what he has done. He is now engaged on a large wall panel in the Assembly Hall of the College of the City of New York.

Notwithstanding the immense amount of work required for the execution of so many large decorations, Mr. Blashfield has found time for the pen as well as the brush. In collaboration with Mrs. Blashfield, he has written a number of magazine articles and two volumes upon "Italian Cities."

Mr. Blashfield has won the high place which he holds among the mural painters of America by virtue of his superb draughtsmanship, especially of the human figure; of his imagination, at once dramatic and scholarly; and, finally, by reason of that sense of proportion and suitability—the crowning grace of every form of art expression—which leads him to adapt both his ideas and his technique to the interior which is to be adorned and to seek to express in his mural work phases of the national or local life, spirit and history.

In the Thick of the Anti-Trust Fight

By Herbert N. Casson

Illustrations from Photographs

EDITORIAL NOTE.—For years certain of the trusts and great corporations have acted on a public-be-damned policy, and they have been urged into such a policy by the cleverest legal brains of the country. This article tells how the people of the Southwest are up in arms. The trusts are being driven out. The great power of public opinion, long dormant, is aroused against the commercial giants. Texas and Arkansas, Kansas, and Missouri, are making a fight that the rest of the nation ought to know about. At present only those men who deal with the entire country as a unit—men like President Roosevelt and the officials of the great trusts themselves—realize the existence and importance of this anti-trust war. Read carefully this fourth article by Mr. Casson on Great Corporation Lawyers and Their Master-Strokes. It tells of capital fleeing for its life from a territory as great as the whole of Western Europe.

It is an amazing story of fact. We sent Mr. Casson four thousand miles to get it. He has interviewed governors, attorneys-general, judges, farmers and business men in Texas, Missouri, Kansas and Arkansas and he has written here just what he saw and heard.

THE anti-trust law, which has been a harmless threat for eighteen years, is suddenly being enforced with an earnestness that jars the Southwest from end to end. There are two reasons for this—the tidal wave of anti-trust sentiment; and the further incentive that when a trust is fined, the prosecuting attorneys are allowed one-fourth of the money. By this latter plan, which is in effect in Texas, Missouri and Kentucky, a trust has not only been made an outlaw, but an outlaw with a bounty upon its head.

In Texas the International Harvester Company and twenty-three insurance companies have been forced to quit because of the severity of the laws.

A FLOOD OF ANTI-TRUST DECISIONS

The railroads are being ruled by three commissioners, who are issuing decisions and decrees at the rate of twenty a day. The express companies have been fined forty thousand dollars. The convicts in the two Texas penitentiaries are at work making sugar, iron, and furniture, to compete with the trusts that control these commodities. And as for the Texas branch of the Standard Oil Company it is being slowly torn limb from limb by the sharp hooks of the law, as though it were the reincarnation of old Santa Ana himself. The Oil Trust has been fined $1,623,900 and seized by a Federal receiver. It doesn't dare to run its oil cars upon Texas soil. It dares not send its oil-ships inside the three-mile limit of the Texas coast; they anchor outside the danger line and unload their cargoes into barges, as smugglers and pirates had to do in the days of the buccaneers.

This is a situation, as may be imagined, that calls for the best that the corporation lawyer can do. All the new laws are against him. They forbid any combination or agreement that is designed to lessen competition or control prices. Every man and every business must stand absolutely alone and fight against a host of competitors, according to the law-makers of the Southwest.

In both Texas and Kansas it is now un-

HERBERT S. HADLEY, HEAD OF THE COMBINED TRUST-FIGHTING ATTORNEYS-GENERAL

lawful "to combine to fix, maintain, increase or *reduce* the price of merchandise." Two companies cannot combine to reduce the cost of production or to sell at lower prices to the public. No company and no individual can agree with a competitor in any way or for any purpose. The agreement is in itself a crime, no matter how beneficial its results may be to the whole state.

TEXAS FINES THEM $5,000 A DAY

The Texas definition of a trust would fill two pages of this magazine. To put it into a sentence, it is practically this—"a combination of capital, skill, or acts by two or more persons, firms, corporations or associations of persons," for the purpose of restraining trade, regulating prices, preventing competition, or in any way endeavoring to obtain a controlling influence in any business. The penalty for the formation of a trust is a fine of not less than two hundred dollars nor more than five thousand dollars, and imprisonment in the penitentiary for not less than two nor more than ten years. If a trust continues in business after conviction, it may be fined at the rate of five thousand dollars a day.

Such is the anti-trust law of the Southwest, as I saw it in the statute books. It seemed incredibly drastic, and to make sure that I was not mistaken I talked to seven judges in the four states.

"Our anti-trust law is just what it seems to be," said a judge who lives in Houston. "If it were strictly enforced it would create business chaos in twenty-four hours."

"Literally construed, it forbids a partnership," said another judge in Wichita; "and it is certainly true that a horse-thief has a better chance in a Kansas lawsuit than has a trust."

OIL TRUST WOULD THROTTLE COMPETITION

The Waters-Pierce Oil Company, which is owned in part by the Standard Oil, has been severely punished. Suit was brought to oust this company from Texas and to recover five millions in penalties for violation of the anti-trust laws. It was alleged that the Standard Oil men had lessened free competition in the oil business, and conspired to fix and regulate the price. Last May a jury found them guilty, cancelled their permit to do business in Texas, and levied a fine of $1,623,900. The case, of course, has been carried to a higher court—the Court of Civil Appeals; and meanwhile a government official is in charge of the Waters-Pierce Company. Texas has a lien, according to its law, on all the Standard Oil property in the state, and therefore no car or ship belonging to the Oil Trust dare enter Texas.

The suit against the express companies was one of the most successful of the anti-trust prosecutions. They were charged with having entered into an agreement with the railroads whereby the state was apportioned out among the different companies, thus preventing competition. They were fined forty thousand dollars, and their agreements were cancelled. The railroads, too, with which the agreements were made, were compelled to bear their share of the offense.

Not even financiers are immune in Texas. The United States Fidelity and Guarantee Company was dragged to the bar on the charge of having entered into a combination to fix fees, and a fine of twelve thousand dollars was transferred from its vaults to the Texas treasury and the pockets of the prosecuting attorneys.

Then the Cassidy Southwestern Commission Company fell into the power of the law. It was discovered to be a member of a "Live Stock Exchange," and compelled to pay a fine of seven thousand five hundred dollars besides being perpetually enjoined from entering any other combination.

Trust-made goods are sold in Texas. They pack the shelves of every store. But they are handled by independent dealers, not by agents. *No hireling of a trust can now be at the same time a Texan citizen.* As Attorney-General Davidson says, the object of the Legislature is to reach the officers, agents and captains of these freebooters, and make it a felony for them to ply their vocations in Texas.

As to the insurance companies that left Texas, they were not ousted by any legal prosecution. They became voluntary exiles because of a recent law which requires them to invest three-fourths of their Texas income in Texas. A number of small local companies are still doing business in the state, and are enabled to handle large policies by sharing them with the exiled companies.

Next to Standard Oil, the corporation which has been hammered the hardest by these anti-trust prosecutions, is the International Harvester Company. It has been fined two thousand dollars in Kentucky, twelve thousand six hundred dollars in Kansas, twenty thousand dollars in Arkansas,

From a Photograph by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

SENATOR JEFF DAVIS, OF ARKANSAS, WHO MADE THE FIRST ATTACK ON THE INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY and thirty-five thousand dollars in Texas. It has been technically expelled from Texas and Arkansas; and is now being threatened with the same treatment in Kansas and Missouri.

This big company was built six years ago, and has always had a good reputation, except among the trust-fighting attorneys-general. Its business is to make about forty various machines that are used by farmers, mainly those magical harvesters which cut the grain and, with swift steel fingers, bind it into bundles.

This Harvester Company is big game for the trust-busters; $120,000,000 it is capitalized at. It has forty-two thousand agents, who sold last year $73,000,000 worth of farm machinery which had been produced in fourteen factories by twenty-five thousand workmen. It has ore mines of its own in Wisconsin and Minnesota. forests in Arkansas, Mississippi and Missouri, and coal lands in Kentucky.

The redhot question as to whether it really is a trust is a problem that will have to be solved, finally, by Congress and the Supreme Court. Since it was organized it has doubled its business with foreign countries and it now brings to the United States $20,000,000 a year of foreign money. It has greatly increased its general agencies, so that the farmers can be served much more quickly than before.

The most earnest trust fighters have never accused the Harvester Company of getting railroad rebates. But it has been

JEWEL P. LIGHTFOOT, THE OFFICIAL TRUST-DESTROYER OF TEXAS, WHO SAYS COMBINATIONS ARE DOOMED vigorously attacked in Congress by Senator Hansbrough of North Dakota, who charges that it has unduly raised prices, that it is aiming to secure a monopoly of the farm implement business, and that it is now conspiring to deprive him of his political influence in North Dakota. He has demanded that Attorney-General Bonaparte take action at once against the International Harvester Company in the criminal courts; and as a Federal investigation is now being made, the facts about this much-praised and much-abused company will soon be made known.

COMPETING WITH CONVICT LABOR

The making of farm machinery is a new business—less than sixty years old; and no company has secured a monopoly of it. The Harvester Company has four able competitors who make binders; eighteen to make mowers; forty who make horse-rakes; seventy-four who make cultivators, and a hundred and thirty-nine who make gasoline engines. Even in the making of its binder-twine it has to compete with convict labor in several states, as well as with twenty independent factories.

But it is also true that the International Harvester Company was formed by the combination of five or six companies who had previously been competitors. It has no special privileges so far as patents, raw material or the tariff are concerned; but it does certainly possess the special advantages that arise from wealth, experience, and organization. While I found few specific charges of oppression made against it, I did find, especially among the various state office-holders, an indefinite dread of its great power and its growing control of the making of farm machinery.

F. C. JACKSON, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF KANSAS, A FOE OF ALL MONOPOLIES

JUDGE SELDEN P. SPENCER, OF KANSAS, WHO PREACHES MODERATION

The man in charge of the Harvester Company's legal affairs is a quiet-spoken, philosophical man-of-the-law named Edgar A. Bancroft. When I interviewed him in his Chicago office I was surprised to find him a champion of the Roosevelt policy as it related to business combinations.

TRUST MAN APPLAUDS ROOSEVELT

"I don't want to see the Sherman law repealed," he said, "but it ought to be amended along the lines laid down by President Roosevelt. *I want a definite law against combinations that are to the detriment of the public. There are a great many combinations that ought to be broken up.* And I want the fullest measure of publicity, so that the public can know exactly what to permit and what to restrain."

Bancroft is an Illinoisan, born and bred in Galesburg. He found no family fortune to inherit, so he worked on a farm and bought his own education. He has picked up his full share of honors in Chicago. He is a good mixer—makes friends easily, and keeps them. As a lawyer, his distinctive mark is that he believes in the *wide open policy*—the policy of frankness and publicity.

Bancroft is by nature a man who dislikes secrecy and evasion. He does not believe that the first duty of a corporation lawyer is to conceal the facts and build up a barricade of technicalities. So he is now trying an experiment which is unique and of tremendous interest to all corporation lawyers. He is practically saying to the attorneys-general of Kansas and Missouri: "Here are the facts about this business which you call the Harvester Trust. So far as I know, it is not violating any law; but if you have a different opinion, go ahead and investigate. You are a public official, doing your duty as you see it, and I will not put any unfair hindrances in your way. If this company is not right, it is my first duty to make it right."

A. V. DAVIDSON, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF TEXAS AND LEADER IN ANTI-TRUST FIGHT

THIS IS NOT A MERE POSE

This policy, in my opinion, is not a mere pose, nor a pretense of virtue. Bancroft is shrewd enough to know that a hasty investigation of the Harvester Trust would likely confuse it with the get-rich-quick concerns that were built for Wall Street speculation, and which deserve to be hit by the law. He knows, too, that the United States is ruled by public opinion, and that in the long run it pays to treat public officials with deference and politeness. In this respect he has mapped out a policy which is the exact opposite of that which Standard Oil attorneys have pursued. And from a lawyer's point of view, the interesting feature of the present anti-trust struggle is the legal testing of these two radically different policies.

The first Trust-Buster who threw a bomb at the Harvester Company was Jeff Davis—the latest and loudest member of the United States Senate. This man, whose influence in Arkansas is very nearly supreme, has set on foot a crusade which resembles the uprising of the Levelers among the peasants of Europe during the Middle Ages. *The object of this crusade is nothing less than to smash Organized Capital into its original separate interests, and to put the United States back where it was in the early days of struggle and small production.*

Jeff Davis swooped down upon the Harvester Company because it was "a combination in restraint of trade," and fined it twenty thousand dollars. To prevent a series of fines, the Harvester Company at once withdrew from the state. It canceled the contracts of its five hundred Arkansas agents, and closed its headquarters at Little Rock. The definite result of this action is that these agents are now acting as independent dealers and buying their farm machinery for cash from the Harvester Company's agent at Memphis.

TRUST POWER SCATTERED LIKE CHAFF

From Arkansas the Leveler movement surged into Texas and overspread the big state like wildfire. Standard Oil was attacked. Its secrets were brought to light. One witness swore that its profits for a certain year had been seven hundred per cent. This one fact so enraged the Texans that Standard Oil's legal bodyguard was swept out of the way like chaff. Its properties were seized by government officials, an immense fine was levied upon it, and to-day the Texas tentacle of the great Oil Octopus lies mangled and very nearly cut from the huge body.

Then the Trust-Fighters of the Texas legislature got busy. They framed up a law which is the most drastic of its kind ever passed in any country. To fine a trust five thousand dollars on each count was not enough. To seize its property and expel it from the state was not enough. What the gray-hatted Texans wanted was to see the representatives of the trusts put in jail; so they decreed that *any man or woman who sold any article as an agent of a trust should be thrown into prison for not less than two years and not more than ten.*

Now, there were twelve hundred agents of the Harvester Company in Texas. When they heard of this ferocious law, they were terrified.

A BOUNTY ON THE TRUST HEADS

The law provided that any county attorney who secured the conviction of a combine or its agent would receive a special fee of two hundred and fifty dollars; and it seemed likely that in the state of public sentiment which produced such a law, there would be a number of prosecutions. So the International Harvester Company decided at once to protect its agents by canceling their contracts. It prepared to retire from the state. There were some members of the company who said—"Let us quit Texas altogether and teach it a lesson." But it was finally agreed that the business could henceforth be handled by a local company.

This plan will prevent Texas farmers from being backed by a great national company in case of crop failures. It will increase the cost of farm machinery in Texas by more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, so I was told by a local dealer in Dallas. This extra cost will be caused by the higher rate of interest charged the dealers by the local Texas banks. They will now be obliged to pay eight per cent. instead of four. Also, there will be a drop in the volume of business because of the withdrawal from the state of the Harvester Company's canvassers and traveling experts, and because of the smaller quantity of machinery and supplies carried by the dealers.

This plan of retirement was being carried out smoothly, when some one carried the news to Attorney-General Davidson. Then arose a most unusual situation. Attorney-General Davidson, with all possible haste, went into court and secured an injunction against the fleeing Harvester Company. It was obeying the new law, which compelled it to leave the state; and here was an injunction commanding it to stand pat. The one said, "Move on," and the other said, "Halt." Here was a dilemma for the corporation lawyers.

BLOOD UP AND FIGHTING MAD

Simultaneously, the Harvester Company was attacked in the courts as an illegal "combination," and threatened with a fine of $1,000,000. In some states this might have been nothing more than political by-play; but not in Texas. The big state was fighting mad, and with good reason, because of the tactics of Standard Oil; so the Harvester lawyers asked for a quiet settlement out of court. The Attorney-General was willing, and the lawyers passed over to him a check for thirty-five thousand dollars, part of which was prize money to the attorneys who captured the big game. The injunction was then removed, and the Harvester Company took down its signs from several hundred stores, and ceased to exist in Texas.

EARLE W. EVANS, ATTORNEY, WHO DEFENDS THE HARVESTER TRUST IN KANSAS

By this time Kansas and Missouri had brought suit to oust the Harvester Company as "a combination in restraint of trade"; so this expulsion of corporations by the Southwestern states has now become the most serious fact in the whole business situation.

By the figures of 1904, there are three hundred and eighteen trusts which still remain in Texas and Arkansas. Will they, too, be evicted? The paper upon which the anti-trust laws are printed was made by the Paper Trust. The ink with which they were signed came from the Ink Trust. There is not a home in the Southwest, not even a room, in which there is not some product of a trust.

"Practically all the staple goods in our store are controlled by combines that regulate the prices," said Hyman Levy, a prominent merchant of Houston.

The Texan and the Arkansan live in a world of trusts, as truly as any New Jerseyan. There is a Farmers' Union in Arkansas, loudly supported by Senator Jeff Davis. And in Texas the most conspicuous trust is the union of cotton-growers who are refusing to sell their cotton for less than fifteen cents a pound. At several depots I saw the warehouses of these businesslike farmers, marked in plain letters—*"Farmers' Union—Cotton."*

ATTORNEYS-GENERAL COMBINE FOR WAR

Even the trust-fighting attorneys-general have combined. Six months ago they met at St. Louis and organized a quasi trust of their own, with Herbert S. Hadley Attorney-General of Missouri, as its first president. "We got together to fight combinations," said one of the members, *"and the first thing we did was to combine."*

When I put the matter squarely before the trust-fighters themselves, I found a wide difference of opinion. Some, like President Roosevelt, believe that there are good trusts and bad trusts, and that the first step is to separate the sheep from the goats. Weed out the trusts that defy and injure the public, they say; then put the beneficial trusts under Federal control. But in most cases, the Roosevelt plan was bitterly denounced.

In general, throughout the Southwest, Roosevelt is regarded as a conservative on the trust question.

"All combinations look alike to me," said Attorney-General Davidson, of Texas. "A white horse is the same as a black horse; they both kick."

Jewel P. Lightfoot, who, ably assisted by Attorneys Edwin B. Parker and H. M. Garwood, is the official Trust-Destroyer of Texas, is an uncompromising Leveler. "Sooner or later the whole card-house must be pushed down," he said, "and the quicker the better.

"Our entire business world is on an illegal basis. Americans are becoming cogs in a great national organization of commerce. In Texas we prefer to be free—to be independent, even if we have to go back to the sickle and the hoe."

"We want to return to the business conditions of 1880," said ex-Attorney-General Crane, of Dallas, striking his desk with his heavy fist. "Our political purpose is to give every small man a chance."

"Our laws in Texas were especially designed to favor the little capitalist, instead of the large one," said Secretary Brown, of the Houston Business Men's League. "We would prefer to buy our goods from a small factory in Texas, rather than from a big combine in the East."

"We have enough capital to establish industries of our own," said a Dallas merchant. "Our state is a whole country in itself. It is a thousand miles wide. We ship more commodities by the carload than any other state; and there are plenty of us who believe that if we choose we can build a wall around Texas."

Fred C. Jackson, the Attorney-General of Kansas, whose father fought with old John Brown at Harper's Ferry, strongly opposes the President's policy. "I recognize no such thing as a good combination," he said; "and Mr. Roosevelt has made a serious mistake in declaring that any combine can be a national benefit."

BRANDS EVERY TRUST AS A BURGLAR

His first assistant, Dawson, was absolutely frank in admitting the real purpose of the Kansas trust-fighters. "We are out against commercialism," he said. "We will break up business, because business is rotten and ought to be broken up. To speak of a 'good combination,' as Roosevelt

From a Photograph by Gray

H. M. GARWOOD, A TEXAS ATTORNEY, IN THE VAN OF THE BATTLE ON COMBINATIONS

From a Photograph by F. B. Rayburn

ATTORNEY-GENERAL WILLIAM F. KIRBY, OF ARKANSAS, WHO SAYS "ANNIHILATE ALL TRUSTS"

does, is absurd. As well might you refer to a 'good' burglar! Every combination was 'conceived in sin and born in iniquity.'"

"What about the farmers' combine in Kansas?" I asked.

"Well," said Dawson, "when we have smashed all the other combines, then we'll go after the trades unions and the farmers."

In Arkansas I found a strong reaction from the Leveler doctrines of Jeff Davis, although Davis unquestionably does represent Arkansas public sentiment. "Senator Davis does not fairly represent this state," said Governor Pindall; "and it is my personal opinion that the trust problem is a national one, and one which will be solved by bringing all great corporations under strict Federal control."

Attorney-General Kirby, who now wears the Jeff Davis mantle in Arkansas, gives this as his anti-trust creed: "'I believe in the absolute annihilation of trusts; but I believe that farmers must organize, and that capital should be invited to invest in our state."

As to the present effect of the anti-trust crusade upon the prosperity of the Southwest, I found a general feeling that much damage had been done.

LAWYERS ARE EATING UP TEXAS

"It is hard enough just now for a business to stand the normal risks of trade, without being attacked by county attorneys," said James E. Smith, who is president of the Business Men's League of St. Louis.

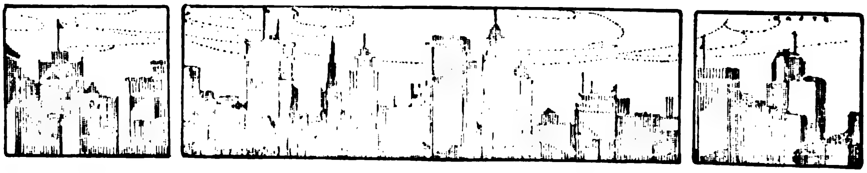
"The political lawyers are eating up Texas," said a business man in Houston. "In one lawsuit the fees have averaged fifty thousand dollars a month, counting both sides, for the last two years. No other state needs capital as much as we do, yet the politicians are chasing it out. To give one example, the Equitable Insurance Company was about to lend $500,000 for a new hotel in Houston, when the law was passed which drove the company out of the state. The loan was canceled, and at present there is no prospect of the hotel being built."

But it is also true, and a fact which no corporation lawyer can deny, that the general anti-trust feeling has an honest basis.

Too many of the big corporations have been greedy and oppressive. Too many have crushed their competitors by the brute force of capital, and used their strength to make incredible profits. Too many of them, in the springtime of their power, sowed the wind, so that now all combinations, good and bad, are reaping the whirlwind.

TRUSTS MUST BE TRIED BY PUBLIC OPINION

Such is the situation in the Southwest. It is serious. It is not a political brainstorm. It is the dramatic beginning of a struggle that seems destined to overspread the whole United States. No one can now foresee the end of this struggle, but it is fairly evident that the present anti-trust laws will be amended—*must* be amended, if the attorneys-general are to enforce them. Each trust will be weighed in the scales of public opinion. The piratical ones will be dissolved and the legitimate ones will be encouraged. And high above every state and every trust will be the power of a united nation, which is strong enough to give fair play to the biggest and the smallest alike. So runs the patriotic dream of the far-sighted Americans of the Southwest.



A Harbor Etching

By Clinton Scollard

The vault was a lowering pall,
  Wan as the face of Despair,
And every shrill steam-siren's call
  Was dulled by the heavy air.

Wherry and ferry droned,
  And the gulls were like spectral things,
Swept from a void where Night was throned
  With a whirr of ominous wings.

The water oozed like oil
  Round the great grim piers and the slips,
And the rigging blurred to a tangled coil
  On the silent, sea-bound ships.

And vague as a threat of doom,
  Seeming to reel and sway,
Great granite piles peered out of the gloom
  Weird in the pallid day.

Then sudden a little wind
  Wavered out of the west;
It pierced the gray to the blue behind,
  And rimpled the river's breast.

And a glimmering shaft of sun,
  As the mists were tossed and swirled,
Gleamed, and the eldritch dream was done,
  And a splendor lay on the world.

The Pursuit of Polly

By Mrs. Jacques Futrelle

Illustrations by P. J. Monahan

THE Chaperon tilted her charming chin, and for an instant her eyelids veiled an inscrutable stare that had gone straight through the young man opposite as if he had been a newly scrubbed pane of glass. He wriggled a little uncomfortably as the lids were raised and the stare was joined by a tiny, flickering smile. He felt—he *knew*—that all his past sins were on parade, mercilessly dragged forth into the light of day for minute inspection, and alas, condemnation. So he squared his shoulders and smiled back a little sheepishly, but hopefully.

"Honestly, I *am* in love *this* time," he said.

"You always are—for a month."

The smile scampered away and the red lips were pressed together in a straight line. His eyes challenged hers.

"She's awfully pretty," he ventured.

"She always is—well, two months."

"And adorable."

"Er—two and a half."

He cast about in his mind for an argument, something sound and new and convincing.

"You'll like her," he declared finally.

"I always do. That's why I feel so bad about it when her month is up."

"You don't stop to consider that I get the mitten."

"Naturally, when you ask for it."

He was properly astonished. "I wouldn't be guilty of such a thing," he protested.

"Not in words. I wouldn't accuse you of that."

"You're awfully hard on me."

"Not as hard as you are on them."

He thought that over. "Don't you flatter me," he warned.

The Chaperon giggled gleefully. "Silly!" she said.

"Won't you grant that a fellow must cut his teeth?"

"All those teeth!"

"And I assure you that I am never, for a moment, serious."

"Really?"

"They understand that."

"When the month is up?"

He started afresh. "Eyes of Heaven's own blue——" he raved.

"Lips like a red, red rose," she laughed.

"Hair where sunbeams, er—er—er——" he floundered hopelessly.

"Try again. It's usually sun-kissed hair of ruddy gold."

"That's it!"

"Oh, I know all about it." She extended a slim right hand and rested a forefinger lightly on his sleeve. "My dear boy, you never saw an ugly woman in your life."

"Oh, yes I did—once," he insisted. "She had a hare-lip and no chin."

The Chaperon settled back comfortably to listen to details—not of the homely woman, but of this last love affair. The story was usually a long one and exasperatingly familiar.

"When did you meet this last adorable one?" she asked, thereby cutting out the first chapter, and beginning somewhere.

"I've known her all my life."

"Oh! Boy and girl sweethearts, and all that sort of thing?"

He shook his head, doubtfully.

"She slapped your face and you gave her a horse-hair ring?"

"I wish I had thought of a horse-hair ring," he mused. "And she never slapped my face. She was always a nice little girl."

"Went to Sunday-school together, and perhaps you rescued her dollie from a watery grave?" the Chaperon went on.

"I never saw her dollie," he denied.

The Chaperon puckered her pretty brows, thought hard for a moment, then gave it up.

"What *did* happen?"

"Oh, nothing. She lived in a big house with a big yard around it and I lived next door in another big house with another big yard around it——"

"And nothing happened?"

He couldn't think of anything.

"Something *must* have," she insisted.

"Well, she used to swing in the hammock sometimes and I'd climb a tree in our yard to see her," she explained. "And once she came with her Mama to see us and I gave her an apple."

"Go on," the Chaperon bubbled. "Awfully exciting! What else?"

He frantically searched his memory.

"Did you kiss her? Did you pull her curls?" she persisted.

He couldn't remember.

"Oh, surely you didn't just let her swing in the hammock?"

"Once," he explained, "once I tied a tin-can to a dog's tail."

"And she said 'naughty, naughty?'"

"No," he smiled. "She said, 'shoo!' And you should have seen that dog run!"

The Chaperon considered the matter seriously.

"I like her," she declared.

"I knew you would."

"So I won't help you one little bit!"

"Oh, come now!" he protested. "This is a *real* case. Can't eat, can't sleep. Get restless and excited over nothing—*you* know! Think about her all the time. In fact, I'm done for this time."

"Is she done for?"

He shook his head sadly.

"Not yet. Tried all the usual things, too. Attention—kept the road hot between town and down here. Didn't go somehow. Candy and flowers nicely received, but no enthusiasm. Strong on football, but never could get the chance to talk about it. Tried books. Too busy reading books to spare me a minute. Automobile, yes—but she drives her own bubble and was always out when I arrived. Chased her car all over the country shouting at her. Didn't even amuse her."

"Awful!"

"If I stay in town she stays down country. If I go down country she comes to town."

"Wise girl! She knows your reputation."

"Now, that's not it. She's just out of the nursery—ingenuous, innocent, and all that sort of thing. She simply looks by me, over me, beyond me! I'm not on the map for her."

"Ah, I see!" The Chaperon smiled and looked distractingly wise.

"I knew you'd see," he said. "Now, what do you see?"

"Why, you're done for."

He tried to figure it out.

"If she fell into your arms her time would be up in a month," explained the Chaperon.

"No, it's honestly this time."

She melted a little, wavered, then smiled into his eyes and put out her hand.

"For the last time," she warned him.

"Honestly," he promised.

The hand nestled for a moment in his broad palm.

"Well, here's hoping," she said.

He kissed the hand and released it to its owner.

"You're an angel!" he declared.

* * * * * *

The Chaperon excitedly waved her handkerchief at the rapidly approaching automobile while her husband helped by violently chewing his cigar. They were on the front steps of a rambling little snuggery thrust away in a clump of trees with a grassy stretch reaching in every direction. On one side it bumped into a bed of rocks which led to a sandy beach; on the other it ran over two tennis courts and the first hole of a golf course, then trailed off into another and larger clump of trees, bringing up at a little stream with real fish in it.

The whole place fairly breathed romance. It was the Chaperon's last hope in desperate cases and certainly the case of Polly and Mr. Robert Harrington Pierce was desperate. Only once during the winter had Polly allowed him to get within speaking distance and then, in the buzzing crowd, there had only been space enough for the Chaperon to poke her pretty nose.

The Chaperon gurgled with delight as her signal was answered by a cobwebby thing thrust into the air. Polly was really there—it was all over but the benediction. Mr. Pierce let go the wheel long enough to jerk his cap at them with a mild whoop.

"It's awfully dear of you to invite me here," said Polly as she threw herself in the arms of the Chaperon.

"The pleasure's all mine," replied the Chaperon tritely, but meaning every word of it.

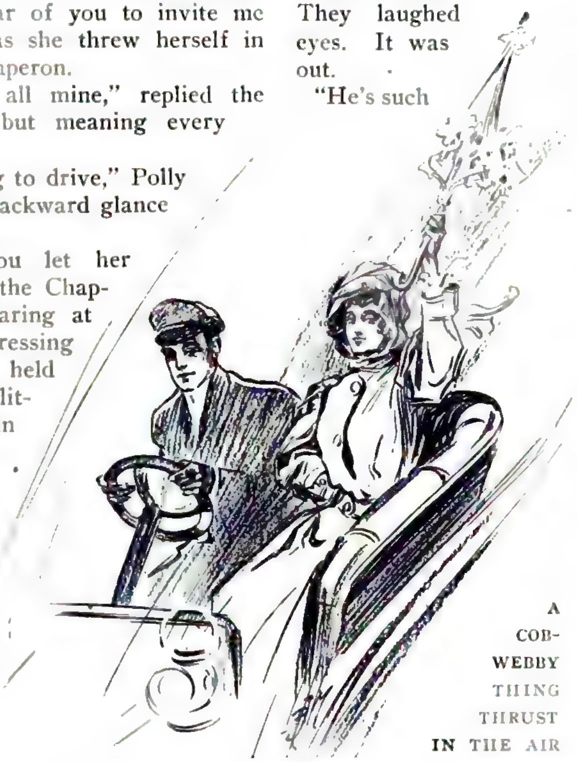
"I was just dying to drive," Polly rushed on with a backward glance at the automobile.

"Why didn't you let her drive?" demanded the Chaperon's husband, glaring at Mr. Pierce, and pressing the dainty hand held out to him with a little more fervor than was really necessary.

"Oh, he was willing," Polly hastened to say, "but I'm not familiar with that car." She favored Mr. Pierce with a look that set his heart thumping ridiculously, then turned to the Chaperon. "Oh, do you mind if I have my own bubble?"

The Chaperon gazed upon the curls that the sunbeams were trying to reach under the floating automobile veil, the lips like a red, red rose, the pleading eyes of heaven's own blue, and all that sort of thing, and decided she could have anything she asked for. She was just about to say so when she caught Mr. Pierce's eye and it distinctly said "No." She was undecided for the fraction of a minute.

"Of course," she said, "but why don't you try that one? Perhaps Bob will——?"


A COBWEBBY THING THRUST IN THE AIR

And Bob did. He abased himself, groveled in his generosity.

"Isn't he funny?" asked Polly, as the Chaperon whisked her up to her room.

"Who? Bob?"

"Yes. He thinks he's in love with me."

The Chaperon steadied herself and searched her soul for the right answer.

"Really?" she compromised. It gave her at least another minute to decide which course to pursue.

"Oh, come, now!" exclaimed Polly. "Don't pretend you don't know." They laughed into each other's eyes. It was the only way out.

"He's such a dear boy," said the Chaperon.

"He was a great left guard," declared Polly irrelevantly.

"So he was," agreed the Chaperon. She didn't know anything about it. "We're awfully fond of him—my husband and I."

"I'm sure you are," mused Polly, "but you won't let him bother me, will you?"

"Bother you?" repeated the Chaperon.

"Yes. You see he thinks he's in love with me."

Two white arms encircled the Chaperon's neck and two kisses were pressed upon her velvet cheeks. The blue eyes gazing into hers were a shade too irresistible.

"He would bother me," Polly explained.

Suddenly the Chaperon felt that way about it, too. So she returned the kisses.

"Don't worry, dearie. I won't let him," she promised.

Mr. Pierce did not take Polly into dinner, neither was she at his left. His hostess sat there. He wanted to say things to her, but she was persistently looking the other way, so he dropped a remark to his neighbor on the right. Somehow he had a vague idea that he had once been engaged to her, but he wasn't sure.

He didn't catch her answer—it really didn't matter—for he was counting the places down the other side of the table to where Polly sat. One—three—ten seats down. There she was stuck in between a pair of young upstarts, one of whom had taken the ball through Harvard's center for fifteen yards and was telling her so. Mr. Pierce had once done the same thing and had *scored* for Harvard, but shouting across the table at that distance was inconvenient and rude. He poured a compliment into the ear of the pretty girl at his right for revenge.

"Oh, really!" she said. "You may talk to me like a human being. I'm one of your alumnæ."

He caught the twinkle in her eye and smiled back.

"I don't know the answer," he replied.

"I graduated from your school four years ago," she explained.

So he *had* been engaged to her.

"Sorry I can't keep girls in school," he apologized.

"School would be rather crowded, wouldn't it?" She ran her eye down the opposite side of the table and let it rest on Polly for an admiring instant. "Freshman?" she inquired.

"Hope so," he laughed.

"How long?"

"All winter,"

She stared at him incredulously.

"Don't come a cropper yourself," she advised.

"Not if I can help it," he answered fervently.

It was a year to the fish, it was fifteen before the dinner was over. He caught the Chaperon's eye as she arose.

"Treason!" he said accusingly.

"Yes, I've gone over to the other side."

He couldn't believe it.

"She doesn't want to be bothered," the Chaperon explained, "and she's such a dear, innocent little thing, Bob, she don't know the first rule of the game."

"It isn't a game this time."

"I'm afraid you'll have to show me."

He said things inwardly. He had been drifting too long. Everything had been too easy. Now the field was against him and he was on his mettle. It was evident in the manner in which he smoked his cigarette, and when the Chaperon's husband opened the door he was through it and away. There was no stopping him.

"Polly," he asked, "what kind of jewels do you like?"

"Rubies," she replied promptly. "What's the game?"

"Come outside and I'll tell you."

The Chaperon stood directly in their pathway. Here was the beginning of the end. Her heart suddenly misgave her.

"He's an awful flirt," she whispered warningly into Polly's ear as she pretended to put back a stray curl.

"Don't tell him about me," Polly whispered back.

The Chaperon stood for a full minute trying to adjust herself. She would have whistled her astonishment but she didn't know how to whistle.

* * * * * *

Mr. Pierce rushed down an obscure pathway that wound in and out of trees and underbrush until he came upon a little clearing by the stream—the one with the real fish in it. In the turnings of the path he had caught a tantalizing glimpse of a big, flopping hat with a red scarf on it, and a collapsed khaki figure patiently holding out over the water a rather bent and knotty stick from which dangled a cord.

"Polly!" he called softly.

The figure did not move.

"Pretty Polly!" he said louder, but with a note of tenderness that would have moved the sphinx.

The cord wiggled and a gentle zephyr seemed to stir the brim of the hat.

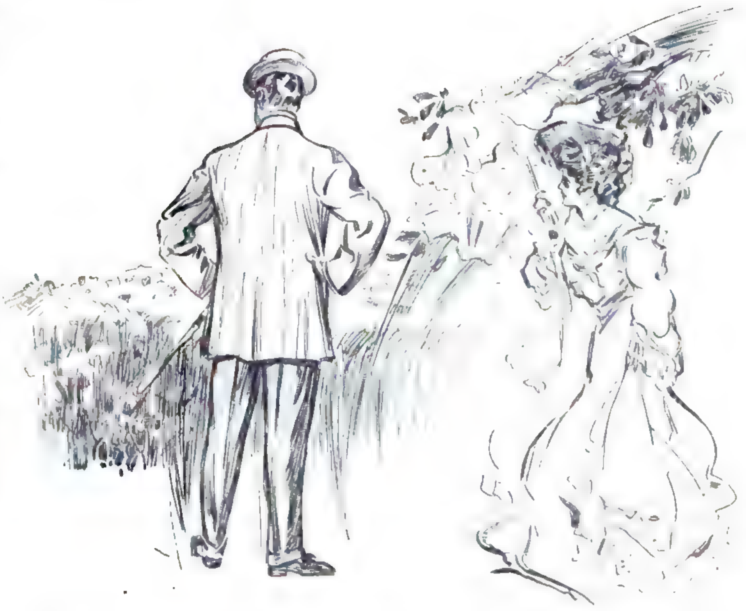
"Polly want a cracker?" he asked irreverently, for she was laughing at him. He threw aside a tennis racquet and started to fling himself down beside her.

"Oh-h!" she exclaimed. "You'll spoil yourself. And you are such a picture in that blue shirt and those flannels!"

He eyed her severely.

"There are pictures—and pictures," he reminded her, and down he came. "Look at yourself!"

"I'm roughing it," she replied complacently. "See how beautifully muddy I am in spots?"



THE CHAPERON AROSE AND SHOOK OUT HER LACY SKIRTS

He noted the spots, a few stray specks, and settled himself comfortably.

"Fishing?" he inquired.

"Um," she assented.

"What for?"

"Fish."

"Oh!" He was silent for as long as a minute. "May I inquire what kind of fish?"

For answer she jerked the stick and a wriggling, writhing thing slapped out.

"Isn't it a beauty?" she demanded. It was.

He helped her get it off the hook. It took an incredibly long time, as she was holding it.

"Yes, I think it will rain," she remarked, glancing overhead with a look of resignation.

He crushed his lips together and slid the fish off into her palm.

"Thanks," she murmured. "Awfully good of you."

"Don't mention it."

He slipped his fingers along the knotted stick and down the cord, while the corners of his mouth twitched dangerously.

"Why, you don't know how to fish," he declared. "You can't catch those fish with a smelting hook."

She pushed a tin pail toward him and waved her hand at the contents. He couldn't keep his face straight, and when she shook a rigid forefinger at him he extravagantly kissed the hand on which it grew.

"I've another hand here," she told him, putting it forth frankly.

He kissed that, too, and imprisoned both.

"Polly, I love you."

"Nonsense!"

"I adore you."

"Fiddlesticks!"

"Will you——?"

"No."

"Er—my father wants you in the family."

"Rubbish!"

"My mother does, too."

She shook her head.

"I do——"

"I'll trouble you for my pole, please."

She captured the stick and dipped the hook into the water. Time wore on, a century or more.

"Polly," he pleaded.

The cord wiggled again and the zephyr stirred the hat brim.

"You're such a humbug, Bob," she laughed. "Come, be my friend. I think you'd make an awfully good friend."

"I'd make a better——"

"Sh-h-h-h!" she warned. "You'll scare away the fish."

He stayed hushed for ten seconds.

"I have here," he began in a different tone, "a little souvenir." He paused; she actually looked at him. "I think it will interest you. The colors are perfect, the gold is—er—gold. The setting is some new wrinkle of Tiffany's, but he says it's all right and it's priceless, because you are sure to like it. Behold!"

In his upturned palm lay a ring set with a ruby, encircled by diamonds. Polly drew her breath in with a gasp.

"Beautiful!" she exclaimed. "Perfectly exquisite! Isn't it a darling?" She picked it up between a dainty thumb and forefinger. "Souvenir of what?"

He took a moment to brace himself. Here was another ball to put over the goal.

"Of our engagement."

She stared at him in astonishment.

"Will you——?"

He didn't finish. He was gently sliding down the bank. Of course it was an accident; she afterwards settled with her conscience as to just how much of a push it took to make an accident. As he went he grasped her hand—the hand that held the ring.

"Give me a pull," he suggested, suspended at length, and considerable length it was, down the bank.

She refused to pull.

"Let go my hand," she commanded.

He tried to kiss it, but it was the length of his arm away.

"If you don't pull I will," he warned.

She wiggled her fingers a little.

"Here goes!"

"Oh, I dropped the ring!" she exclaimed tragically. It had lodged by a little root. He tried to reach it.

"No matter," he said. "It isn't good for anything."

"That beautiful ring! Don't dare move one little bit for you'll make it go into the water."

He felt a gentle tug and climbed back up the bank.

"Hold my hand and I'll get it," she instructed. "Careful, now!"

He braced himself at the edge while she went over. She gained a footing half way and reached the other half. She held her breath and when her finger touched the ring she dug it through the soil. She was on the bank in a jiffy, breathless but victorious.

"You have made me very happy," he said gently. Her eyes asked a question. "You are wearing my ring," he explained.

She thrust it into his hand and choked in exasperation. He decided to say something, then changed his mind. The ring nestled in his palm, gleaming impertinently. Suddenly he jerked his arm toward the water and something splashed a few feet away. He picked up the tennis racquet and began swinging it aimlessly.

"Where is that ring?" she demanded.

He nodded toward the stream.

"I wouldn't—" she choked over the words—"I just wouldn't marry such a high-tempered man for anything in the world!"

She picked up the stick and the pail of fish and stalked off through the bushes, leaving him standing there aimlessly swinging the tennis racquet.

* * * * * *

The Chaperon gathered up her furbelows and sat down upon a little bench that was snugly tucked away in a hedge, and sighed. She calmly watched Mr. Pierce striding back and forth before her; calmly listened to what he was saying—little incoherent dabs of sentences—and calmly saw him flick off the heads of all her pansies with a disreputable, knotty stick. When the last bloom had gone she sighed again.

"What's that about fish in the sea?" she inquired at last.

Mr. Pierce stopped and ran his fingers, lingeringly, lovingly, down the stick. The Chaperon thought he had decided to give up.

"I've quit fishing," he replied.

She stared at him with the tiny flickering smile about the altogether charming mouth.

"I believe it *is* honestly this time," she said. "Poor old Bob!"

He sat down suddenly and enthusiastically kissed her hand. At last some one believed in him.

"Oh, now, really!" a voice cooed from somewhere behind the hedge.

Mr. Pierce and the Chaperon looked quickly at each other. A distinct giggle sounded. Mr. Pierce grinned sheepishly and the Chaperon dove head first into her handkerchief.

"Somebody's husband *could* kick up a row if he wanted to," the voice went on.

The Chaperon's shoulder's shook visibly.

"Polly!" Mr. Pierce called softly.

No answer.

"Pretty Polly!" he called again in the tone that would have moved the sphinx "Will you marry me?"

"Of course not."

"I'd go around the world on my knees for you!"

The giggle merged into a repressed chuckle.

"Polly, if I should fling myself in the ocean you'd be sorry!"

"Oh, splash!" came the answer.

The Chaperon emerged from the handkerchief.

"If I'm in the way——?" she suggested.

The chuckle ended in a silvery peal of laughter which—strangely enough—was accompanied by a deep bass. The Chaperon arose, shook out her lacy skirts, adjusted her parasol at a fetching angle and smiled sweetly upon the hedge.

"If my husband will kindly give me his arm," she suggested, in honeyed tones, "we will leave you two to adjust your little misunderstanding."

Mr. Pierce flicked at the pansies as he watched the couple saunter off down the path.

"Polly, I love you!" he whispered softly.

But the voice behind the hedge remained persistently silent.

* * *

A collapsed khaki figure, surmounted by a big flopping hat with a red scarf on it was the only thing visible along the stretch of sandy beach. Half a dozen anchored boats of varying sizes bobbed at a little distance upon the water, and occasionally a tiny speck appeared upon the horizon, that, coming nearer, would develop into a sailboat, skimming frantically but purposelessly toward the southwest. Sometimes it would be northeast, but then the movement was sluggish, and the boats never came toward the beach.

On the sand was a book and a pair of marine glasses that had been in constant use the greater part of the afternoon. Underneath the hat was unrepressed longing, some exasperation and a great deal of uneasiness. The wind tore at the hat, the curls, and sent nervous little shivers over the khaki figure. Finally Polly picked up the book and glasses and dug briskly through the sand and up a flight of steps to the rocky pathway above. Her heart was in her mouth as she crossed the grassy stretch to the house.

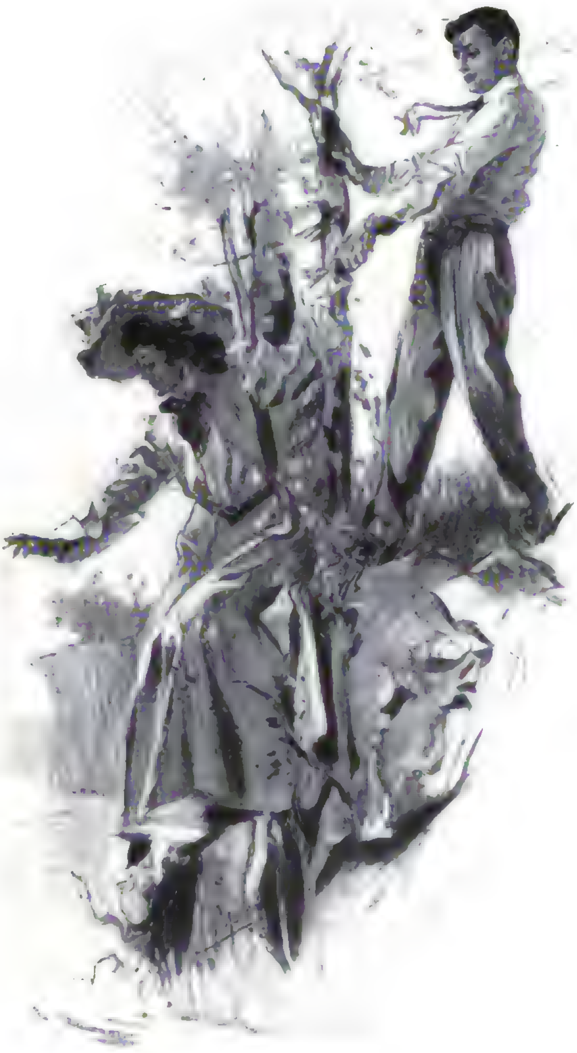
The Chaperon was playing bridge.

"Where's Bob?" she questioned casually.

"Oh, sailing," Polly replied. She tried to make the tone frivolous, but the voice shook a bit.

"It's a great day for sailing," remarked the Chaperon, with an indifferent glance outside.

Polly sneaked into the hall and sat down upon a settle, where she deliberately put herself into a temper, got just as angry as she



SHE WAS ON THE BANK IN A JIFFY, BREATHLESS BUT VICTORIOUS possibly could for bothering over something that wasn't of the least consequence. At last she went boldly up to her room, shook down her curls and began to get into a linen gown. A panic seized her. She climbed back into the khaki, bundled up her curls under the big hat and started for the beach. The sound of the waves breaking upon the rocks gave her a tight little feeling in her throat.

She ran into Mr. Pierce at a turn in the pathway.

"How dare you frighten us so?" she demanded coldly.

He looked at her in astonishment.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

"Oh, nothing," she returned, with her chin in the air, "except that you've been out four hours on this horribly windy day and have scared everybody to death."

"Everybody?" he asked, looking about for the uneasy ones. Then a great light dawned upon him. "Polly," he breathed. "Dear Polly!"

She gave him a look that suggested twenty degrees below zero, turned and started up the path.

"I wonder——" he began. She deigned to turn and look at him. He held out his hand and in the upturned palm was a ring set with a ruby, encircled by diamonds.

"Another one?" she inquired, with uplifted brows.

He shook his head and smiled.

"I thought you threw that away?"

He shook his head again.

"Won't you——?" he coaxed.

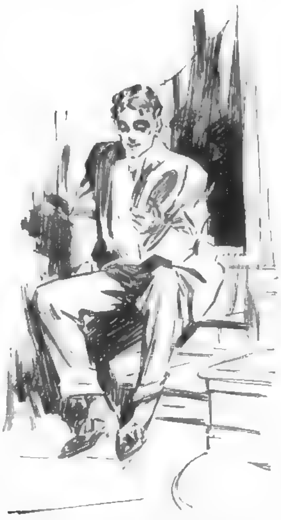
"Oh, give it here," she said suddenly. She thrust out her hand, it touched his, wholly alive and highly charged, took the ring, stuck it on her finger—the proper finger—and walked away.

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed. "Haven't you forgotten something?"

The hat brim shook violently. He started after her and she went faster. She cut across the grass running. He was gaining although she *could* run. She made for a side entrance, ran up the few steps and slammed the door with a little click following that suggested a key being turned.

Mr. Pierce paused on the landing, then sat down and fanned himself vigorously with his hat.

They were engaged!



THEY WERE ENGAGED

The Human Comedy

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Do the gods laugh? Aye, marry do they laugh!
  How very merry must this playhouse seem
Wherein we strut and try to shape the plot.
  Unknowing we repeat as in a dream
The words they wrote eternities ago!
  Our loves, our battles, agonies and fears
Are stern enough to us, no doubt, but oh,
  The gods enjoy this Comedy of Tears!

SOPHIE BRANDT

The Cult of the Snicker in Drama-Land

By Harris Merton Lyon

Illustrations from Photographs

THERE is a way of showing ennui in the presence of ideas which is very popular in New York, where it is pursued with a sort of fierce languor. This is, briefly, to snicker. The man who would rather snicker than think is, in every way, a fine, exquisite coward—and a camp of intellectual cowards is no place to bring dramas up for trial.

The Cult of the Snicker is abroad in New York, where the tired, baffled, dædal brain of the night-grooming citizen refreshes itself in light sneers and sophisticated smirks.

Some incomprehensible souls among us do take plays seriously, and to them I would speak an amiable word. Only a few New Yorkers take a play seriously, and the rule is, if you do take a play seriously you must do it in a poignant, hypercultured fashion such as will fit well with your immaculate dress-shirt-front and will not debase the spotless calm of your waistcoat. There must be plenty of starch in your attitude; your brain must behave as your collar does —it must stand up stiff and blank. You must speak of passions as you would of dry goods, or of book-bindings, with the aloof sniff of the connoisseur. You must be finicky about the playwright's knowledge or the stage-manager's scenery or the actress's little fingernail in the last act. Now, I should venture to say that such an attitude is not only an attitude of inconsequential cruelty; is not only an attitude of negative cowardice, but it is something far worse for the playwright and the player. It is the attitude of a poor critic. The man who is rigorous in his judgment of small things simply because he cannot gauge the larger ones is a poor philosopher and no prophet at all. You cannot estimate Lincoln by the mud on his brogans in 1855.

But, happily, such serious thinkers are few and the hypercritical New Yorker is, at most, only a negative coward. It is the snickering New Yorker who is the active coward and the corrosive poison. He is the man who makes his city an unfit place for dramas, poems, and religions. He refuses to think, and he refuses to patronize a playwright or a player who will make him think. He dotes on slang because slang is an intellectual sleep-tablet. He gives his money to George M. Cohan with a comfortable sense of relief and says: "Kindly make a lot of noise for me; I don't want to think." The critics take up his attitude and, to aggravate the debasement, fill their columns with really clever witticisms, paraphrased into mirthful cartoons; whereupon he pays his penny and says: "Let's see what Alan Dale has to say about last night's show. Some of his things tickle me to death. Do you remember when he called Miss So-and-So a frowzy frump. Haw! Haw!"

DEGENERATE FIRST NIGHTERS

You would suppose that the man who thinks too finely and the man who thinks not at all would both be in such minority that they could not make or break a play. But by a curious condition in New York—and in New York alone—the whole verdict is the first night verdict, and on first nights the audience is almost entirely made up of these two brands of mental cowards. The main part and the more mirthful of them are folk who, by what I shall call a bland degeneration of the thinking faculties, have sunk into a passive, tittering desuetude before all intellectual endeavor. Lacking the magnificent, grandiose wisdom of Buddha, they nevertheless adopt his physical posture and sit with their hands folded across their abdomens, their placid visages illuminated with a simpering smile quite strikingly like that of the Hindu deity. It is almost heartbreaking to an intelligent and ambitious actor to be compelled to play before this aggregation of elusive minds, and to be compelled to submit to the decree which they shall give forth the following morning.

EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON, TO STAR IN "THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE"

DORIS KEANE, TO APPEAR IN A NEW PLAY BY WILLIAM GILLETTE

Miss Ethel Barrymore has spoken of them as faultfinding. But she did not consider their inner workings. They have excellent reason to be faultfinding. There is no other escape for them if they would maintain their "face" and disguise their brainlessness. Faultfinding has been the royal road of bullies ever since Hector started a verb. Why should a New York first nighter, of all beings, deviate from a beaten path?

It is the first nighter—and here a zealot would make the point, by the way, that a first nighter is seldom heard from save in connection with Tenderloin murders, boodle, divorces, and degeneracy—who leads the braggart laughter of the town. Listen! One white gloved hand is whispering to a well-soaped ear. The white glove trembles with cleverness. The ear turns red with a suffused joy at the whispered *mot*. Here is the Cult of the Snicker in its most powerful form.

Bearing up as best he may under the hoarse laughter of a thousand scornful insular throats, and bowing his head to the proud Manhattan's contumely, the writer of this article nevertheless submits this im-

From a Photograph by Henri Manuel, Paris

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE "DIVINE SARAH"—MME. BERNHARDT, IN HER NEWEST PARISIAN PRODUCTION, "LA BELLE AU BOIS DORMANT"

peachment: New York—rapturous old yellow village!—is an incompetent judge, censor or monitor of plays and players. New York is a joke. The people of New York are jokers—giddy, inveterate, stout-headed, food-loving, amiable old jokers. (One thing they do with delicacy. They go about their esthetics lightly, as a flight of butterflies over a statue.) Mr. Cohan is spelt in letters yards high, incandescent, brilliant, blinding, from Churchill's to Diana's darkened tower. And in the glare the happy people pass, eating and drinking and criticising. At all times they labor

ADELINE GENEE, THE POPULAR LONDON DANSEUSE, AS SHE APPEARS AT THE NEW YORK IN "THE SOUL KISS"

diligently for a simulated wittiness, a factitious nimbleness at repartee. It is a gay town and everybody tries to keep himself gay.

No wonder so many of us love to live in New York! We can have such a great deal of fun with things here! We can kill other things besides time. We can kill the menacing Conscience of the thing called Life. We can kill thought. Let us laugh, laugh! The play? It is a "peach"; * * * or it isn't. Either way, the newspaper critics will have fun with it to-morrow. Teehee!

Let the program fight its losing battle with the menu. This is New York, happy, happy "dog town."

PITY THE REST OF THE COUNTRY

If only a play can get a run of a hundred nights here, the rest of the country will "stand for" it. Let us pity the rest of the country, dependent upon the good, the careless, the would-be witty folk of Manhattan. Let us pity the actor, if he hasn't an old tune or a new "gag." Let us pity the playwright, if he thinks too much. But while we pity, let us join the jokers who pass and repass, the pleasant, facile, free-hearted jokers who trip it lightly along beneath the Cohan incandescence—the jokers and also the cowards, who, if I am right, tremble at a thought and snicker to hide their trembling.

Let us join them, by all means; for unless we herd together we shall not be New Yorkers.

And we do join them, and we must join them, and we will join them. It is inevitable; it is New York. And if you come inside the city, at the end of the year you will be either of those in the white gloves, who wear their handkerchiefs in their cuffs, and who object to the actress's little fingernail in the last act; or of those who sit with their hands Buddha-fashion and laugh heavily at the things they understand—and at those they do not understand.

The foregoing remarks, by a curious twist, are due to New York's reception of a Cohan play, the latest, called "Fifty Miles from Boston," in which Miss Edna Wallace Hopper was violently starred at the Garrick. The whole critical and first night section of the town rose *en masse* and blasphemed this play as a dreary, driveling, mistake.

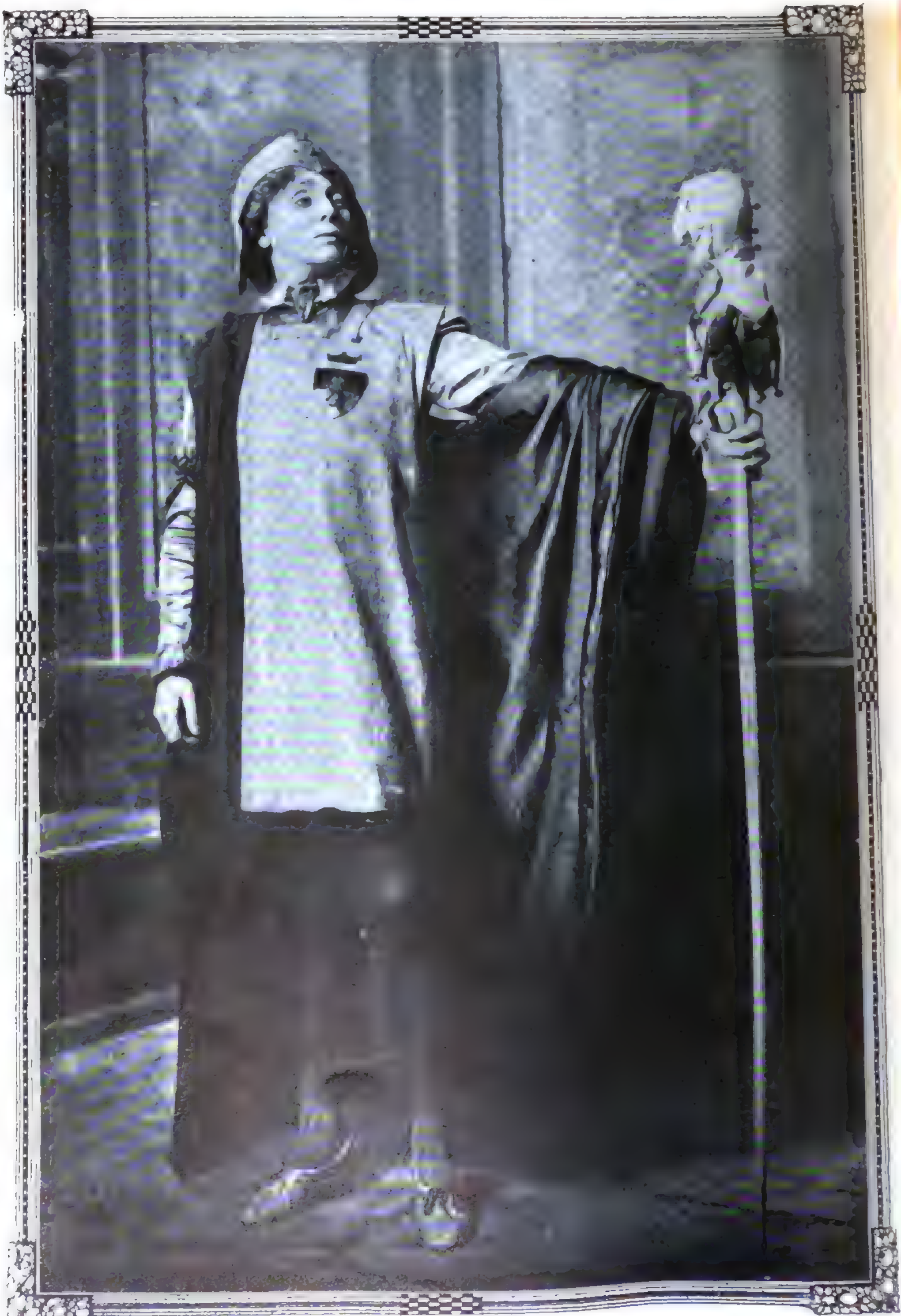
"FIFTY MILES FROM BOSTON"—THE GARRICK

The reason the Cohanites turned and thus rent their leader is because Mr. Cohan has never written better than in this newest thing from his fountain-pen. He is gaining in technique, in dramatic conciseness and synthesis; his dialogue is rapid and playworthy, his comedy is excellently handled and human in quality; his characterizations, notably that of Dave Harrigan, the consistent liar, are quite satisfactorily convincing, and his melodrama is sincerely lurid. What more could anyone wish?

A ROUND OF COHAN FRIVOLITY—EDNA WALLACE HOPPER AND HER "SMALL TOWN GIRLS" IN "FIFTY MILES FROM BOSTON"

And that is the nub of the situation right there.

None of the condemners of "Fifty Miles from Boston" wished more from Mr. Cohan. As a matter of fact, they wished less. They went to the theatre expecting Mr. Cohan to do bad work, and here he was doing something good, as good and better than either Mr. H. A. Jones or Mr. Charles Klein has recently been able to do in the way of melodrama. Unfortunately Mr.



FROM FAIRIES AND PETER PAN TO JESTERS AND HUNCHBACKS—A CHARMING PHOTOGRAPH OF MAUDE ADAMS IN HER EMPIRE PLAY, "THE JESTERS"

Cohan inserted a number of bad songs into his good play; and this gave the disappointed folk in front a chance to cry:

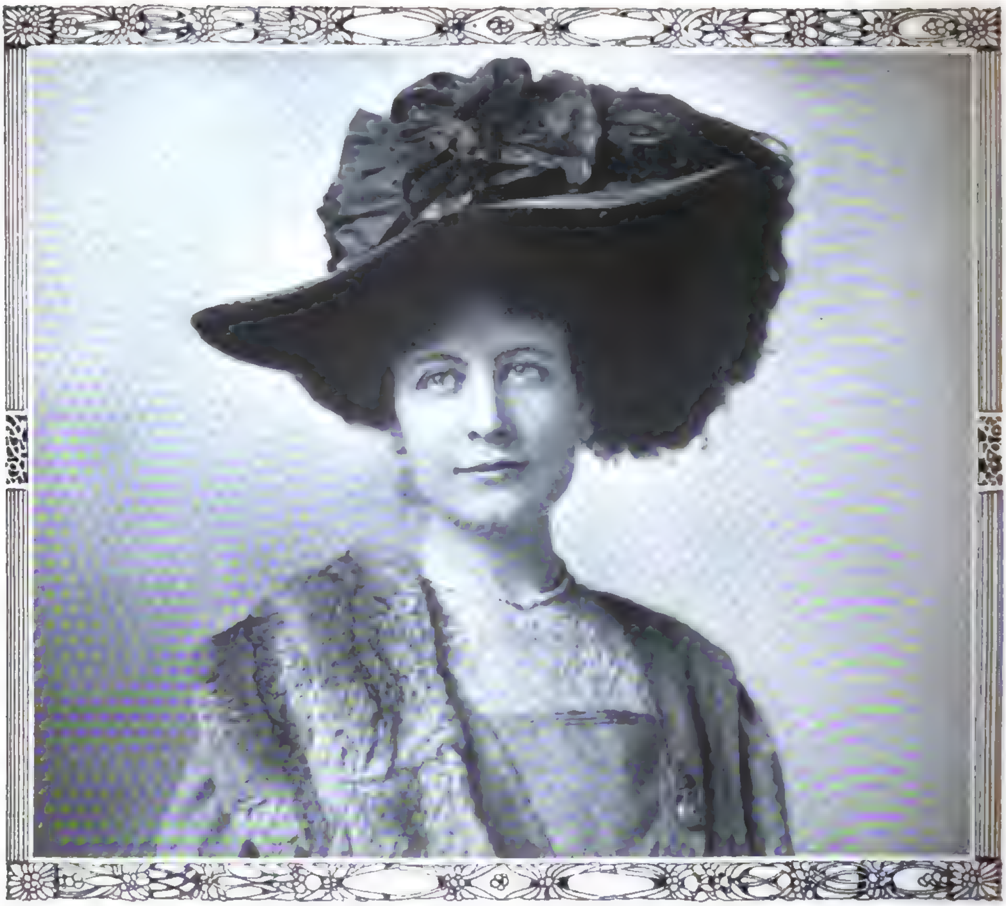
"More songs would have made the play better," which is like saying that more bad butter would help a good broiled fish. The answer is: that it all depends upon how you like your fish.

Briefly, I wish to go on record as saying that there is nothing at all bad and there is a great deal that is decidedly entertaining in the lines and acting of Laurence Wheat as Joe Westcott, baseball hero of Brookfield, Mass., fifty miles from Boston; of James H. Bradbury as Nathan Westcott, the hero's father; of George Parsons, as Dave Harrigan, the Iago-like villain; of James C. Marlowe as Tim Harrigan, father of the villain and singer of the song about "H-A-double R-I-G-A-N"; of Master Lores Grimm, as the ten-year-old small town kid who is going to run away to Boston as soon as he gets a dollar and a half because "Brookfield is too slow for him"; of John Westley, whose work in "The Three of Us" was distinctive and whose acting of a similar part in this play almost equals that excellence; and of Emma Janvier, as the village gossip. An estimate of Miss Hopper I leave to the assiduous and evidently competent care of her press agent.

From a Photograph by Bassano, London

THE DARLING OF LONDON TOWN—PAULINE CHASE, THE MAUDE ADAMS OF ENGLAND

The plot of the play is to the effect that Jed Woodis (played by John Westley) has stolen four hundred dollars from the post-office and has lost it on a baseball game. His sister, Sadie Woodis (Edna Wallace Hopper), is postmistress and is unaware of her brother's theft. The inspector is due the next day. Dave Harrigan (George Parsons), bent upon marrying Sadie, knows all these things; in fact, he added four hundred dollars of his own money to Woodis's bet and placed the money. He offers to hush the whole thing up and restore the four hundred dollars to the cash drawer without anyone ever being the wiser, if Jed will only see to it that his sister breaks off her engagement to Joe Westcott (Laurence Wheat) and pledges herself to become Mrs. Dave Harrigan instead. Of course she refuses to do anything of the kind. Then Jed confesses to her that he stole her money. A great deal of confusion follows, but is temporarily cleared up by the opportune burning of the post-office. Later the parents of the hero and of the villain fall to quarreling and Westcott *père* returns the eight hundred dollars, for he was the one who had won it from the boys. Then Harrigan *père* restores the four hundred dollars which Jed had taken from the post-office and all ends—melodramatically.



NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF ELEANOR ROBSON, NOW TOURING IN THE SOUTH, WHO WILL PLAY OUT THE YEAR IN "SALOMY JANE"

"Fifty Miles from Boston" is now on the road, playing to packed houses.

"OUR AMERICAN COUSIN"—THE LYRIC

This is the "Lord Dundreary" of E. A. and of E. H. Sothern, revived by the son in memory of the father, and enjoyed to-day as it was fifty years ago by mixed audiences of two, and even three, generations. Of course, there is nothing to the flat, geometrical plot except where Dundreary trips his way in, stutters, stares and combs his far-famed whiskers with his languid hand. It is a play that is full of laughter, uproarious laughter at the strained farcical situations, at the genuine comedy of Mr. Sothern, and silent laughter at the quaint and watered sentimentality of the crinolined loves of our grandfathers. It can truly be said that "Our American Cousin," with Mr. Sothern as Dundreary, is one of the oddest and most enjoyable sensations of the theatrical season.

The story of Tom Taylor's old lukewarm comedy would never be told to-day if the elder Sothern had not been allowed to "create" the rôle of the now famous fop. In the old days, Laura Keene and Joseph Jefferson were well-nigh desperate over the play. Therefore, the also desperate Mr. Sothern was told to go ahead and make as much out of the character of Dundreary as he could—with the result that long ago the whole performance became merely an appendage to this one characterization.

The scenes are laid in England. Asa Trenchard, the American cousin, arrives in the house of his relations with his cowboy hat, slicked hair, Yankee twang, and faculty for getting people out of difficulties.

He restores stolen wills, brings lovers together, renounces a fortune, and falls in love himself. But in spite of these activities on his part, the whole interest of the play centers around an idle young English lord with a vacuous mind and a vapid face who propounds riddles about dogs with three legs chasing rabbits with no legs at all, who never sees the point to any joke, who can make puns but who cannot make love, who convulses his hearers with stories about his brother Sam, or "Tham," in America, and who in a feeble, dull, but goodhearted way, is at once the bore and the delight of the company around him—in fact, Dundreary. To describe him is impossible; you must look squarely into that consummately blank face to appreciate him.

Mr. Sothern is said to have copied in every detail the performance of his father so that the resemblance between the two Dundrearys is identical. The company in general is an adequate one. Albert E. Howson, as valet to the lord, does a very neat and clever bit of light comedy.

"A WALTZ DREAM"—THE BROADWAY

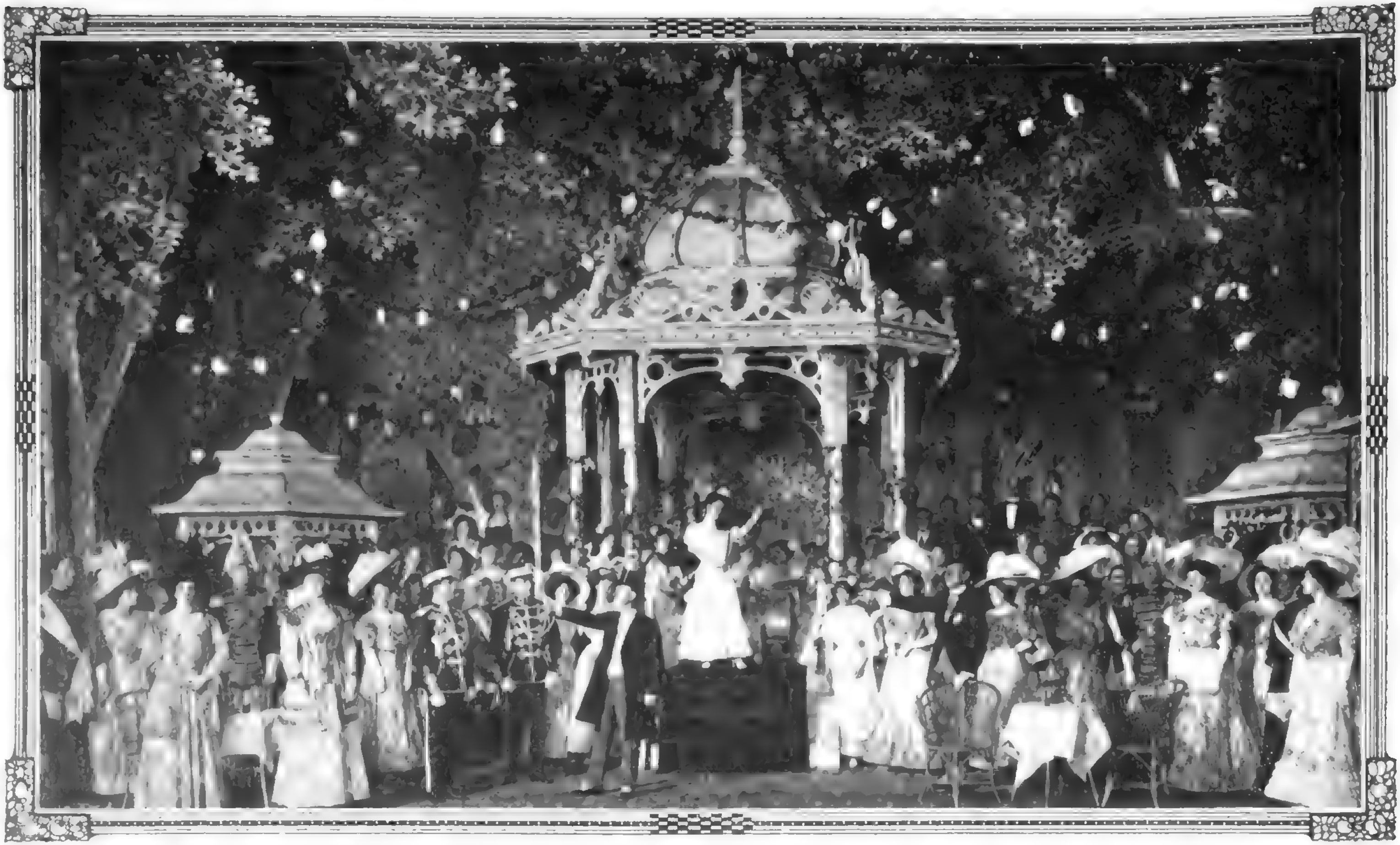
Another pretty waltz melody has hit the town and is competing with "The Merry Widow" for popularity. It is to be hoped that Oscar Straus, who wrote the music, is getting more for his strains than that other Viennese orchestra leader, Franz Lehar, is said to be getting from American managers for his "Merry Widow" music. It is current talk along the Rialto that, while the "Merry Widow" is taking in nine or ten thousand dollars a week for its backers in New York, Mr. Lehar's share of the profits is so small he couldn't buy a feather of one of the proscenium peacocks at the New Amsterdam if peacocks were selling at two cents a head. If this is so, it would

SCENE FROM THE SAVOY FARCE, "TWENTY DAYS IN THE SHADE," SHOWING DALLAS WELFORD, PAULINE FREDERICK AND RICHARD BENNETT seem that the most profitable study for Hungarian musickers just now would be a correspondence school course in international copyright laws.

However the finances of the affair may be arranged, praise must be given the producers of "A Waltz Dream" for the extreme beauty, delicacy and refinement of their production. There is real opera bouffe in "A Waltz Dream"; there is real acting in it; there is real music in it. The melodies are new to Broadway and so are the faces of the players, Charles Bigelow excepted.

The story of the play is to the effect that a prince, forced to marry against his liking, runs away to Vienna and falls in love with the leader of a woman's orchestra there. She plays the waltz, by the way, which bewitches him. But the prince is pursued by an angry father-in-law and by a deserted wife. The latter, in discovering him, also

LOUISE RANDOLPH, LEADING LADY WITH KEITH & PROCTOR'S HARLEM STOCK COMPANY



FINALE TO THE SECOND ACT OF "A WALTZ DREAM," THE DAINTY COMIC OPERETTA AT THE BROADWAY discovers the way in which to woo him and win his heart. The recalcitrant husband is taken home, subjected to a course of love-treatment, and all ends happily—save for the rejected leader of the woman's orchestra, who seeks solace in her beloved violin, playing the waltz as the last curtain goes down.

Sophie Brandt, as the girl violinist, has much of the piquant charm of Fritzi Scheff, though compelled through most of the play to wear the unattractive uniform of her orchestra; and I prophesy that Edward Johnson, the prince with the tenor voice, new to the stage and known heretofore as a choir singer, will be before long the most worshipped matinee idol in New York.

Charles Bigelow, as the gouty old father-in-law, shows decidedly excellent qualities as a serious comedian, and Joseph W. Herbert, besides acting a minor part well, deserves great credit for the Englishing of the original "book and lyrics" of "The Waltz Dream."

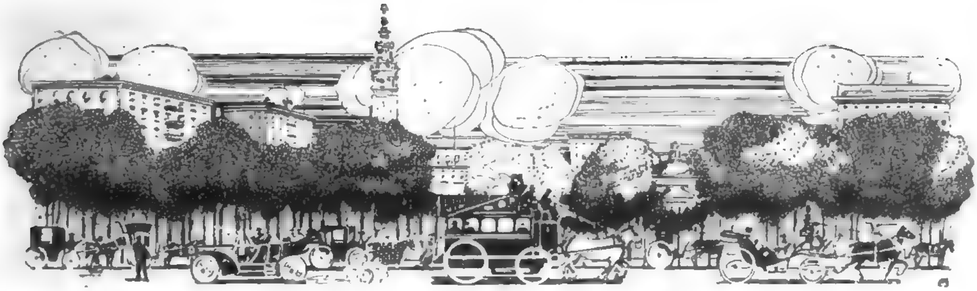
"I'D GO HOME BUT I'M AFRAID OF THE DARK"—VOKES AND SLAVIN IN "A KNIGHT FOR A DAY," IN ITS FOURTH MONTH AT WALLACK'S

"THE SOUL KISS"—THE NEW YORK

This is the play which served as a vehicle for Adeline Genee's triumphal entry into New York. For ten years Genee has been the pride of London, and everybody who cared at all about London favorites always went to see Genee. Now she is to be kept in the United States for several years, unless existing contracts are broken, and she will probably remain, until the end of the present season, at the New York Theatre, where she scored an immediate hit.

If the phrase "poetry of motion" was wabbling down toward Lethe's brink and was in danger of being forgotten, its career was checked abruptly on the first Tuesday after the first Monday on which Genee appeared in New York; no less than six (listed) critics dug up the old phrase and applied it to the Danish dancer's performance, with the natural consequence that the whole cityful of (unlisted) critics immediately and in unison, took it up. There is no doubt that her dancing is marvelous, the most marvelous dancing that New York has seen in years. She conquers, with a natural and spontaneous gaiety, what must be a wearisome knowledge of every line and rule of technique. She has the air of a butterfly, always fluttering, never lighting. She gets every last bit of rhythmical value out of her accessories—her veils, nosegays, riding-whip, fan or aigrette—and in a contagion of sprightliness and lithe effort leaves the beholder breathless at the finish.

"The Soul Kiss?" Oh, it is a Rialto razzle-dazzle, about as soulful as a trombone, a seltzer bottle, a slapstick and a glass crash.



Prominent People in Picture and Paragraph

MISS KANG TUNG PIH, who is studying at Barnard College, New York, is the Daughter of a Hundred Earls, and possesses so many titles that she prefers not to use any of them, being content to fall into our democratic ways, and be known simply as Miss Kang. The young lady has the distinction of being the youngest member of her class, and strangely enough she is rated at the college as a guest and not as one of the students.

Miss Kang's father, Kang Yu Wei, belongs to one of the oldest families of China, his line extending back almost beyond the time when Methusaleh was an infant in arms. As a reformer, and a leader among the advanced thinkers of his country, he has ideas as to the future of his race which he thinks he can best serve through educational channels, and to fit his daughter to become a teacher of her people he has sent her to Barnard.

Miss Kang already speaks two languages, and is daily learning democratic ideas in this cosmopolitan city. These will doubtless blossom into full fruition when she has returned to her native land as a teacher.

MISS KANG TUNG PIH, TITLED CHINESE GIRL, A STUDENT AT BARNARD COLLEGE

OUR LIBRARIAN-IN-CHIEF

DR. JOHN SHAW BILLINGS, the venerable Director of the New York Public Library, is more kinds of a doctor than any man now living in the metropolis. He is an M.D. of Ohio, Munich and Dublin, and an LL.D. of several English and American universities, a D.C.L. of Oxford and a D.D. of Buda Pesth. He almost may be said to qualify for a naval command. The chances are that the latter distinction would not appeal to Dr. Billings, however, for his is now the monumental work of taking New York's vast allied libraries under his wing and housing them in the beautiful new structure on Fifth Avenue that will shortly be ready for them. This is a work that will tax his energies to the utmost, and it is a happy thing for New York that at this juncture she has in her service one who is so universally recognized as the right man for a labor of this precise kind.

A MILITANT PRIEST

FATHER JOHN T. PROUT, of the Church of St. John the Martyr, on East Seventy-second Street, New York City, realizes as much as any man can the truth of Wendell Phillips' diction that Christianity is a battle, not a dream. As a leader of the church militant Father Prout is doing a warrior's service in the face of an unremitting and venomous show of

Photo by Gessford

DR. JOHN S. BILLINGS, NEW YORK'S LIBRARIAN-IN-CHIEF

hostility from the forces of atheism, anarchism and disorder by which his flock is surrounded. His charge is situated in the heart of the Bohemian colony of New York; among the members of this colony are to be found atheists of the most virulent type, the men to whom Christianity and all its works are objects of bitter and active antagonism. Father Prout is particularly well qualified to deal with these people; Austrian by birth, but typically American in education and sentiment, he has an intimate knowledge of his enemies and a sure hand in thwarting their efforts against the cause he represents. His methods are more than adequate for defense, they carry the battle into the enemy's field. The atheistic element of the Bohemian colony established some years ago a school—attractive to the colonists because of the teaching of Bohemian languages and history—of which one of the purposes was the furtherance of the founders' atheistic principles. When this was brought to Father Prout's attention he promptly established an equally strong and a Christian school.

Father Prout's activity has won him the hatred of his opponents. Black Hand letters, scurrilous and anonymous attacks, threats of bodily harm do not daunt him. His superior, Archbishop Farley, has declared he has needed no stronger endorsement of his lieutenant's fidelity to the interests entrusted to him than the efforts of the unrighteous to have him ousted from his parish. Father Prout is not a ranter, nor a self-advertiser. He goes about his work quietly and forcefully. Mild in manner and in speech, looking not a day older than his thirty-two years, his work and bearing under attack show that he is in the fight to stay until it is won.

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REV. JOHN T. PROUT, A MILITANT PREACHER

A TOLSTOY-ROCKEFELLER FROM HOLLAND

A TOLSTOY in his idealism, a Rockefeller in his capacity for business organization,—such is Frederik Van Eeden, who has come to America to explain the principles and the practice of Christian Socialism. Not only in his native land, Holland, but all over Europe, Dr. Van Eeden is famous in literary circles as poet, author, dramatist, orator, among scientists as an authority on psychology, and with business men as the successful founder-manager of an immense co-operative department store in Amsterdam, with a communistic village nearby which supplies a large share of the goods for the store.

The store, which is called The Union, came into existence five years ago, at the time of a general strike among mechanics and store employees. The town, named Walden, in honor of our American prophet of independence, Thoreau, grew up as a result of the store. Both were started with Dr. Van Eeden's money, made by the practice of medicine and the sale of his books; but they now belong to about sixty thousand shareholders, all people of small means. The profits go to swell the business, to pay dividends, or for some project for the benefit of all, such as a library, school, or place of amusement, as may be decided by majority vote.

Dr. Van Eeden thinks this country is far past the stage of competition, that business is really co-operative, but the present trouble is that while the masses co-operate in the work, the millionaires get the money. His solution of the trust problem is the establishment of large, co-operative industries which will gradually absorb all the business of the country. Meanwhile he would bridge over the periods of depression by a large emergency fund, to be used by the Government officials to give productive work to all of the unemployed.

A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS WOMAN

MISS ANNA LOUISE AMENDT, formerly a school teacher at Logan, Ohio, but for fifteen years past probably the most successful business woman in New York City, is one of those who have demonstrated that it is not necessary for a woman to lose her feminine charm to get ahead in a business career. Miss Amendt, as the secretary of Gage E. Tarbell, formerly of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, received a comfortable salary of twelve thousand dollars a year. Her long service in the insurance world has given her a keen knowledge of values, and of men, and since the close of her secretarial days she has embarked in real estate ventures of such magnitude that she probably has no tears to shed over that chapter of her career.

FREDERIK VAN EEDEN, IN AMERICA TO EXPLAIN CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM

Miss Amendt is a devoted New Yorker, and spends much of her leisure in her favorite pastime of horseback riding. Her great success has been due to a wholesome fondness for hard and thorough work, to the possession and to the persistent cultivation of good health, and above all other things to the rare quality of tact, which she possesses to an eminent degree.

ANNA LOUISE AMENDT, A LEADING WOMAN FINANCIER OF NEW YORK

A WOMAN OF MANY RÔLES

THE name of Mrs. Van Mater Stillwell, of that section of New York that is now known as the Borough of Brooklyn, conveys no particular idea of moment to the American reader, but when it is explained that this is the present name of Miss Laura Jean Libbey, then, as Kipling would remark, it becomes another story. As Miss Libbey this accomplished lady has written so many novels that a mere rehearsal of their titles would fill a good-sized page, and so well known are they to hosts of readers that any further reference to them here would be superfluous.

That Mrs. Stillwell has been a playwright of equal industry, however, is not known. Only recently the announcement was made that she is the author of eighty plays, a record that makes the much-vaunted Shakespeare of the Borough of Avon bulk up rather insignificantly. What their quality may be is still to be demonstrated, but she can afford to have them rated as failures—which the success of those already tried out renders impossible—without losing sleep, for the reason that her muse as a novelist has served her so effectively that she is independently rich, and can write her plays to suit herself without any regard to the popular favor.

MRS. VAN MATER STILLWELL (LAURA JEAN LIBBEY) FAMOUS AUTHOR

AFTER THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

PROFESSOR Gustave Eberlein, an eminent German sculptor, has been visiting New York in the hope of saturating himself with the American spirit. How far he will be able to concrete what he finds here in imperishable marble or bronze remains to be seen. His career in Europe has been a notable one, and many of the public places in the various continental capitals have been enriched by the genius of his chisel. Professor Eberlein is a Hanoverian by birth, and has studied his art in Paris and in Rome. His most notable achievements are two groups of statuary in the famous Sièges Allee in Berlin, the Wagner monument in the same city, and the Goethe monument in Rome, the gift of the Kaiser to the Italian capital.

As the adviser of the German Emperor during the creation of the Sièges Allee in Berlin, Professor Eberlein may be said to have been a potent influence in the modern development of his art in his own land.

Photo by Dietrich

PROF. GUSTAVE EBERLEIN, EMINENT SCULPTOR, WHO IS VISITING AMERICA

A GOVERNOR WHO WILL NOT DOWN

FRANK S. BLACK, formerly of Troy New York, but now a leading lawyer of the metropolis, is one of the few ex-Governors of this state who, not having gone higher up, refuse to drop out of the public eye into what Grover Cleveland used to call "innocuous desuetude."

From the beginnings of his career Mr. Black has been a man of decided, even warm, convictions, and he is never found shirking an opportunity to give them expression. The soul of candor, he nevertheless manages to hold the strong regard of his party, and when somebody is needed to go out into the open to do a little straight talking of a disagreeable nature, the task not infrequently falls on Mr. Blacks's fearless shoulders. In his intense sincerity one forgets his warmly partisan nature, and his gift of eloquence is more than enhanced by his impressive physical likeness to Lincoln.

Mr. Black is still a young man as age goes these days, and it is still possible that the hopes of his friends that he will again be found officially engaged in the service of the public will be realized.

A MODEL FOR HER ARTIST-HUSBAND

HOWEVER much one may criticize an author who turns his wife into copy, one cannot help being grateful to Henry Hutt for the many beautiful pictures he has given the world for which Mrs. Hutt has been the model. The New York magazines have been notable of recent years for the loveliness of their

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FRANK S. BLACK, EX-GOVERNOR OF N. Y., NOW PRACTISING LAW covers, and upon many of these it has been the beauty of Mrs. Hutt that has been delineated. As her husband's model it is not going too far to say that their vivacity and charm has been in great measure due to the lady's possession of these qualities to an unusual degree.

Mrs. Hutt's outlines measure closely, if not altogether perfectly, to the exacting standards of the classic Greek models, but the marble of the old-time sculptor would be inadequate to the full reproduction of her beauty, since Nature's color-scheme in her case has been lavish in its pinks, blues, and golden tints. Soulfulness, womanliness, high intelligence, and spirit are qualities that require softer materials than marble, and it is only the painter who can do entire justice to so ideal an artistic type of womanhood, wherefore we must not blame Mr. Hutt for drawing so closely to this one type. It is only through constant practice that one achieves anything resembling perfection.

Photo by Marceau

MRS. HENRY HUTT, HER HUSBAND'S INSPIRATION AND MODEL

SHE MAKES U. S. FLAGS

"BETSY ROSS Number Two" is the well-earned title of Miss Mary A. Woods, of the Navy Equipment Department at Brooklyn. She is flagmaker to the Navy. Unlike her prototype, Betsy Ross of Philadelphia, who made the first flag, Miss Woods is not American-born; she first saw the light in Ireland, but she came to America at so early an age that she feels quite as American as the original flagmaker, born under British rule. Miss Woods was first a dressmaker. She entered the employ of the Navy as a sewing-woman, but soon demonstrated such peculiar ability in flag-making that she was transferred to that department and eventually became its head. For twenty-eight years she has been engaged in this work, and during those years she has handled more flags than any woman in the world. Last year, for instance, she superintended the output of seven thousand. Her task may be imagined when one realizes that ninety per cent. of the cutting of emblems, stars and stripes she does herself. She makes all the patterns used. The Navy Department furnishes her with an artist's design; this she enlarges to correspond with the size of the flag it is to go on, afterwards cutting out each detail of the emblem, to be used by the other workers as a pattern. Her skill in this is remarkable in that she never has had a drawing lesson in her life. The flags used by the Navy are many, from the simple ensign to the elaborate Presidential banner; and in addition to American flags, every vessel is equipped with flags of foreign nations, which are displayed in exchange of international courtesies..

Miss Woods has under her a staff of thirty-two women and three men, all of whom she has trained to do their part in perfect flagmaking.

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MARTIN W. LITTLETON, the counsel for the defense in the recent second trial of Harry K. Thaw, has shown himself not only to be a good lawyer, but is entitled to some praise as well, as a public benefactor. The prurient phase of the first trial was not in evidence at the second, and to Mr. Littleton's straightforward and dignified conduct of his cause much of this is to be attributed.

Mr. Littleton is not a New Yorker by birth, but New York has a right to be proud of him none the less, because it is here that his substantial success has been won. What was the loss of Tennessee was New York's gain. From the eloquent atmosphere of his native state he derived his talents as an orator, which are as conspicuous in the serious forums of life as in the lighter. On the political platform Mr. Littleton is clean cut, lucid and convincing. As an advocate in the courts he is concise, logical, and of winning personality. As an after-dinner speaker he is scintillant in his wit, genial in his humor, and serious in the thought that underlies both. He has carved out his own success by hard endeavor, and with no other aid than that of his own strength of purpose, backed by plenty of genuine ability, has won for himself an enviable place at the foremost bar of America.

A BANKER OF THE OLD SCHOOL

MR. GEORGE F. BAKER, president of the First National Bank of New York City, who all through those strenuous days of late October and early November stood shoulder to shoulder with J. Pierpont Morgan in stemming the financial panic that is sweeping over the country, and shaking Wall Street to its very foundations, is a banker of the old school. He laid the foundation of his career in the office of Mr. Morgan himself, there learning the intricacies of the profession of which he is now one of the most conspicuous and at the same time useful members.

MARY A. WOODS, CALLED "BETSY ROSS, NUMBER TWO"

MARTIN W. LITTLETON, CHIEF COUNSEL FOR HARRY THAW

Mr. Baker has been president of the bank over which he presides, for thirty years, and what he does not know about banking as a science is hardly worth knowing. As a director in leading railroads, banks, and industrial and commercial undertakings of great magnitude, he has been a powerful factor in building up the real solid prosperity of his country. He is an amateur of the arts, and a collector of rare paintings, which adorn his residences at Lenox and on Madison Avenue, New York. When he can spare time from his labors in the work of finance Mr. Baker finds pleasure in long trips to Europe, and in automobiling and golf.

THE GUARDIAN OF UNCLE SAM'S MONEY

AN important figure in finance for some time past has been Mr. Charles H. Treat, who, as treasurer of the United States, is in charge of the receipt and disbursement of Uncle Sam's ready cash. In times like these any man so situated would be more or less an object of public interest, but Mr. Treat at any time would be a man

GEORGE F. BAKER, FINANCE EXPERT AND BANKER OF THE OLD SCHOOL

whose career is worth attention. In his day he has occupied many positions of trust, and in politics, particularly in the state of Maine, where he was born, he has for many years been an unceasingly active worker.

Mr. Treat stumped the states of Maine, New York and New Jersey for Hayes as far back as 1876; in 1886 he was found to be an influential factor in the councils of the Republican party in Delaware, which state he has represented in Congress, and nearly in the Senate, coming within two votes of an election. Later New York called him, and he served here as Collector of Internal Revenue from 1897 to 1905, at which latter date he was made treasurer of the United States.

Photo by Lazarnick

CHARLES H. TREAT, THE DISBURSER OF UNCLE SAM'S CASH

THE HEAD OF A SCHOOL FOR WRITERS

MR. WALTER H. PAGE, of the publishing house of Doubleday, Page & Company, of New York, has recently startled the world of letters by advocating the establishment of a School of Authorship. Mr. Page evidently does not believe that authors are born, not made; and certainly if experience is a good teacher Mr. Page's utterances on the subject should be received with considerable respect. Probably no man in the country to-day has had a wider and more intimate contact with the industrious ones of literature than Mr. Page has had. He knows them and their needs about as well as any of his contemporaries, and he has always been regarded by his fellow-workers in the United States Word Trust as an unusually sane, clear-headed, and competent critic of the verbal output of America. He has been from time to time editor of many of our best periodicals, notably the *Atlantic Monthly*. For a short time he was the leading editorial spirit on *Harper's Weekly*, and is now the guiding genius of the *World's Work*. If Mr. Page can induce Mr. Carnegie to endow a school that shall teach the rising generations how to write he may do the cause of American letters a great service, and then again he may not. The experiment is worth trying, and there is no better man in the country to-day to head the faculty of such an institution than Mr. Page himself.

WALTER H. PAGE, AN ADVOCATE OF A SCHOOL FOR WRITERS

A MONEY-MAKING WOMAN ARCHITECT

MISS FAY KELLOGG, of Brooklyn, is one of those alert young women who, instead of lamenting the inability of the world to furnish proper work for a woman to do who does not care for washing or playing bridge, has chosen a profession, fitted herself for it, entered it, and is now reaping the rewards of her discernment.

Architecture, almost more than any of the arts, or professions, offers opportunities for woman-kind, more especially along the line

Photo by Von Eaton

MISS FAY KELLOGG, A SUCCESSFUL DESIGNER OF HOMES

of domestic edifices. Certainly a woman ought to know more about the little niceties of home-building than any ten ordinary male creatures that ever designed a cell and called it a drawing-room, and it is pleasing to note that one woman has had the initiative to take up this work, and to make herself an undeniable success at it.

Miss Kellogg was of material assistance to the designers of New York's handsome Hall of Records, has served a brief period in the office of Carrere and Hastings, of New York, and has studied abroad, in the *atelier* of Marcel de Monclos, of Paris.

A PHYSICIAN TO THE NATION

"IF lambs fall sick in Arizona, if the strawberry crop of New Jersey fails, the Department of Agriculture gives elaborate instructions as to what to do, but ten millions of our people die every year, a large proportion of whom do die because, literally, they cannot find out how to live." Behind this statement, made some months ago by Professor John Pease Norton of Yale, was an idea, an idea that resulted through his advocacy of it at the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science of the formation of a committee of one hundred representative men and women throughout the country under the presidency of Reverend Lyman Abbott to further the establishment of a National Department of Health. Its purpose would be to guard the national health much as the Department of Agriculture guards the farmers' interests.

Photo by Phelps

PROF. J. P. NORTON, ADVOCATE OF A NATIONAL HEALTH BUREAU

Professor Norton, the man behind the idea, is a type of the twentieth century young man. Although under thirty, he has assumed responsibilities that would stagger many a man twice his years. Graduated from Yale in 1899 and taking a doctor's degree two years later, he became instructor in the department of political economy, and subsequently professor in the same department, making a specialty of railroads. He has won repute as a general railroad actuary and as an authoritative writer on finance, his "Statistical Studies in the New York Money Market" serving as a textbook on the subject of money. He is an officer and member of many important sociological, economical and educational societies, a frequent contributor to magazines, and, in addition, is counsel in finance to several great corporations.

HALF LENGTHS

How it Happened

By Thomas L. Masson

WINTERS occupied the next apartment to mine. We had known each other casually for years. Both of us were men about town and we were as good friends as the vicissitudes of city life permit.

One evening Winters dropped in, just as I was dressing, to ask me to take a hand at bridge.

"Sorry, old man," I said, "but this is my night out. If I hadn't said I'd be there, why——"

"Same old girl?" asked Winters with a smile.

"One of 'em," I replied. "Perhaps you know her—Miss Helen Smith."

"Good heavens, yes! I've known Helen Smith for years. Beautiful hair, fine eyes—blonde."

"That's the one," I replied. "That's where I'm going to-night."

Winters dropped into a chair.

"Splendid girl," he said.

"Splendid."

"How long have you been calling there?"

"Oh, a matter of two months. Strange I haven't met you there."

"Not at all. I stopped going there three months ago."

I turned around and looked at him.

"Why?" I asked point blank.

"I don't know," said Winters. "I've often wondered. Nicest girl I ever met. And yet— Do you go as often as you did?" he asked abruptly.

I paused involuntarily. His question startled me. It brought me face to face suddenly with a situation that hitherto I had felt but vaguely. I realized instantly that my interest in Helen Smith had been waning. Even now when Winters had come in to ask me to play cards I was conscious of a certain feeling of regret that Miss Helen Smith expected me. Surely there was something wrong about this. Surely an exceptionally attractive girl, with every lovable characteristic, ought to excite more interest than a game of cards.

All of this flashed into my mind at once. I determined to sound Winters.

"Do you account for it at all?" I asked.

Winters thoughtfully lighted a cigarette.

"Yes, I do," he said. "Now, to understand the case of beautiful Miss Helen Smith is a simple matter if you only look at it simply. It lies in reality in one of the commonest laws of human nature. The trouble is that there is no opposition. You see, it works the same with you as it did with me. All men in this respect are the same."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this: Helen Smith is a lovely girl."

"Lovely."

"Her parents are fine people."

"Splendid."

"She is not a flirt."

"Decidedly not."

"When you call there you feel that everything is free and easy. There is no anxiety displayed. Her mother never sits in the room. Her father never obtrudes himself. You never run across any other men. Now, of course, when a man has nothing to oppose him, when Miss Helen Smith sits demurely and expectantly, and there is no excitement about being with her—why, the result is, in these adventurous times, that there is nothing doing."

"By Jove, old man!" I exclaimed, grasping Winters by the hand, "you've struck it. That's just the reason. I simply couldn't account for my waning interest in that girl. But now I see it all. It's too easy. If I knew there were some one else—if a rival should appear—why, if we both had only been calling on her together——"

"That's it," said Winters calmly. "That's the idea! You see it's quite natural and human. Every man likes to work for what he gets. And just because Helen is so thoroughly good, because she has no idea of what it means to flirt, why that is all that handicaps her. It's a great pity. She would make an ideal wife, and yet—and yet——"

"But look here!" I burst in, excitedly. "Why not help her out? As you say, she has every element but just this one of coquetry. Now, why can't we supply that? What I mean is this: that if I knew you were calling there I couldn't help but be more interested in her than I am now. The same with you."

"You mean," said Winters, with a great show of interest, "that I shall begin again. Then——"

"Exactly. Say you call every other night. Knowing that you are doing this, of course, I'll begin to feel that it's worth while."

Winters got up.

"Fine!" he cried. "All I needed was to feel that some one else was interested. And really, she is such an altogether lovely girl I'll begin to-morrow night."

"Good."

Winters kept his word. The next evening he called on Miss Helen Smith.

The following morning we met.

"You were there last night," I said.

"I was."

"I thought of it afterwards," I went on, "and do you know, old man, I was sorry I mentioned the matter. I never knew how much I really thought of her before."

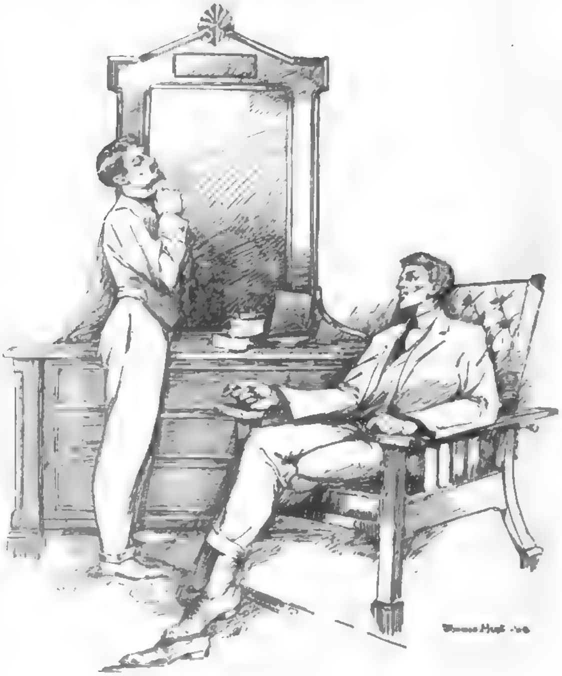
"But don't you see," he said, "that's precisely the feeling we must encourage."

He looked at me in a superior way.

"I'll bet," he said, "you didn't have such a good time as I did."

"I'm not saying anything," I replied.

As the days went on, Winters and I did not become any more friendly. It was understood that I had Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, while he had Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.



I TURNED AROUND AND LOOKED AT HIM

The fact was, so far as I was concerned, matters had developed so satisfactorily that I could not help feeling secretly sorry for Winters. I realized that he was one who in the end must suffer for the suggestion he had given me in the beginning. But the mere fact that I saw he was hopelessly in love with Helen only made me more secure and devoted in my own suit.

Sunday morning, however, Winters stopped in to see me. I could not help but admire his pluck. He had never shown in the least that he knew he was beaten.

"Well," he said, with an assumption of jocularity, "how goes the battle?"

"Nicely, thank you."

Winters grew more serious. He came over and put his hand on my shoulder.

"Old man," he said, "I hope you are not taking this thing too much to heart."

"Indeed I am," I replied. "How can I help it, when——"

"I was afraid of it. But really I couldn't help it. I never realized how much I loved that girl until I began calling there again—at your suggestion. But of course once started, I couldn't stop."

"Of course not," I said. "Why should you?"

I tried to soothe him.

"It's all right, old chap," I said, "you'll get over it. You've got lots of nerve."

"Get over it!" he cried. "What do you mean? You are the one to get over it."

Then he looked at me keenly.

"But perhaps you don't know," he said. "Perhaps she didn't have the heart to tell you. But, you know, old man, that on Friday evening she accepted me."

"Did she!" I replied satirically. "That's a good joke. Oh, yes! She is that kind of a girl, isn't she? Perhaps I should say for your information that last night she accepted me. There!" I exclaimed, pointing to the photograph she had given me the night before with “ever thine” on it, “is proof of what I say.”

Winters followed with his eyes.

“Which Miss Helen Smith have you been calling on?” he shouted.

“Miss Helen Smith of Brooklyn, of course.”

“Well, I've been calling on Miss Helen Smith of Flushing.”

The Laramie Ghost

By Margaret Fawcett

THE dessert was brought in and Bobby Gaylord permitted himself to relax. He glanced down the oval board with a feeling of pardonable satisfaction. The dinner had been a great success. He felt grateful to those good friends of his whose grace and wit had lent distinction to his little feast. Kitty McClure was at her best, which meant that she was talking like one of Pinero's heroines. The major, his lion, had been rather quiet, but the grizzled old Indian fighter looked so thoroughly the part assigned him that Bobby decided it didn't matter much whether he roared or not. All the others were in that gay, irresponsible mood that permits an unrestrained flow of wit. Even Evelyn Ellis, the one guest over whose name he had hesitated in making out his list, looked less forbiddingly ascetic than usual. From her beautiful, impassive face Bobby's glance traveled to John Emory, who had been placed opposite her, and for what was perhaps the thousandth time he wondered how any woman in possession of her senses could continue to make this big, square-jawed chum of his miserable merely to satisfy a much-coddled conscience and to do honor to the memory of a man who had the bad taste to say he would die because she refused him, and the much worse taste to carry out his threat. “If Evelyn had deliberately led Collis Crumpton on,” Bobby reasoned crossly, “there would be some excuse for her doing penance for his death.”

“I beg pardon,” said Bobby, turning to Kitty McClure.

“Bobby, the major admits he's seen a ghost, and I want you to persuade him to tell us about it. Fancy! A real, live ghost and wanting to keep it all to himself. For shame, Major!”

There was a pleasant rustle of expectancy and the women guests leaned forward eagerly. Now for that long delayed roar, thought Bobby with satisfaction.

“Come, come, Major,” he called encouragingly across the table, “you surely won't deny us the pleasure of listening to a true ghost story.”

The gray-headed officer shrugged his shoulders and when he spoke it was with evident reluctance. “I'm not the only person who has seen the Laramie ghost,” he said thoughtfully, “but nevertheless I am not sure that I want to talk about it to a group of such patent unbelievers.”

“But, Major,” protested Emory, “you surely do not mean to say that you yourself have seen the ghost?”

“I certainly do, sir,” answered the major, flushing underneath his tan, “but I do not ask anybody else to believe it, for I realize how preposterous it sounds. Did any of you,” serenely surveying his host and fellow guests, “ever know or hear of Collis Crumpton?”

The question was a neat little bomb that threatened two of his guests and Bobby suddenly felt very uncomfortable. Involuntarily his eyes sought Evelyn Ellis, but hers were fixed on the major's face.

“He was here at Fort Snelling, I believe, before he was ordered further West,” continued the major placidly, “though I don't recall that he ever mentioned having any friends here. He was a queer, self-centered fellow, not given to making friends easily, I fancy. Let me see,” musingly, “it was just about eight years ago that Collis Crumpton was, as I came to believe, lured to his death by the Laramie ghost.”

“Lured to his death!”

Bobby, who had been watching Evelyn Ellis' slowly whitening face, was prepared for the exclamation, but the other guests, including the major, looked at her in polite astonishment. She seemed to shrink before the attention she had excited and the white lids curtained her wide brown eyes. The major looked uncomfortable.

“Perhaps I've—ghost stories are not just the things to tell ladies,” he said awkwardly. “I've been knocking about with men so much that I believe I've forgotten most of my manners. Bobby,” indignantly, “why the deuce didn't you head me off?”

Before the host could reply John Emory leaned over and said quietly, “You can't back out now, Major, you know. You've excited the ladies' curiosity.” Evelyn Ellis' voice was heard in the chorus of “yes, yes” that supplemented Emory's speech and only two men noted that the voice was not quite steady. The major, reassured, continued:

“Just eight years ago this very month a lot of changes were being made at the different military posts and I found myself transferred with two companies of my old regiment to Fort Laramie. Doubtless you all know that Laramie—it has since been abandoned as a military post—is down in the southeastern corner of Wyoming in the region of the Black Hills. Near it was the Red Cloud Indian reservation where between five and six thousand Indians were collected. We arrived at Laramie in the fall of the year when the Indians were indulging in their annual harvest dance.

"There was a hint of trouble in the air about the post, and no civilian was permitted to go near the Indians. A mile from the post the main road was crossed by one leading to the reservation. I was riding toward the crossroad late one afternoon shortly after my arrival at Laramie when I caught a glimpse of a woman approaching on horseback. Although a mile away I could see that she was a superb horsewoman, and as she approached nearer I saw that she was young and handsome as well. She paid no attention to me but anxiously scanned the road leading to the reservation. I reached the crossroad before she did and dismounted. 'Pardon me, madam, but I have orders to warn everybody to keep away from the reservation,' I called out as soon as she was within speaking distance. 'The Indians are ugly.'

"Just as I uttered that word, 'Indians,' she raised her whip and gave her horse a cut across the flank. She was riding a powerful chestnut and the animal plunged forward and galloped past me down the road leading to the reservation. I hastily mounted and hurried after the rider. Her horse was much the faster and very soon steed and rider disappeared over a little rise in the ground. We reached the summit of the rise and you can imagine my astonishment when I scanned the dusty road that stretched out before me and found it absolutely deserted. The country in front of me was a level plain on which the road lay like a ribbon, so there was no way in which the rider could have concealed herself and her horse. I reined in my horse and stood for awhile staring stupidly ahead, half expecting to see the chestnut and its pretty rider rise out of the ground. Presently I heard the beat of horse's hoofs behind me and turning saw Collis Crumpton approaching. 'What became of her? Major,' he called when he got within hailing distance.

"'Who?' I asked crossly, for somehow I felt like a fool.

"'Why, the beautiful rider,' he answered. 'Come, come, Major, I saw the pursuit. Now, how did it happen she left you so far behind?'

"'She's nowhere on the road,' I said gruffly. 'She has headed for the reservation. Now will you please tell me how she could have disappeared unless she vanished in thin air?'

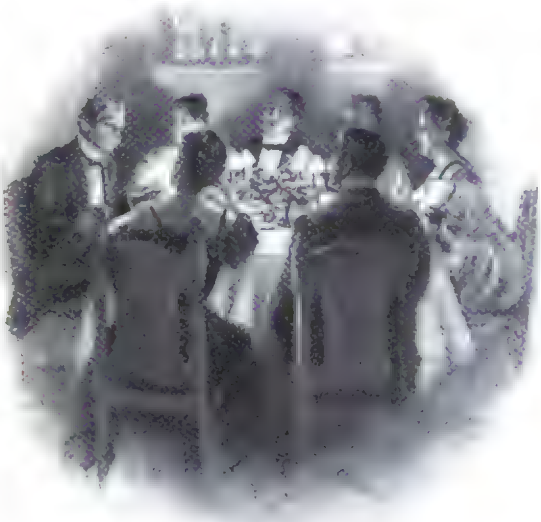
"'That's so,' Crumpton responded, looking puzzled. 'Why, by Jove, Major! Look!'

"I stared at the road and then at Crumpton and then back again at the road. There were no hoof prints to indicate that any rider had passed that way. Without exchanging another word we turned our horses' heads and rode slowly back the way we had come, scanning the road closely. We could distinguish the hoof prints of two horses but no more. I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, I felt mighty queer. We rode back to the post in an almost unbroken silence.

"The next day a company under the command of Captain Ainsworth rode over to the reservation for the purpose of impressing the braves. Crumpton asked and obtained permission to accompany them. When I learned of his departure I made up my mind that his curiosity had gotten the better of him and that he had gone to investigate the incident of the day before. Late in the evening of the next day the company returned to the post. It was after dinner and I was in the smoking-room which some of us bachelor officers had fitted up, when Collis Crumpton entered. His face was the face of a man not fully awake—and when I spoke to him later in the smoking room, I had some difficulty in rousing him to response.

"He had spent the day trying to find the girl, he said, and finally he had found an old Sioux squaw who, oddly enough, spoke a little English. She told Crumpton the following story: Years before the military post had been established a mysterious individual by the name of Robert Haase had charge of a small trading post on the present site of Laramie. He was accompanied by his daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen or thereabouts. He had a remarkable influence over the Indians and lived on the best of terms with them, but that he did not entirely trust them was evident, for he never permitted his daughter to leave the post without him. She had a horse of her own, a big chestnut, and was always mounted on it when she rode with her father. One day the trader started out alone to visit the Indians, for there was trouble among them and his influence was needed to quell what threatened to be an uprising. He left the post early in the morning. About two o'clock his daughter ordered the chestnut saddled and though she had never before disobeyed her father's injunction, rode out of the enclosure. She was seen to ford the Laramie River and then take the trail her father had taken. That was the last glimpse the people at the trading-post had of Trader Haase's daughter. The squaw refused to admit that the Indians had anything to do with her disappearance. Nothing was ever heard of her or her father again. But ever since then the girl had reappeared at intervals, always mounted on the big chestnut, always disappearing at the same spot.

"Crumpton told the story jerkily and was silent for a good while after he had finished. He looked to me like a man who was turning over in his mind some problem. 'Major, I've seen the horsewoman again,' he said at last. After the company had reached the post he discovered, he explained, that he had lost a Mexican bridle which he valued for some association. He remembered letting it fall loose just before he reached the crossroad, so he concluded that he had dropped it there, and secured permission to ride back and pick it up. The moon was just rising, but the road was very plainly marked and he soon discerned something that looked like the shadow of a horse and rider about a mile the other side of the crossroad. The shadow became substance, and he heard the beat of horse's hoofs, and then he saw that it was the beautiful horsewoman on the chestnut. 'Major,' he exclaimed, breaking off suddenly in his description of the encounter, 'I wanted to follow. I never wanted to follow any one so much in my life. I should have followed without hesitation, but my horse, with a loud whinny, turned sharp around and started on a mad gallop back to the post.'



"GHOST STORIES ARE NOT JUST THE THING TO TELL LADIES," HE SAID AWKWARDLY

"I looked steadily at Crumpton and observed how his face paled and flushed alternately, and how the fingers which held his unlighted cigar trembled.

"'My dear boy, this ghost business is proving too much for your nerves,' I said. 'Go to bed and get a good night's rest and in the morning you'll imagine you dreamed the whole thing.'

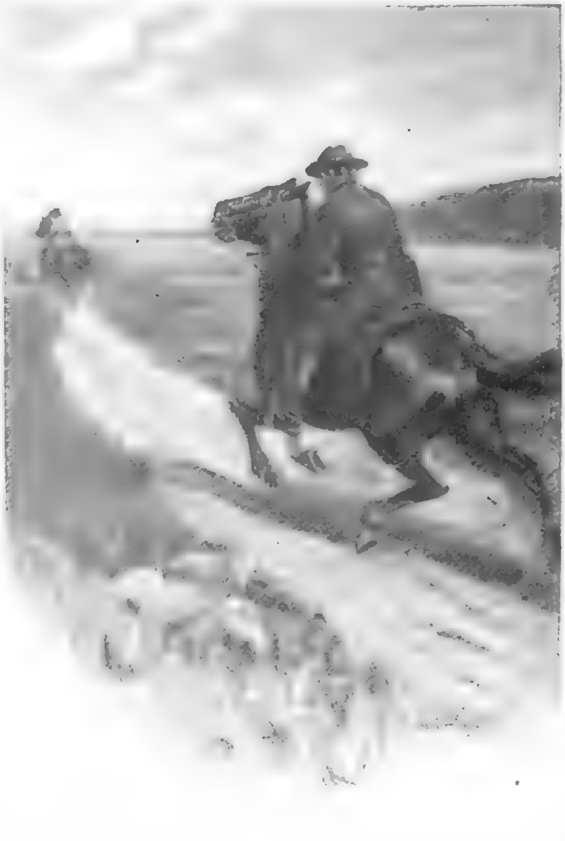
"But he cried out at that, and his nerve went to pieces. He babbled of the face of the woman and the look in her eyes until I fairly pushed him out of the room and then hunted up Dr. Williams, the post surgeon, and advised him to put Crumpton to bed and give him a sleeping draught.

"The next morning I saw nothing of Crumpton, and learned that he had received permission to join some of the younger officers on a hunting trip. The night before the company had brought in the news that the Indians had ceased dancing and were peaceable and contented, and nobody for the next two days said anything to me of the Laramie ghost. On the third day the hunting party returned. I was in the smoking-room when I heard somebody call excitedly for Dr. Williams. Hurrying out I saw two troopers supporting a man who somebody called out to me, was Collis Crumpton, up the steps of a small adobe building that was used for a hospital. Dr. Williams was hurrying after them and I followed him, joining a little group of officers that had gathered in front of the building. As I did so I caught a glimpse of Collis Crumpton's face. Had I not seen it I would have said that it was impossible for such a change to take place in any man's appearance in the short space of two days. Before they could get him to bed he had lost consciousness, and an hour later he was raging in a fearful delirium about somebody whom he must follow, follow, follow until death. The members of the hunting party could shed little light on the mystery. Shortly after they had left the post, Crumpton was missed and they decided that he had changed his mind and returned. On the afternoon set for their return they started for the post and had reached the road leading to the reservation when Crumpton joined them. They commenced to twit him for leaving them, but he seemed in a dazed condition and they began to suspect that something was wrong. All that they could make out of his disconnected and almost constant ravings was that he must follow somebody and avenge a horrible death.

"At twelve o'clock that night the poor fellow's condition became serious. We had not been friends exactly, but I had talked with him more than anybody else at the post and I could not go to bed while his life hung in the balance. So I lingered near the hospital, smoking and pondering on the remarkable occurrence of the week, my eyes on the river. The moon was very low, but there was enough of its light to silver the stream. Presently I became conscious that everything was quiet in the room where Crumpton lay, and I concluded that he must be resting. I decided I'd just stick in my head to make sure and then I'd turn in. As I started up the steps something, I don't know what it was, impelled me to look again in the direction of the river. I saw, or fancied I saw, two shadowy figures, a man and a woman, fording the stream. I laughed, but a trifle nervously, I confess, and the hand I brushed across my eyes to destroy what I told myself was an optical illusion trembled violently. But I could not brush the figures away. They were on horseback and seemed to be making their way very slowly across the stream. The woman was riding a little in advance of her companion, and was looking back over her shoulder as though urging him on. I could not mistake her; she was the horsewoman I had seen at the crossroad.

"I felt my hair rising on my head and I dared not permit myself to guess who the man might be. Suddenly a voice whispered softly, 'Are you there, Major?' and I started violently and found the doctor at my elbow. 'It's all over, Major,' he said. 'Poor Crumpton is gone.'

"Well, there's nothing more to tell," said the major, letting his eyes travel slowly around until they had rested on each absorbed face clustered about the table. Bobby wondered if it was fancy or if the major's glance really lingered on Evelyn Ellis' pale but composed face. "While I remained at the post I heard or saw nothing more of the Laramie ghost. Poor Crumpton's body was shipped East to relatives. It was agreed to say nothing of the manner of his death, for we realized that people would not be apt to believe our story. Shortly afterwards the war with Spain broke out and I went with my regiment to Cuba."



HER HORSE WAS MUCH THE FASTER AND SOON STEED AND RIDER DISAPPEARED

The chaperon gave the long-delayed signal, and with little fluttering sighs that betrayed more plainly than words their interest in the major's story, the women rose and passed out. In the dining-room the conversation turned to more cheerful subjects under the determined leadership of the major. Out in the attractive combination of living-room, library and den that Bobby called a drawing-room only when he gave a dinner, the women discussed the story. Evelyn Ellis, however, drifted away from the group out onto a tiny balcony where she looked, in the dusk, like a beautiful ghost herself. Presently the men came in and with them the coffee. Then somebody suggested music, and Kitty McClure began to sing. Bobby, who had appropriated her, observed presently that Emory had joined Evelyn Ellis on the balcony. He forgot them again until his guests began to say good-night, and then he noticed that Miss Ellis' beautiful face looked happier and more human than he had ever seen it. "The starlight is still in your eyes," he assured her gravely as he shook hands with her, and when her laugh, which he never remembered having heard before, rippled out, he felt suddenly grateful to the major.

After the other guests had departed, the two smoked a final cigar, and then

Bobby told the major the sequel of the latter's story.

"So you see, Major," he added by way of conclusion, "the Laramie ghost was never completely exorcised until to-night."

His guest regarded him curiously for a few seconds.

"Bobby, my son," he finally observed solemnly, "the only Laramie ghost that has ever existed, to my knowledge, is the one that has separated Evelyn Ellis and John Emory all these years."

"Do you mean to say, Major, that your story was——" Bobby hesitated politely, groping for the proper word.

"An imaginative effort?" assisted the major. "Exactly. Though there's an Indian legend for a basis."

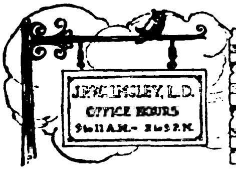
"The deuce," commented Bobby. "But why——" he began.

The major threw away his half-smoked cigar, shamefacedly drew from the back pocket of his swallowtail a disreputable looking pipe and pouch, filled the pipe, lighted it and puffed for awhile meditatively.

"I have known and admired John Emory for years," he finally vouchsafed. "I knew Crumpton at Laramie, and despised him. But I never set eyes on Evelyn Ellis until to-night, although I knew that she had allowed Crumpton's death to come between herself and John. The minute I clapped my eyes on her I recognized her type—the morbidly conscientious sort, you know. Then I invented the story."

"But I don't see how you could make it all up, you know," exclaimed Bobby.

"I sometimes supplement my meagre pay by writing romances," observed the major, "and the more improbable and highly colored they are the less difficulty I have in selling them."


J.F.W. WALMSLEY, L.D.
OFFICE HOURS
9 to 11 A.M. - 2 to 5 P.M.

WALMSLEY'S LITERARY PILLS

By Frank Crane

"I GOT here," said Mr. Walmsley, "the champeenest invention of this or any other age, Doc."

Mr. Walmsley tapped a little square wooden box significantly. The physician looked interested.

"Yes, sir," Mr. Walmsley continued. "You talk about your coal tar preparations and your anesthetics and your bromides; this here has got 'em all beat, way bad."

"What is it?"

"Well, sir, I call it Walmsley's Literary Pill."

"I don't know that I quite grasp you. Do you mean something that will produce literature, or is it an antidote for literature?"

"Neither. You don't want nothin' to produce literature. Every magazine office is knee-deep in it now, and it's still a-comin'. At the present rate they ain't a-goin' to be no literary famine, as the feller says, for a century or so.

"And you don't need no antidote. All you got to do is not read it. I wonder why folks don't think o' that. You hear people complainin' about this book and that, and jawin' about how bad the newspapers are, and what a miserable state the magazines is in;—and yet all they got to take for their complaint is jest *not* to read 'em. It beats all how simple these here great ideas are!"

"I see, I see," said the doctor.

"Now," said Mr. Walmsley, arising and putting his hands under his coat-tails and gently flopping them up and down, after the manner of gentlemen from Indiana, especially legal gentlemen, when they want to be impressive; "Now, what do we want, *in re* literature, as the feller says? Eh? What do we want?"

"Why *I* don't want anything special, Mr. Walmsley," returned the physician, in a conciliatory tone. "You needn't look so fierce."

"I wasn't lookin' fierce. You don't understand. I was jest wrastlin' with a mighty and a overpowerin' thought. I am about to tell you somethin'. I am on the verge of enunciatin' an idea that will go bangin' down the ages like a trunk fallin' down stairs."

"Well, push her off," remarked the doctor.

"Well, it's this way," and Mr. Walmsley brought his left hand forward and upon it accurately described illustrative diagrams with the forefinger of his right hand. "I'll use medical figgers of speech, seein' it's you. First, what's the symptoms? You've got first to diagnose your case, as the feller says.

"Now, we cast our eye up and down this broad expanse of civilization and what do we see? We see multitudes, of all ages, from school children to the aged and feeble—all a-readin'. Readin', readin', everybody a-readin'!

"Children are a-trapsin' to and from the lieberries, wimmern are a-sittin' at winders, girls are hunkered up in bed a-diggin' into some novel or 'nuther by candle-light, clerks in the street-cars are hangin' on to the strap with one hand and holdin' the mornin' paper in the other, all the trains are full of never-dyin' souls, as the feller says, who are perusin' magazines and things, the public schools are crowded with children—all readin' everlastin'ly, and so it goes! This here readin' business is got past bein' a habit; it's a disease."

"Well, I don't know about that," said the doctor slowly rolling his cigar between his thumb and finger.

"Naturally you don't. Else I wouldn't have to tell you. You listen to J. P. Walmsley and you'll learn somethin' that'll make you rich and uncomfortable. First thing you know you'll be ownin' a sneeze wagon and stoppin' at every help-keep-the-city-streets-clean can to throw away money that's botherin' you. You'll be havin' all the aluminum fillin' in your teeth replaced with gold. You'll be donatin' hospitals to your native town and lookin' up the address of the oil-paintin' artist."

"That sounds good," said the doctor.

"Well, it tastes better'n it sounds. Now, to git back to our mutton, as the feller says. Here's this here readin' habit that has fastened itself upon our national vitals, and is a-sappin' our life, from the halls of congress to the lairs and peanuts of the common people."

"Lares and Penates, you mean," suggested the doctor.

Mr. Walmsley ignored the correction. "All this is a symptom, a symptom of a deep-seated desire for somethin' or 'nuther. Now, it's the desire that's the reality; the readin' is merely an attempt to appease that desire."

"Well?"

"Well, now we take a man and we experiment on him. We find what he wants is a certain kind of good feelin'. That's why he reads, it's to produce this good feelin'."

"Of course, of course, a certain pleasurable sensation."

"Yes. Not bein' a doctor, I ain't lookin' for the biggest mouthful of words I can find to express my idea. Good feelin' is what people read for. Now, second point—don't lose me—to obtain a given kind o' good feelin' people always take the shortest cut. A boy reads 'Diamond Dick' instead of the 'Encyclopedia Britannica' because it's easier, that's all. Hence everything's runnin' to novels nowadays. Every author and publisher is strivin' to make their stuff easier and more appealin'. The book that will produce the required good feelin' in the system with the least effort is the biggest seller."

"Precisely. It works along the lines of least resistance."

"That's what I said. And now we come to my invention. Why read? That's it! Why read at all? Hey? Why read?"

"Don't get excited, Mr. Walmsley."

"Why read? I say. Why read, *when you can produce the same effect by swallerin' a pill?*"

Mr. Walmsley backed off and regarded his auditor with an expression of distinct triumph.

"They ain't no pleasure of the mind that can't be duplicated by medicines," he went on. "I've tried it. I started in with patent medicines and booze, as bein' easier got at—handier, so to speak.

"I read 'The Jungle' and noted my sensations. I found I could duplicate 'em exactly with a dinner of pigs' feet and sauerkraut followed by four steins of beer. I took said vittles and drink, extracted the squintessence of same and produced 'em in tablet form. That I call my Muckraker Pill B47. Any time you're a-seekin' that peculiar sensation mixed up of cussedness, socialism and who's-afraid, you take B47 and in ten minutes you git what it takes you two days to git by readin' Mr. Sinclair and Jack London and all them.

"Then there's the society brand of stuff. I read this Wharton woman's books, 'The House of Mirth,' and so on, and Chambers' 'Fightin' Chance,' and so on, and observed careful my resultin' state, produced by contemplatin' club men, society females, fifteen course dinners, bob-tail horses, automobiles, blaze young gents and nutty old codgers, and gay and flip lady friends. I experimented and found that one pint of champagne water followed by two sloe gin fizzes done the same thing to me—only harder. I extracts the fightin' juice out of said booze and puts it into tablet X23, which I calls the Hytone Pill. You take one of them every hour, and you ain't doin' nothin' but livin' at the Plaza and offerin' cheroots to the Vanderbilt boys and chattin' friendly with the Astor ladies right along.

"Then I tackled Gorki, Tolstoy and company; read 'em steady a week and found myself hatin' everybody and huntin' for new cusswords and a-feelin' as though this here cold world wasn't appreciatin' J. P. Walmsley as it had ought. This state o' mind I discovered I could duplicate with a half dollar's worth of cheap absinthe mixed with considerable ripe cheese and things. There you have my Russian Pill M12.

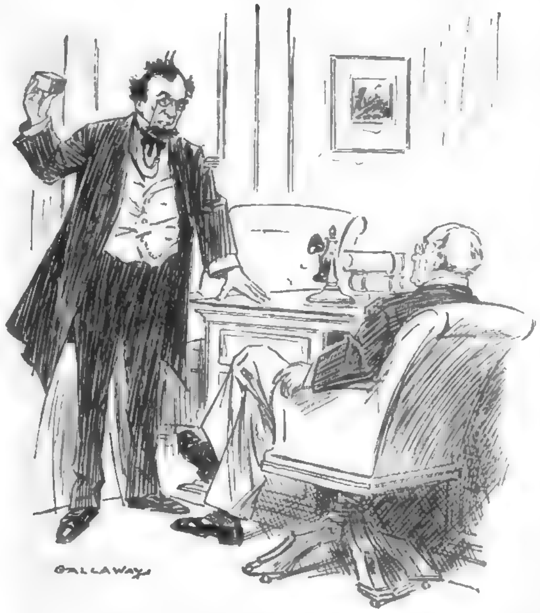
"Then there's your naughty literature, Sappho and Salome and all them. I can't give you my formula for them: it would be against public policy, as the feller says. Anyhow, I had no trouble in creatin' the kind o' feelin' that lands a man either in jail or in the baldheaded row at the theatre, accordin' as he has luck. That's my Don't Tablet 00.

"This here tablet is my Henry James X33. I read James's books and took notes. General batty condition of the mind globules. I didn't know what anybody meant by anything, only that this is a very nice world, or would be if anybody knowed what anything was. This same confused condition I produced with a little coal tar powder—you know what. In thirty minutes I was as woozy and free from pain as I was after a week's hard readin' o' James.

"Then I took up the fightin' and stabbin' literature. I read 'To Have and to Hold' and 'The Three Musketeers' and a few of Quiller

Couch's books. I didn't have to study about what to git them results with. Just plain old sod corn Bourbon, about two fingers at a dose, at judicious intervals, and I was clinkin' swords with 'The Gentleman from France,' and wrastlin' with Indians and escapin' shipwrecks and sayin' 'Sdeath' and 'Have at thee, villain,' and all that, and it only cost me fifteen cents a drink and took not over half an hour. This pill, C215, I call my Adventure Pill. It's simply the concentrated extract of red liquor.

"This," continued Mr. Walmsley, holding up a small phial containing a number of white tablets, "I had considerable trouble in producin', but I got it. It's my Unconventional Pill E77. You remember the last time I had a sick spell you gave me some nerve stimulant, strychnine and some other stuff? Well, when I took that I knowed I had discovered the Bernard Shaw feelin'. I got the prescription of the druggist and here it is in tablet form. Take one of 'em and you don't believe in Shakespeare; take two and you're agin' the marriage relation and goin' in for free love strong; take three and you're for anarchy and are subscribin' for 'Liberty'; take four and you don't believe in religion; take five and you'll slap your mother's face; take six and you'll feel like Elbert Hubbard.



"I GOT HERE," SAID MR. WALMSLEY, "THE CHAMPEENIST INVENTION OF THE AGE"

"This here Mark Twain Pill N16 you take when you want to laugh. You don't have to have no joke. You git all the fun of laughin' without havin' to hunt up somethin' to laugh at. When you are waitin' in the barber shop, instead of readin' Puck or Judge to pass away the time, you just take one of these tablets out of your vest pocket, slip it in your mouth and sit there and grin. I tell you, it puts hilarity right down in reach of the blind.

"This is my Hearstoid Pill L34. It's made of the same stuff the Chinese smoke. It makes you dream things somethin' gorgeous. You have all the exhilaration of believin' in free silver without the disgrace of bein' a democrat. One pill and you are President.

"These here Current Literature Pills I have graduated in strength and effect, so as to reproduce on the system the results of each magazine. I've got a Harper's and a Munsey and a Century and a Broadway and a Everybody's and a Putnam's Pill, and so on.

"Whenever you feel the nerves cryin' out for their accustomed magazine dope you go to your pill case and take one. When you can't sleep o' nights, instead of lightin' the gas and wearin' out your eyes a-readin' Gibbon's Rome, you slip a historical pill into your mouth and let it dissolve, and it makes you just as tired as the book would. When you git drowsy you swallow the pill and go to sleep.

"When you go to the opera and the performance is poky, you just eat a Conried Pill 7 and you begin to git musical right away.

"At the theatre, when the interest sags, or the wait is too long between the acts, you take one of my Henry Irving Pills F93 and you wake up right off and commence thrillin' your three dollars' worth.

"Then I have a Beecher Pill you can use at church when the preacher forgets to quit, and a Dante Pill you can take while you're in the dentist's chair, and a Uffizi Pill you can swallow with a little water instead of wearin' yourself out at an art gallery.

"Yes, sir," continued Mr. Walmsley; "you just let me have about five thousand dollars, Doc, and we'll revolutionize things. Newsboys instead of sellin' papers will be sellin' Walmsley's Pills, World Pills, Sun Pills, a cent apiece. Instead of news-stands we'll have racks of pill bottles. Instead of Carnegie lieberries we'll have Walmsley pill dispensaries. Do you think you want to go in on this scheme, Doc?"

"Well, Mr. Walmsley, I would; only I don't like to throw so many persons out of employment. And then, I haven't the money. By the way, why don't you invent some money pills? You might take them and get the same result on the nervous system that is caused by having five thousand dollars."

"Doc," returned Walmsley, sadly, "now

you've got me! I'm afraid! Yes, sir; I'm afraid, that's what! I got a pill here that I can take till I git to feelin' like six or seven dollars. But I'm just naturally *afraid* to take enough of 'em to make me feel like five thousand dollars, and you hadn't ought to ask me to do it."

ALL IN THE GAME

By Owen Kildare

As long as his wife was alive Dave Pearsall wasn't much different from anybody else. He worked steadily at his trade of stone-cutting and in the evenings couldn't get home quick enough to sit by his fireside—which was an oil-stove in this case—with his wife and baby.

After the wife died, though, Dave got his sister to keep house for him and little Wilbur, his son. Then things got different. The truth is the sister was little too fanciful for Dave, and used to make what-nots and other things out of empty soap-boxes. Too many cosy corners are liable to drive a man from home, and so Dave got going round the ward.

It wasn't more than a couple of years when Dave gave up cutting stone and began tending bar for Mike Flanagan, who then had the say in the ward for his party. In a few more years Flanagan went to the bad, got defeated several times and was dropped from the executive committee. So when Dave saw how things stood with Flanagan, he began pulling a few wires, feeling himself able to be a leader. Of course, it took months and years to do all this, and all that time the son, little Wilbur, was growing up.

Well, Dave got to be leader of the ward, and the minute that he was sure of being the Big Noise in the district he cut loose from all saloon connections and essayed the gentlemanly rôle.

Well, sir, by the time the son got to be about twenty, the old man'd been leader so long that he wouldn't have swapped with the Czar of Russia so far as the steadiness of the job was concerned. And then Dave got to breaking Wilbur to regular work.

The Kid hadn't been much to school round the ward. Dave sent him up to boarding-schools and academies, and when he came back home for good everybody in the district turned out to feast their eyes.

And it was worth it!

In those days down our way when a young fellow was dressed up, he had on a pair of skin-tights that kept him standing up all the time for fear something'd happen should he try to sit down. Then, a pea-jacket, a fried-egg sky-piece and a celluloid collar, with a purple necktie, and none o' the Sadies could resist him. But when Wilbur Pearsall showed up it was all up in the air with Fourth Ward fashions, and the fellows went to hock their war-paint for whatever the uncles would give.

Wilbur was kept round the ward, was enrolled a member of the organization, introduced to everybody and used to trot along with the old man. He did this up till election, when he dropped his first vote, after which he disappeared again. Two years later he came home, transformed by a Prince Albert. Sometimes he even wore a silk hat.

In the meantime, the old man had moved into a stoop-house from the old tenement shack, which he had bought long ago, and one day there was a little shingle stuck in the parlor window, with "Wilbur Pearsall, Attorney-at-law," on it. And then we got wise to the proposition.

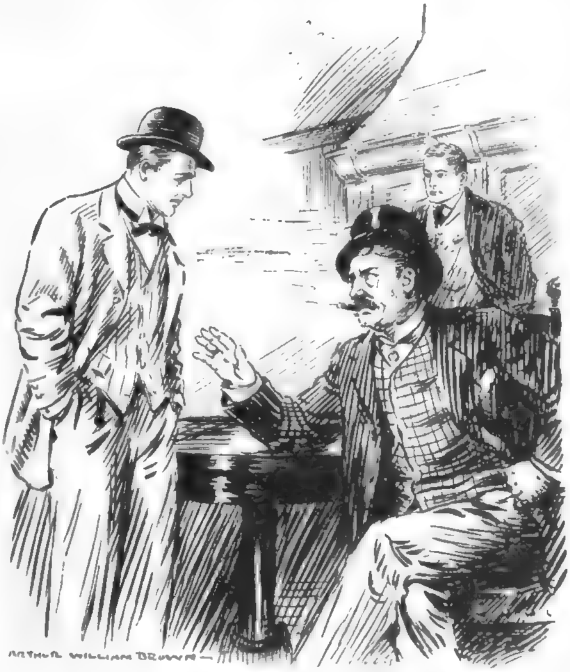
Almost before he had his shingle out, he was made a member of the law committee of the organization and the tip went round that if you were in for something small, robbery, second-story work or manslaughter, you had to have Wilbur Pearsall in court for you or else go up. After a while his practice got so big he'd only take first-class murder cases and defend the street-car company from the unjust claims of an indiscriminating and unreasonable public.

Old Dave certainly was ambitious for the boy. He thought there was nothing like him in the world. And the boy was no fool.

He had the education and the glad rags and the first thing we knew he was right in among the swell voters. The way the Kid was framing up the game those swells never thought it possible that his ancestor had ever dished out big scoops o' Dutch disturbance and pig's-knuckle free lunch at Mike Flanagan's. And no wonder, for the first thing he did was to change his name from "Wilbur Pearsall" to "W. Westmeath Pearsall."

Everything looked lovely and old Dave was seeing pictures of the Kid being the real thing in spectacular politics, with Bourke Cockran pining away on the last bench in the rear o' the hall. And, no use o' talking, the Kid certainly was all to the mustard at the talkfests. He could sling language to beat the band, and had learned so many tongues he could lie in more than one. But in the long run he got faded by the silk-stockings and began neglecting his chances, which is the prerogative of any practical politician. It got to be a case of all going out and nothing coming in, which is poor politics. Almost every day he was to the front with some scheme to do something for the common people; either he wanted fire-escapes or an ordinance for better tenements; and that, from the standpoint of practical politics, was almost criminal. They warned him, but when he didn't stop and went after the Crow's Nest, a row of tenements belonging to Abe Goldman, who was 'way up among the mighty, then we could all hear something drop.

Old Dave wrote, "Son Wilbur, come and see me," and Son Wilbur beat it as swiftly down-town as his benzine buggy would let him.



"I PUT YOU WHERE YOU ARE, AND I CAN PUT YOU DOWN, TOO"

I was mighty close to Dave at that time, being a sort of private secretary without the writing, and I was up in the club when the Kid waltzed in to meet the father.

"What's the matter with you?" asks Dave. "Has that up-town air made you daffy? There ain't a day I don't hear about some new foolishness o' your'n. What's eating you?"

The Kid goes off on a long speech about the rights of his constituents and the pledges he made.

The old man stopped him with: "Now, listen to me. I been in politics long enough to know what's good for us. I put you where you are and I can put you down, too. You got to learn that we ain't in this business for our health. I'm too old to cut stone, and, I think, without me, you'd be a mighty bum lawyer. I gave you the chance of your lifetime, and if you do what you're told to do you're liable to go to the United States Senate, and, maybe, to the White House. But if you don't get rid o' them daffy notions the Party'll look after you, and they never let up."

"But I can't go back on my promises and pledges," said the Kid.

"Don't be childish," said Dave. "If there's a fool that believes in pledges he ought to get stuck. You got nothing to do with that. When you're in politics you got to do what you're told to do by your masters and nothing else. To them that don't obey accidents is liable to happen. If you fail me in this you not only ruin me but also yourself, for I won't have a fool for a son. You got two months until election. That's enough to make good in, and if you don't —well, you know the consequences."

The Kid didn't go back half as fast as he'd come down. The son of a politician, he seemed to get his liking for the game by inheritance. But his education made him wish for gentlemanly politics—as if such a thing could be. Gentlemanly and ward politics is the same stuff with different labels — that's all. From what I learned after, I'm sure if the Kid's mother had been alive then he'd never gone wrong. But there he was, aching to ask somebody's advice and too suspicious to trust anybody in politics, thinking all were crooks, in which, of course, he was dead wrong —yes. So he started in to do his duty as the old man saw it.

As I was saying, his constituents were mostly a dead swell bunch that lived according to the fashion, and just then it was the fashion for them to make their sisters and aunts believe they were the real things in politics. They had nothing but mass-meetings that were like regular tea-parties, with the Gwendolines and Gladyses splitting their dainty gloves every time Archibald went to the bat to tell them how bad they were in general and how the country ought to be run. And they all stood pat for W. Westmeath Pearsall, son of the Honorable David Pearsall, late of Flanagan's gin-mill.

When it came election day they were always absent, as they couldn't make any money in their business on that day and went out of town the night before to hit those little balls over fields and ditches or to jump over a couple o' fences and shout "lalla-lee-lee" or some such nonsense. But they all registered faithfully, even if they thought it more important to be at the Country Club on election day instead of voting.

The Kid was next to this habit, and used it, but there were a few hitches.

For instance: Mr. Hamilton De Rensallaer, a Wall Street banker residing on Fifth Avenue, was challenged by an opposite watcher, who thought Ham looked a little phony for a capitalist. When they took him to the station-house, the capitalist was hitting everybody for a chew o' tobacco and asking them to inform Barney Flynn, of the Bowery, that his friend, Spike, was in trouble.

The thing worked all right otherwise, and the Kid carried the district.

In a day or two, those swells heard how they'd been voting in sweaters and overalls, and most o' them laughed—but a few o' them got dead sore. Before the Kid could get ahead o' them and stall them, they were down to the district attorney and raising a fine row. The Kid was arrested and put under ten thousand bond. The bail was put up and we thought that'd close the game. But it was made an issue; they tried him before an unfriendly judge and the Kid was sentenced to one year and a fine of one thousand dollars.

There was some talk of an appeal, but the evidence was too clear. So, in the morning, the Kid went over to the Island.

That night I saw Dave at the club.

"I was looking for you," he says. "I got a tough job before me, and I want you to help me."

What d'you think he was going to do? He had sold everything and was going to pay back all he had gotten by—oh, in the way of practical politics. He had written his resignation from the organization.

"And now I'm through," he said, and grabbed my hand. "And you promise me not to let anybody know my whereabouts."

I was completely taken off my feet before I could say anything.

"But how about the Kid?" I finally gasped, and it was as if I had hit him. He tumbled into a chair and cried as I never seen a man —or a woman—cry before.

"My boy," he mumbled to himself. "My boy—what a father I've been to him! Not satisfied with giving him a crook for a father, I had to make him one, too."

"But you're not all through with politics?"

"Politics?" he shouted. "I pray I'd never had anything to do with that devilish game. I only hope that I ain't too old to be honest. And if I'm spared until my boy comes home, I'll spend all the rest o' my life to atone and to win his forgiveness. Good-night."

I never heard from him until ten months later, just when the Kid's time was up. Then Dave wrote to me to meet him.

I didn't waste a minute, but chased down to the Twenty-sixth Street dock, where the boat from the Island comes in. Dave was there, and he looked like a different man. All the swell togs were gone. He looked strong and as healthy as a young fellow, and when I looked at his hands I began to smell a rat.

"How's stone-cutting nowadays?" I asked.

"How d'you find out?" he said and laughed.

Then he started in about the Kid, whether he would forgive him and whether he would speak to him, until the boat landed.

Ahead of almost everybody, the Kid was coming down the plank. He didn't hurry much, but came up slow and put out his hand to me.

"I'm glad you came down to meet me, it makes it less lonely," he said.

I waited for him to say something to his father, but he couldn't see him at all.

"Wil—Wilbur, ain't you got a word for your father," the old man kind o' groaned.

"Yes, I have a word for you, but I hoped you would spare me from uttering it," he answered, his face going white. Then, becoming cooler, "Ain't you satisfied yet with what you've done?" he said. "You are nothing to me. Our ways part here. I'm going in search of my lost integrity; you can go back to your politics and crookedness."

The old man just looked at him, with a face that was almost grayish green. Then he hurried away.

Well, I had to talk like a Dutch uncle before I made an impression on the Kid. When I told him how his father had gone back to stone-cutting the Kid softened considerably. And when I threw out that the old man was all broken up and not responsible, and, perhaps, liable to do anything the boy said: "Come, we must go to him."

We were at the tenement in less than no time. The door was locked, but I heard him inside and heard something else besides, so I put my shoulder to it. He was standing in front of a bit of looking-glass and tried to hide something as we fell into the room. We didn't have to see it to know what it was.

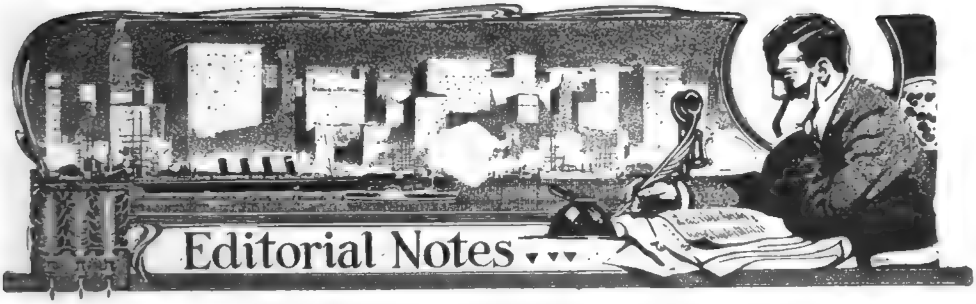
The Kid went up to him.

"Dad, dear old dad, can you forgive me?" he said, and put his arms around the old man.

That was my cue to take a sneak, and I was tip-toeing to the door, when the Kid said again: "We're going to stick together now, ain't we? Not as politicians, but just as honest, square men."

The father couldn't answer—and you know the reason why not.

On my way down those four flights o' stairs I came to the conclusion that it takes a lot of practical politics and crookedness to kill the love between father and son.



Editorial Notes

MR. CASSON'S recent articles in Broadway, notably that in March, "Is Standard Oil Facing Destruction?" have created widespread comment. One good friend of the magazine writes in to say that we ought to "roast Standard Oil harder"; another tells us that he liked most of the article but was disappointed because we did not say unkind things about Judge Landis.

These communications, and others like them, move us to say clearly and earnestly that Broadway's chief aim is to present *precise facts,* free from coloring or partisanship or bias. We started in December to publish a series of articles dealing with big business, financial and political problems, the article for that month being Mr. Sereno S. Pratt's able treatment of President Roosevelt, Wall Street and the nation's business interests. Since then much has been printed on this subject, but we have seen nothing so far that equaled Broadway's article in quantity or quality of interesting information or in fairmindedness.

Sensationalism has no place in Broadway's policy. The muck-rake is an implement that we have no desire to use. We believe that there are in this country five hundred thousand men and women who will each pay fifteen cents a month to secure a clean, bright magazine that deals with a variety of interesting subjects in an informative, straightforward manner, making sure to get the truth first, and then making sure to print it *without coloring,* without fear of demagogues or politicians, financial, labor or any other classes or interests. Up to the present time we have succeeded in finding one hundred and fifty thousand of these readers, and others are coming into the family with such persistency that we are more than sure we will locate the entire half million in reasonable time. You can count on Broadway's earnest effort at all times under all circumstances to give you the facts and the truth.

All this relates to several articles in this month's Broadway. Mr. Casson made a trip to the Southwest to learn the progress of the anti-trust battle in that vigorous and gingery section of our commonwealth. He found many interesting things, and his article emphasizes anew the old thought that many big things are happening in this big country and that most of us are so busy with the day's work that we have at best only a foggy idea of what our neighbors are doing and thinking. This is not remarkable when you consider the fact that our newspapers must of necessity devote most of their space to the news of their own communities. Then, too, the newspaper records history in its making; sometimes the record is crude, and always the making is so slow that we often fail to get the story properly assembled in our minds as we go along. This furnishes the magazine with its opportunity to review the situation calmly, even philosophically, to gather data and sort it out properly for the man or the woman who wants real facts.

As we say in the editorial note introducing Mr. Casson's article, for many years certain of the trusts and great corporations exercised very little toleration in dealing with public opinion. Mr. Pratt in his December article covered this ground very well indeed. He said in part:

"Wall Street has long held to the divine right of capital to rule. It has believed that its financial kings could do no wrong. It has worshipped at the shrine of enormous wealth. Success was the only test of right and wrong."

Wall Street quite fairly represented the attitude of many of the great corporations, notably the railroads.

Within the last few years public opinion has become aroused, and recently we have reached a point where no man is too lowly or humble to lynch a trust or a railroad every day. Unfortunately all trusts and all railroads look alike to the corporation-baiter. He was abused and mistreated for so many years by these giants of capital that anger is not easily subdued. Then, too, in his wrath he makes no distinguishing lines between good trusts and bad, between railroads that are striving to deal fairly and those that are playthings of unscrupulous financiers. The pendulum once swung too far in one direction—in its return movement will it swing too far in the opposite? This is a question that is being asked most seriously by very thoughtful men everywhere. In the Southwest the answer is, "The pendulum cannot swing too far." In the East Roosevelt is regarded as a radical; in Texas he is denounced as a conservative. Wall Street believes that Texans are little better than crazy; the man in the Southwest feels that Wall Street is inhabited by nothing but artistic confidence men, who refrain from picking pockets and doing second-story work only because they can make more money by "high-finance." Both points of view are, of course, wrong, and it is the purpose of BROADWAY MAGAZINE to present sane, interesting, informative, nonpartisan unbiased articles that tell the facts and deduct the truth.

Trinity Church is a most mysterious organization. Its enormous wealth and its great annual revenues have been the subject of many articles in newspapers, magazines and religious journals. It has been the target of varied abuse for more than a century—but no one has ever forced or persuaded the Sphinx to answer questions. Charles Edward Russell has made a careful study of Trinity for BROADWAY MAGAZINE, and his investigations have enabled him to offer solutions of at least portions of the riddle.

It is not unlikely that the feelings of various and sundry gentlemen may be lacerated by Rupert Hughes in "Our Falstaffian Army," which appears in this number of BROADWAY. Well and good. If the quantity of the laceration be sufficient we shall have accomplished something. If the United States had reached a point where peace and good-will was an assured fact for all time to come we would not need an army. Inasmuch as we seem several generations removed from that desirable condition an army is a very essential institution, and a good army is certainly the only sort that genuine Americans will approve.

As we announced last month, we are selling shares of stock in the magazine. A block of fifty thousand dollars' worth was offered to our readers, and up to March 1st, more than half of this had been taken. We believe that within a very few years an investment in this stock will be worth several times the present selling price. We would be glad to count you as a shareholder. A subscription of fifty dollars—or one of five hundred dollars—will make you a friend and advocate of the magazine. Besides paying you excellent returns the money helps us to carry out important plans for furthering our business, and your friendship is an asset that we cannot measure in dollars and cents.

We have a booklet, "Profits in Magazine Publishing," that is full of interesting facts. Send a postal and we'll mail you the booklet at once. Then, after reading it, and learning of our plans and special offer to stockholders, you may decide to join us.

BROADWAY is growing better every month. We know it—because we can feel it, and because our readers tell us so. But next month will be better than this—the month following will be better still.

We like to know what parts of the book please you most. A letter to the editor is read with thorough care and appreciation. Just now, for example, we are wondering about our art articles. So the pictures tell you stories that you consider well worth the telling? One woman confesses that she casually looks at the pictures, but never bothers with the text. Another assures us that the articles themselves have a real educational value. How is it in your case? We would like to know. Just sit down and write us frankly what *you* think, not only of this art feature, but of anything and everything in the magazine.

THE NEW
BROADWAY MAGAZINE

Vol. XX MAY, 1908 No. 2

Sherlock Holmes in Mulberry Street

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Illustrations by Jay Hambidge and from Photographs

SITTING down to a consideration of crime and the Detective Police, most writers commence with a mention, more or less flattering, of Collins' *Sergeant Cuff,* Dickens' *Inspector Bucket,* Gaboriau's *Lecocq,* Poe's *Dupin,* and Conan Doyle's *Sherlock Holmes.* Having named these worthy men, they dismiss them as "detectives of fiction" and, either by their own word, or that of some police officer, more or less stubborn and stolid, assure mankind that the real detective in no wise resembles such book-made thief takers and printed sleuths.

There exists no call for these comparisons of the flesh and blood detectives of Scotland Yard and Mulberry Street, with their phantom brothers, built of ink and paper. The detective in real life works by the same processes of analysis and deduction which have so distinguished the fascinating Mr. Holmes, the great difference resting chiefly in this: that your every-day criminal, not having either the Doyle imagination or the Doyle genius for exaggeration, weaves a less complicated web than did those malefactors whom our author's astute hero pursued and collared.

POLICE HEADQUARTERS,
300 MULBERRY ST., NEW YORK

Most crimes in their commission are simplicity itself. The "layer-down" for a band of counterfeiters desires to "shove" certain twenty-dollar bills—extremely "queer," these bills. He makes out a fashion of matrimonial line of march, taking in at the rate of about three an hour some twenty Newark clergymen. He is a quick, good-looking man, and his "bride" is even beautiful. The pair drive in one-two-three order from one dominie to another, and are solemnly married by each. Also, each time the groom—who is frugal and tells moreover of his poverty—meets the fee of five dollars with one of those "queer" twenty-dollar bills. The fifteen dollars he receives in return are all they should be. The twenty weddings net the criminals three hundred dollars; and when they are over he and his blushing companion take the evening train for the next stand, there to resume

COMMISSIONER A. WOODS, HEAD OF DETECTIVE BUREAU

their operations in counterfeit money and orange blossoms.

In a case such as this—and it happened — there were no mysteries, no tangles; the thing stood as plain as a pikestaff. Complaint being made, all that could be done was to wire a description of the deeply wedded criminals all over the country, and trust to the exertions of the out-of-town police. The chance of capture, almost the sole chance, lay in the criminals attempting to repeat their game, and getting snapped up by some alert dominie who had been warned of the trick.

A COLLECTOR OF DIAMONDS

The jewelry stores, not so many years ago, were given a somewhat similar experience. A young man appeared in succession in seven of our diamond depots. He looked over the stock, and in each store asked that certain trinkets, values running from two thousand dollars to seven thousand dollars, be laid away until the following (Saturday) afternoon, when he would appear and decide what he would buy. Having "rigged" the seven stores, the young man took the train, we'll say, for Trenton. That evening (Friday) he mailed a letter to each of the seven waiting diamond firms. The letters were on the note paper of a rich manufacturing company, and the name of a high official, printed in the letter-head, was the name the young man signed. The letters said that he, the young man, had been suddenly called to Trenton, and would see the diamond merchants, not Saturday, but Monday.

The next morning, Saturday, about the time the various diamond men would be opening those notes the young man sent each a wire saying, "Don't regard letter. Will be able to keep appointment for this afternoon." Of course, all this letter writing, on stolen note paper, had but the one object of indirectly convincing the diamond men of his, the young man's, solvency and high business station, and so pave the easy way for what swindlingly should follow.

THE COLLECTOR OF CROOKS

Sharp at the hour set, the young man appeared at each of the jewelry stores, decided as to what rings, brooches, and necklaces he would buy, and in payment gave checks written on the engraved blanks (also stolen) of the big Trenton firm aforesaid. Thus he made the rounds. In every instance the check was accepted, and the criminal got safe away with the swag.

At intervals of two and three months, the crime was successfully repeated in San Francisco, in St. Louis, in St. Paul—always by the same young man. As a method of capture, his description and a facsimile of his handwriting were sent in a secret circular, together with the story of how he "worked," to every jeweler in the United States. Diamond merchants are a lynx-eyed generation. Six weeks passed by, and presto! the gifted collector of gems was arrested in Detroit. Later, he was given twenty-eight years in the Minnesota penitentiary.

Be it known, this particular young man of frauds and illicit diamonds, after a brief space escaped from prison and is now a well-to-do and much respected merchant in a coast city of China, where he lives unknown, covered by an alias, and surrounded by wife and children.

Certainly! Once a crim-

INSPECTOR J. MCCAFFERTY, CHIEF OF DETECTIVES

THE ROGUES GALLERY, WHERE PHOTOGRAPHS OF TWENTY THOUSAND CROOKS ARE FILED

inal, always a criminal, is not of necessity an unbreakable rule, and has had more than one exception. One of our biggest patent medicine men, gray-headed, a multi-millionaire, and all that, was the "Long Jim" of the Cadiz bank robbery of forty years ago. He escaped from the Columbus (Ohio) penitentiary through the intervention of a friend, who himself—for a blind—kept a livery stable in New York, while carrying to success such crime-triumphs as the Ocean Bank robbery. Our reformed Long Jim doesn't believe that his identity is known to living man, and is in all respects a most excellent citizen.

Recurring to the assertion that the Mulberry Street detective works by the same methods that Dr. Watson regarded as so "marvelous" in Sherlock Holmes, take the story of a West Side murder. The keeper of a cheap saloon was one morning found dead in his barroom. He was living upstairs over the bar, and had been shot at the foot of the stairs. The bullet that killed him was from some pistol which measured caliber-41.

LIEUTENANT FAUROT MEASURING A SUSPECT'S EAR BY THE BERTILLON SYSTEM

"Derringer," said Inspector McLaughlin.

The saloon was poor; no burglar of position would think of attacking it. Entrance had been forced by means of a chisel and not a professional's jimmy. The footprints in the rear yard, where the thieves had made their attack, showed worn and ragged shoes.

"Gang work!" decided Inspector McLaughlin, taking in these features. "The job was done by some of the tough lads of the neighborhood."

Being tough, and of the sort to whom a dollar is important, the Inspector believed that, while the murderer was certain to dispose of the derringer, he wouldn't throw it away, but would sell it. A roundup of the nearby pawnshops began. A derringer was found; the pawnbroker had bought it of one McGloin the morning after the murder.

The rest was not difficult. McGloin, a well-known tough, infested with his gang a groggery on West Twenty-seventh Street. Inspector McLaughlin dressed up one of his men as a tough. Seeking the Twenty-seventh Street resort, the disguised one drifted into McGloin's acquaintance, meeting that malefactor on the common ground of beer. While the disguised one and McGloin were hobnobbing, another of Inspector McLaughlin's men walked soberly into the groggery and hung up a placard offering one thousand dollars reward for the discovery of the saloon keeper's murderer. This was calculated to make McGloin talk, without arousing his suspicions. He did talk. Not only did he talk, but—the beer mounting—he bragged, the disguised one drinking in every word with his beer. As a finale McGloin went to Sing Sing and the chair, and the red muster of New York murderers—quite a formidable phalanx—had been diminished by one.

Sir Doyle's hero couldn't have worked more rapidly, more wisely, or more directly to his man. If the tale lack the interest of those deep ones told by Sir Doyle, it is due, as already stated, to the short simplicity of the McGloin trail, born of the short simplicity of the McGloin wit.

WHAT 300 MULBERRY STREET LOOKS LIKE

It was a raw wintry afternoon when I emerged from the subway at Bleecker Street and pointed for 300 Mulberry Street, not fifty yards away. What Scotland Yard is to the English criminal world, "Mulberry Street"—the Central Office—is to the outlaws of America. The exterior shows gray, dingy, forbidding. Inside, the corridors do not suggest the palatial. They are building a new headquarters, and it will be a good day when it's done.

It is among things strange in the story of humanity that civilization comes ever last and latest to a prison. To enter any one of the six cells at the Central Office is to go back two centuries. You can read all about those six cells in Smollett or Fielding. And the wonder grows, too, when you remember that every man who has been confined there was, by sheerest stress of law, "presumed to be innocent." Such foul burrows you wouldn't believe existed in New York.

On the second floor, a ramrod policeman pointed me to the door of the Fourth Deputy Commissioner. This latter gentleman is Mr. Arthur Woods, at the head of the detectives.

Commissioner Woods is a keen, dark, alert, well-groomed gentleman—very much the gentleman. Under him there are some four hundred and fifty-three thief-takers.

The detectives are not all in Mulberry Street. There are six branch bureaus, with forces ranging from twenty-three to eighty-nine men. These sub-bureaus are polka-dotted about the city. I should say that the Central Office itself carries no more than one hundred and sixty of the four hundred and fifty-three detectives, and of these about twenty-three are detailed in the Italian Squad. This Italian Squad is a special force opposed to the Black Hand, the bombs and blackmailers of which latter organization have so much disturbed certain sections of the town.

The officers seldom work alone, but are broken into groups or small partnerships of two or three or four. Few detectives like to work alone; for no business than that of thief-taking more fully demonstrates the truth of an aphorism which tells how "Two heads are better than one."

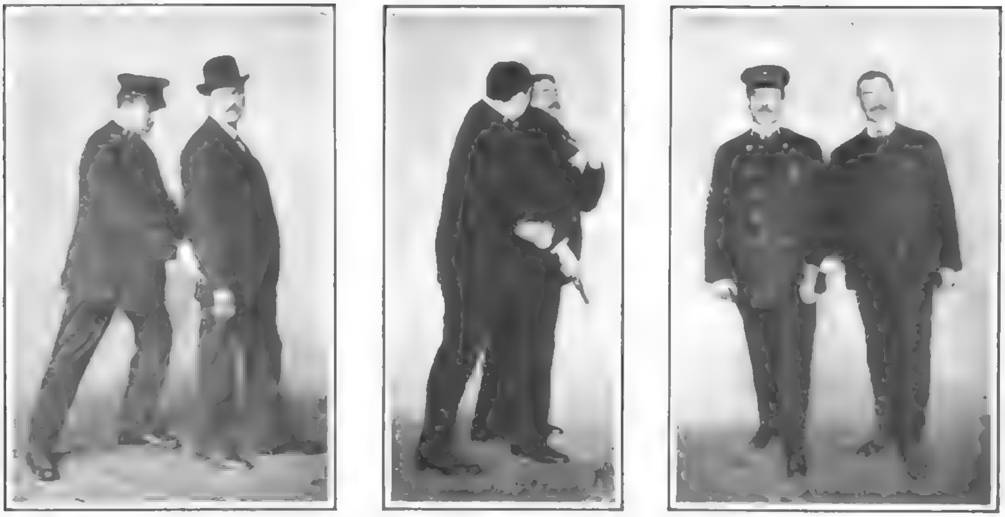
Also, Mr. Woods, who has a very thorough working knowledge of his men, pairs or triples or quadruples them off, with direct reference to the support which one might naturally be expected to give the other, linking rash men with prudent men, slow men with swift men, men who see with men who think.

WEAKNESS OF THE DETECTIVE FORCE

The great drawback to the detective force lies in the scheme by which it is recruited. This force, instead of being wholly drawn from the police force, should be made a thing by itself, with special requirements and special examinations.

Another thought: The present system, which very properly depends upon the thieves being known to the detectives, fully arranges that the detectives shall also be known to the thieves. As matters stand, the latter element of police weakness is unavoidable. Not but what the present control guards this weak corner to what extent it may. At the morning looking-over, when the detectives are assembled and what thieves have been collared over night paraded for inspection, the detectives wear

WHEN THE THIEVES ARE PARADED AT THE MORNING LOOK OVER, THE DETECTIVES WEAR MASKS



HANDLING CROOKS. (1) BEFORE ARRESTING A DANGEROUS MAN, THE OFFICER FEELS HIS HIP POCKETS FOR WEAPONS. (2) A JIU JITSU CLUTCH. (3) THE SLEEVE CLUTCH WHICH RENDERS THE ARM POWERLESS

masks. But this is no more than just to save at the spigot to waste at the bung. A good thief, making crime his profession and regarding as a first asset an identifying knowledge of every detective on the force, will find his opportunities. The detectives do not wear those matutinal masks all day; and a sly crook, taking street and daylight for it, will invent what openings he requires to fully study their faces.

Still another suggestion: Every good detective owns his own force of "stool pigeons," thieves who act as spies upon other thieves for him. These he guards carefully, and will not give up their names to his nearest friends. They would cease to work for him if he did; and upon them he must needs depend for ninety per cent. of all he accomplishes. There is nothing new in this system of "stool pigeons." While the police, as an institution, are five centuries old in either France or England, the detectives as a separate force, beginning with the Bow Street runners in London, and in Paris with Vidocq, are comparatively modern. Also the "stool pigeon," as a police feature, is older than the detectives.

The former bird will never be wiped out. Or, if he be, it will strike as though with palsy your police. A detective of my acquaintance has a private force of half a hundred "stools." He holds morning levees at his house for such as have anything to report. Moreover, so jealous is he to shield them against discovery by either the thieves or his fellow detectives, that one particular "stool" pickets his house while his ill-odored levee is being held.

For an hour the "stools"—as many as ten sometimes—one by one skulk in and out, reporting progress and receiving orders. It is in this fashion the detective in question—and his record of arrests and convictions, month after month, is the best in Mulberry Street—maintains himself abreast of his duty, and keeps his thumb on the pulse of opportunity.

And yet you will observe that he is doing no more, no less, than just what I would advocate as a program for the entire detective bureau. He selects his own men, selects them secretly, keeps them for the most part unknown, not only to the thieves, but to one another. So he piles up his record.

HOW THE "STOOL PIGEON" IS PAID

What does he do for them in return? Small sums, on his recommendation, are paid them from the general fund—all too small a fund—of the police. For the most, however, he pays them out of his own pocket.

"If the city would allow me four thousand dollars a year for that purpose," said this detective, "I could maintain with it a bunch of 'stool pigeons' which, in the arrest of thieves and the recovery of stolen goods, would do the work of forty officers who draw eighty thousand dollars a year."

Besides what money he is paid, the "stool pigeon" is happy in this: that he is more or less immune of arrest. "Stool pigeons" are always petty criminals or related to criminals, and this immunity is worth their ignoble while. And to earn it they give up their fellow rogues. I asked a detective how he defended this saving criminal "stool pigeons" from punishment.

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CENTRAL OFFICE MAN IN DISGUISE, AT WORK IN THE ITALIAN QUARTER

"My business," said he, "is to protect the public generally, and not particular individuals. Looking at it from the public standpoint, one good 'stool' will turn over to you twenty criminals a year, and each more dangerous than himself. That is pretty good bargaining. There is only one of him. And, to remain free, he locks up twenty. I defend the scheme by the same argument that defends baiting with a sprat to catch a whale."

MAKING A SUSPECT TALK

When a detective captures a criminal, his first great effort is to make him confess. Often, while morally sure of his man's guilt, he is weak in evidence demanded by such authors as Sharkie and Greenleaf.

Books could be written, books full of thrill and interest, of the dramatic, not to say dread, doings of detectives when they aim to startle some stubborn one into loquacity. Norcross sought to blow up Russell Sage, and blew himself up. There was something more in Mulberry Street than just a police theory that Norcross was not quite the stranger to Mr. Sage that Mr. Sage pretended. It was deemed advisable to make Mr. Sage "talk."

To that end, a high police official—I shall not name him—carrying a huge basket on his arm, called upon Mr. Sage. That financier was in bed, nerves atangle; for it is no laughing matter, nor conducive to steadiness, to have an assassin explode a bomb at your horrified feet.

The visiting officer stood at the foot of the bed, putting questions to Mr. Sage, who feebly bleated his replies. Suddenly, without warning, the officer reached into the basket, which Mr. Sage had as yet not beheld.

"Did you ever see this man before the day he tried to kill you?" demanded the officer; and, with the word, he held aloft the gory head of Norcross.

The test was a failure. Mr. Sage did not "talk"; his sole response was a screech, and next he fainted away.

A word about the Bertillon system. Every arrested man is photographed—front and profile—measured, weighed, and gone over as carefully for scars, moles, blemishes, and marks of all kinds, as though he were a horse and the police about to buy him. The interesting element of the scheme relates to the "finger prints." All four fingers of each hand are "printed" together; then each, and the thumb, is "printed" separately. These "prints" are enlarged ten times by photography. The markings thus enlarged become as obvious as a coil of rope.

No two "prints" are alike, just as no two faces are alike. Every criminal, his own thumb print, is a law of nature.

Lieutenant Joseph A. Faurot has charge of the Bertillon end of Mulberry Street. He picked up a glass bottle. He passed it to me for inspection; the glass showed clear and free of mark or stain. Mr. Faurot sprinkled a white powder, fine as flour, on the side of the bottle where his fingers had pressed. This powder he brushed to and fro delicately with a camel's hair brush. In an instant the prints of his fingers stood out like a page of types.

Not only do the police take thumb and finger prints at headquarters, but should a murderer or thief rest his hand on a table, or a sheet of paper, or pick up a candlestick or bottle, he instantly becomes their man. Days afterward, they will take his finger prints from anything, save cloth, he either grasps or touches. On this account many thieves wear gloves while at their work.

"THE MAN WITH THE CAMERA EYES"

What would you say of a gentleman who, having looked once into the face of each of those soldiers that made up the grand army which Napoleon took to Russia and being told the soldier's name, would know him, name and face, two years, ten years, twenty years later? Think of a gentleman who could thus have called the muster roll of an army of one hundred thousand men. Such, however, would seem to be the fell power of eye and memory which belongs to Detective William P. Sheridan of Mulberry Street, the "Man with the Camera Eyes"; and a low estimate declares that he has filed away in his brain, each tagged with the proper name, the pictures of no fewer than one hundred thousand men.

Criminals are forever changing their names and hiding their pasts. It is worth while to do so in New York, where the oft-convicted criminal gets finally a life sentence. Other detectives capture, but cannot recall them. That is the place where Mr, Sheridan dove-tails in.

Here is a passing example: Two meek individuals declare, with every earmark of innocence, that this is their first offense, and give the innocuous names of George Simpson and Joseph Edwards.

MARVELLOUS MEMORY FOR FACES

They are taken to Sheridan. The camera eyes survey the pair for a moment.

"That," said Sheridan, laying his hand on the smaller man, "is William Nelson. He did a stretch of three years for a robbery. This one"—turning to the other—"is Herman—Henry Herman, who with Meredith, shot and attempted to rob Phil Daly at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street back in 1885. He's lost half his hair and twenty pounds since then."

And away goes Mr. Sheridan and presently produces the photographs of both malefactors, properly tagged and labeled. Herman he hadn't met for seventeen years. Herman regrets that meeting still.

Commonly, the detective finds no moral fault with the thief he so inveterately pursues and captures. On the opposite side, the thief finds as little fault with the detective. Either way it is all in the line of one's profession. One flies and the other follows, one hides and the other hunts him; but there are no angers, no hatreds; all is a cold matter of business. One is a thief, the other a thief-catcher; and their attitude, one to the other, vastly resembles the mutual attitudes of a coyote and a collie dog. Your wolf and your shepherd dog, so no sheep be about, will sit gossiping for hours, and all on the best of terms. There is one detective, however, for whom the members of the under world have nothing but fear and rancorous aversion. That man is Mr. Sheridan of the camera eyes. Those dark ones, whose ways are devious, who have turned their backs on toil and their faces toward trouble, loathe him, and shrink away from him as from the lion of all the lions in their paths.

The Brown Study

By Louis Joseph Vance

Author of "The Brass Bowl," etc.

Illustrations by W. L. Jacobs

WHEN with her own hand, as fragile and delicate as a child's, as inexorable as Destiny's, Eleanor locked herself out of the empty, darkened house that her girlhood had called Home, it was with a sense of having by that act builded an implacable barrier between Yesterday and To-morrow. Over the way, smiling behind its jealous barrier, Gramercy Park basked in the hot, gilded sunlight of a mid-morning late in the waning spring. The air was heavy, stifling with the sweet, cloying smell of its verdure. She stood a minute on the high brown-stone stoop, thinking deeply. Then suddenly she ran down the steps and hurried westward, chin high, eyes shining, an adventurous color mantling her firm young cheeks.

At Broadway she hailed and swung aboard a north-bound Columbus Avenue car. Somewhere in the fifties, near Carnegie Hall, she rose and alighted.

Down-hill to the weather-worn scaffolding of the Sixth Avenue "L," ran a block largely given over to buildings of a curiously composite character, the ground floors occupied by stables, those above by studios. Midway between the avenues Miss Rowan found an open doorway topped by a fan-light that bore a number she verified carefully. Entering, she ascended two long and narrow flights of steps, broken by a cramped landing. At the top, pausing breathless, she found herself in a deep, broad corridor, upon which four doors stood open; a fifth, at the rear of the building, was shut. Before this she bent and lifted a corner of the mat.

Surely enough, a key was there. The girl fitted it to the lock, opened the door, and shut herself in.

Her initial impression was compounded of disappointment and resentment; the room seemed very sparely furnished, in distinct contrast to the memory she had of it. She had looked forward to something less Spartan in its artistic simplicity. Yet a second glance reassured her to some extent; the room was fitted with all things needful for the comfort of independent youth. Her long coat she draped over one corner of a screen; her hat she disposed coquettishly on top of the coat. Then she sat herself down in a ramshackle basket chair, for a moment's rest and quiet survey of her newly annexed territory.

The moment lengthened into a minute; the minute into many. The chair was comfortable, the studio quiet; through an open window at the back a drowsy air breathed, freighted with dreams. . . . After a time Eleanor opened her purse and took from it a letter, which she re-read with a smile.

"Dear Nell" (it ran in part): "I'm off to-morrow on the *Etruria*, armed with a letter of marque in the shape of a traveling scholarship in Europe—awarded yesterday. No time to see you. . . . Here's the scheme: you frequently complained of feeling lonely in the Gramercy Square house, since Aunt Emma died. My studio won't be working for a year—unless you use it. Why not? You can be comfortable enough. Shut up the house and take possession; I'm leaving the key under the door-mat and the janitor orders to behave. There'll be some butter in the ice-box (on the fire-escape) if you get there quick enough. . . . Your aff. 2nd cousin, Gerald."

Still smiling, Eleanor lowered the hand that held the letter. Her gaze wandered out of the open window, her thoughts at random. . . . If Jerry Donovan were rattle-brained, what was she, who had fallen in so readily with his scheme?

In this mood Penoyer found her.

He came in suddenly, out of breath, and slammed the door. The surprise in his face gave way to a smile, and he nodded pleasantly, unabashed.

"Good morning!" he gave her cheerfully. "Hope I haven't kept you waiting long. Sorry. But I see you've made yourself comfortable. That's right."

Miss Rowan gasped; but before she could re-collect her wits, Penoyer continued.

"Had to run out on an errand; when I found I was to be detained, I hoped you'd find the key under the mat. You won' mind sitting until half after one? Bully!"

His voice rang with satisfaction so genuine that one hardly liked to dash it; while Miss Rowan sought for a gentle form of rebuke, he rattled on.

"Sit down—I'm not quite ready yet.' And somehow, she found herself obeying. "Awf'ly glad you found you could get here to-day. Ballister told me Saturday he'd send you if you could make time." His glance appraised her with open admiration. "That's a ripping gown, you know—perfectly stunning! Ballister *said* there wasn't another model in New York who dressed as well as you."

Eleanor flushed indignantly, and started to protest, getting as far as "I'm not——!" before her words were drowned by the rumble and squeal of the heavy easel Penoyer was wheeling to the middle of the floor. By the time she could make herself heard, she thought better of it. She understood clearly now that she had blundered somehow into the wrong studio. It were best, she thought, to accept the game as it lay, pose for the young man who took things so serenely for granted, make an eventual escape without question, and be more careful thereafter.

She stole swift, curious glances at Penoyer, continually, when he did not know it. He seemed a new type in her experience of men. Quite unconcernedly he removed his coat and draped his shoulders with a paint-smeared smock. He squinted at Eleanor with a critical detachment to which she was not used. She had to remind herself that while to her he was a human being, a personality, to him she was merely a problem in light and color.

"As you were when I came in, please," he directed tersely. "You were thinking —a letter in your hand, I believe. It's not a hard pose, and the absolute unconsciousness was charming. . . . That's it. Head a thought this way, please. I want your profile; it's as near perfection as anything I ever hope to see. . . . And the way the light catches in your hair's simply gorgeous! There——"

For some moments no sound was audible within the four walls, aside from the pit-pat of brushes on prepared canvas. Then the young man began to chatter with engaging inconsequence. Fortuitously his name passed his lips. Later it occurred to him to remark that "Ballister" had mentioned the model's name, but that he, Penoyer, had forgotten it.

"I am Eleanor Rowan," announced the girl, with fortitude.

"Thank you. Head a little more to the left, please. Right."

By his tone her surname, which to half a score of young men of her world meant a comfortable fortune and a pretty girl into the bargain, to him meant nothing but an inspiring model. He worked on. In twenty-five minutes he invited Miss Rowan to rest; in five more minutes he calmly invited her to resume the pose. Throughout the sitting the half-hours were so divided. Promptly at one-thirty Penoyer laid aside his palette.

"That's all for to-day." His tone did not lack regret. "What d'you think of it?"

Smiling diffidently, Eleanor rose and joined him before the canvas. She stood silent, rapt in sheer wonder. To her his ability seemed little less than marvelous . . . The canvas ran the gamut of shades of brown, from the palest golden brown of the wicker chair to the rich deep coppery tint of her wonderfully woven hair. Between these there was the brown of the tarnished cloth-o'-gold tapestry, which formed the background; the creamy brown of her shirt-waist, the deeper shade of her skirt, the ivory of her cheeks and temples, relieved by the rich scarlet of her lips, and the velvety, glowing seal-brown of her dreaming eyes.

"'The Brown Study,'" said Penoyer, at her shoulder; "we'll call it that, for a pretty average poor pun—in paint," he rounded out the alliteration with a chuckle.

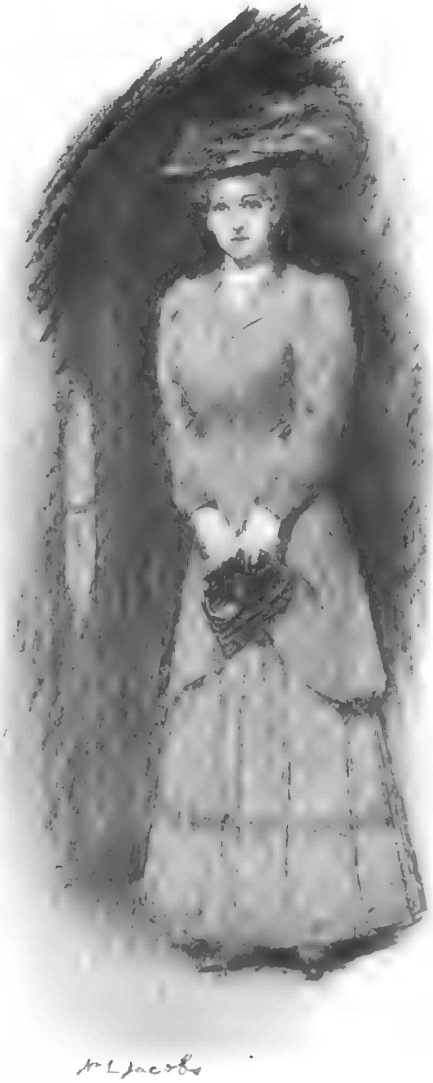
"Of course you know," said Miss Rowan seriously, "that it is wonderfully clever. It's fairly incredible that you should do anything so quickly! Why, I looked at it during the last rest and it was only paint——"

Penoyer's eyes shifted from the canvas to her own; he grinned quizzically. "I pulled it together in a hurry," he admitted, "because I wasn't sure of another pose. There's nothing sound in that — just mere superficial smartness. It needs—deserves — study. When can you come again? To-morrow?"

"I . . . Why! . . . " Eleanor's face burned beneath his regard. Dared she carry on the deception? And risk discovery? "I'll come — yes, surely," she stammered; and was appalled by her own temerity.

"Good enough. Nine o'clock sharp then." Penoyer thrust a hand into a pocket and produced three silver half-dollars. "Better settle up every day," he suggested amiably. "Then we always know where we stand."

Dismayed, Eleanor hung in irresolution for an instant, and in final desperation accepted her wage. Stammering her thanks, she suffered the painter to help her with her coat, aware of her one imperative need —to get away. In a flurry she adjusted her hat, doubtless with less care than ever before in her experience; dropped her veil between her traitorous face and a keen-eyed world; and—somehow, in a rush—fled down the stairs to the street.



SHE STOOD A MOMENT ON THE STOOP

The corner lamp-post set Eleanor right, verifying her surmise that the conductor's carelessness had conspired with her own absence of thought to set her feet in a street one block removed from that which she had sought. In the next street to the south she found a building in whose entry-way she was, this time, at pains to pause long enough to search out upon the list of tenants the title and estate of "Gerald Donovan, Artist."

Here, as in the first instance, she found two long flights of stairs, with the deep corridor at the top, upon which four doors stood ajar, the fifth, and last, being shut. But here, if she required further reassurance, she found it in the circumstance of her trunk, at rest before the closed door; and, superimposed upon it, his back to the rear window, the figure of one whom she hastily assumed to be the expressman patiently awaiting his receipt.

As she hurried toward him the man arose. "You've kept me waiting the deuce of a while, Nelly," he complained, by way of greeting; "most all of an hour."

The girl stopped short with a brief exclamation of displeasure: "George Inglis!"

That person shaped his thin lips into a deprecatory smile. His pale eyes remained mirthless. "I'd begun to worry about you—really!" he protested.

"You had no right," asserted Eleanor shortly. "Why have you followed me?"

"I had to see you, Nelly," explained Inglis in an injured tone. "Got your letter last night—came to town this morning—found your house closed—bit of a Sherlock Holmes, you know—easy to trace you."

"If I had wished you to, don't you suppose I would have sent you my address?"

The man smiled, furtively apologetic, and began to slip off one of his immaculate chamois gloves. "I felt it was my duty——"

"You are wasting your time, Mr. Inglis," interposed the girl decidedly, but not unkindly.

"But, really, it isn't——ah——right, you know——"

"What is not right?"—sharply.

Inglis waved the yellow glove comprehensively. "All this sort of thing—you know—girl of your standing—no chaperon—ah——"

Key in hand, Eleanor straightened up from exploration beneath the door-mat. "George Inglis," she enunciated with deliberation, "you weary me. You always did, I think. Please go 'way."

"Besides," he persisted, producing an object for which he had been fumbling in his waistcoat pocket, "I want to know what this means." He nodded toward the slender hoop of gold, set with a single, coruscating stone, as though he held it evidence of some absolutely heartless perfidy of hers.

"That? I sent it back," Eleanor flashed impatiently. "That has only one meaning that I know of."

Inglis bethought himself to look aggrieved. "But, Nelly, it's always been understood——"

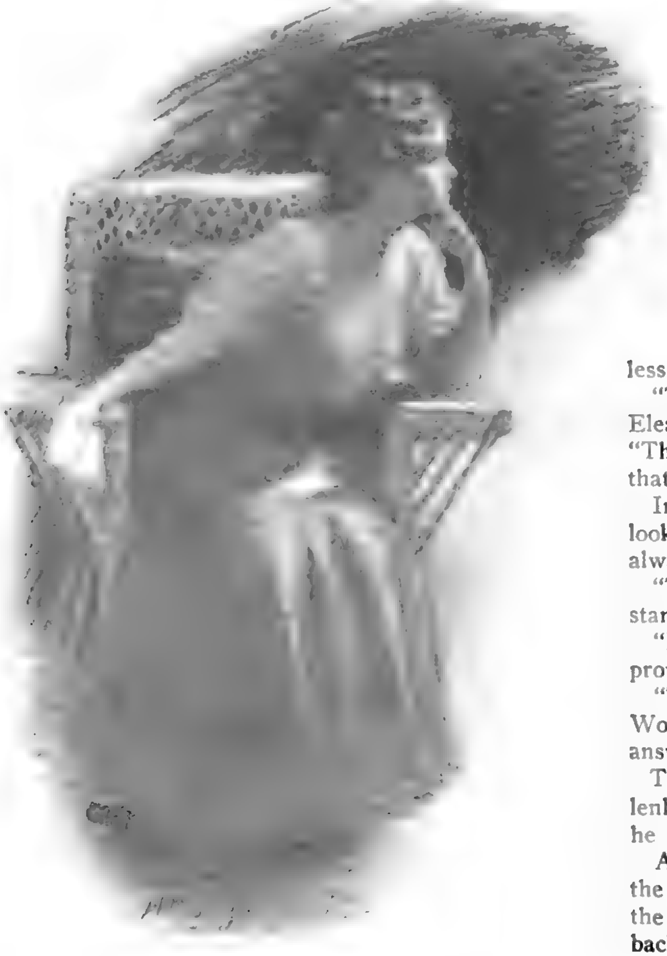
"Then it's time the misunderstanding was corrected!"

"But your parents approved——"

"That was a long time ago. Won't you please take no for an answer, George?"

The man's lips tightened sullenly. "I refuse to release you," he said.

Anger flickered ominously in the girl's eyes. She unlocked the studio door, and, with her back to it, turned. "Please do go," she reiterated, still patient. "I've changed my mind——"



IN THIS POSE PENOYER FOUND HER

"I haven't. I refuse to take back the ring." Inglis attempted to capture her hand; she withdrew it quickly. The ring slipped from his fingers, fell, bounced, and settled at her feet.

Eleanor's lip curled. "You'd better not leave it there. A charwoman might find it, and then you'd be obliged to pay for it."

She darted suddenly into the studio and shut the door.

Inglis made as if to follow; reconsidered, glaring malevolently at the inexpressive panels; took three strides towards the stair-head; hesitated; turned back, snatched up the ring, and disappeared.

Consistently Eleanor employed the remainder of the afternoon and the best part of the evening in vacillation, her humor of two complexions: she would, she would not, return to pose for Penoyer's Brown Study. At bed-time, she wouldn't, and fell asleep placidly convinced that she had chosen the safer course. She awoke as unshakably determined. At nine she was knuckling a timid knock on Penoyer's studio door.

The matter-of-course reception he accorded her proved annoying. Penoyer himself was exasperatingly wrapped up in his work; he got at it immediately, with deft, confident brush-strokes building upon the groundwork of his brilliant sketch a living womanly incarnation of the charming mystery that Miss Rowan was to him. When the girl was permitted to inspect the result of the morning's work, she forgave him. And on the morrow returned—this time a trace more confidently.

She was slipping without a wrench from the old-time ordered routine to the new, so strangely unrestricted. No one, not even George Inglis—certainly no regret for him—troubled her. She was naïvely happy and contented.

On the third morning she assumed her pose in the basket-chair with a sigh of sheer delight, to be there. At the easel the young man painted steadily through a still, singing half-hour. Then came interruption—a rap on the door, which, as always, stood ajar, the opening protected by a screen. The girl neither moved nor turned her head as the painter went to answer—smothering an exclamation of annoyance.

"Oh," he said, none too graciously. "hello, Inglis."

"May I come in?"

The girl steeled herself to absolute immobility; there was no mistaking George Inglis's affected drawl.

"Why—yes," assented Penoyer at the door. Nothing disconcerted, Inglis entered. Out of a corner of her eye Eleanor saw that he was in riding costume.

"On my way to the Park, old chap," he explained airily. "Hope I don't intrude? See you've got a model?"

"Yes," Penoyer agreed to the obvious. "I'm working."

"Go right ahead," Inglis protested. "Don't mind me. I'll just prowl round and see what you've got."

"Help yourself," Penoyer told him curtly. "Pardon my going on."

Inglis stole about, spurs clashing, pausing now to eye a framed study, again to turn to the light a canvas that had been placed face to the wall. At intervals he ventured comment, complimentary or otherwise, which the painter received with unbroken equanimity. Once Inglis was smitten with admiration by the studio's one expensive bit of furniture—a mahogany escritoire in a splendid state of preservation.

"Fine thing, this," he enthused, waving his riding-crop. "Sheraton?"

"Chippendale," corrected its owner.

"Care to sell it?"

"I'm not running an antique shop," retorted Penoyer, offended.

"Oh, of course not, old chap—beg pardon."

Inglis turned and stood staring at the girl for several moments in silence. Presently he joined Penoyer before the easel. After a pause he enquired when it would be finished. "In three days," said Penoyer.

"And what're you asking?"

"For this?" There followed a prolonged silence. The girl understood that Penoyer for the first time was permitting himself to view his handiwork with a detached, impersonal eye. He shook his head gently.

"I don't think I care to sell."

"No?" queried Inglis in counterfeit surprise. "It's very—ah—interesting, you know."

"Yes, I know," agreed Penoyer in a dry tone that closed the conversation.

Shortly after, Inglis took his departure without betraying any resentment of the painter's lack of cordiality. He said nothing about returning; Eleanor dared hope that he would not. What she did not dare hope was that he would refrain from annoying her by a call at her studio; but in this apprehension she was pleasantly disappointed. The fourth sitting, too, was marked by no interruption of any sort; the fifth only by a curious change in Penoyer's demeanor.

She remarked that he seemed to be working with a devotion notably less sedulous; for minutes at a time he would stand motionless, brush poised, eyes dwelling upon his model with an effect of profound brooding slightly tinged with melancholy. She discovered that those eyes did not always smile; that they could be even somber and weary. What could it be? Was he . . . poor? She found it hard to understand poverty, but all that morning she tried to, and sat strengthening her determination to refuse her daily stipend, when dismissed at noon. When the time came her resolution evaporated. But Penoyer did not pay her, after all.

Next morning, however, he proved unexpectedly normal; his careworn manner had disappeared. So, she discovered presently, had the Chippendale escritoire. During the following rest Penoyer surprised her by producing three one-dollar bills.

"Oh, by the way!" he said, "I forgot to settle up yesterday. Careless of me! But this covers both yesterday and to-day."

"Thank you," she said, stricken with compassion which she dared not give its way. So it had been poverty, after all! And he had parted with his beloved bit of Chippendale to get money to pay her!—and that when, only a day or so before, he had refused to name a price for one of his paintings. Why? Because it was her portrait? A soft color flooded her face. Her eyes grew brilliant.

There came a knock at the door. The girl caught her breath sharply, stabbed by a pang of intuition. She sat up suddenly, then sank back into the chair, hearing Penoyer greet Inglis as if their voices came from a great distance.

"'Morning, Pen. Couldn't forget that study of yours, you know, and thought I'd drop up for another look. It's great, you know—immense."

"I'm glad you like it," returned Penoyer.

A slight pause followed, Inglis, assured, at gaze before the easel, Penoyer standing to one side, his glance wavering between the model and the portrait.

"You haven't changed your mind, have you?" Inglis advanced at length.

"About what?" Penoyer parried uneasily.

"Selling."

Penoyer hesitated. "It's—it's quite the best thing I've done . . ."

"Well?" interrupted Inglis insolently. "You don't want five thousand, do you?"

Penoyer blushed painfully. "No," he said slowly; "you know very well my work's not worth so much, to-day. But I do want a thousand."

"You'll sell for that?"

"Yes—for cash," Penoyer conceded.

"Will a cheque next Monday do you?"

"Ye-es . . . "

"Done!" Inglis slapped his puttee exultantly with his riding-crop. The girl was conscious of his glance upon her, informed with extravagant malice. She sat sunk in ineffable misery, deaf to his concluding remarks as, pleading an engagement, he made off, too politic to linger and gloat over her discomfiture, lest Penoyer should find cause to change his mind again.

As he went, another took his place at the door, a student occupying one of the other rooms in the building, asking Penoyer to step into his "place" for two minutes and help him out with some technical difficulty. The painter followed him. Eleanor was left alone.

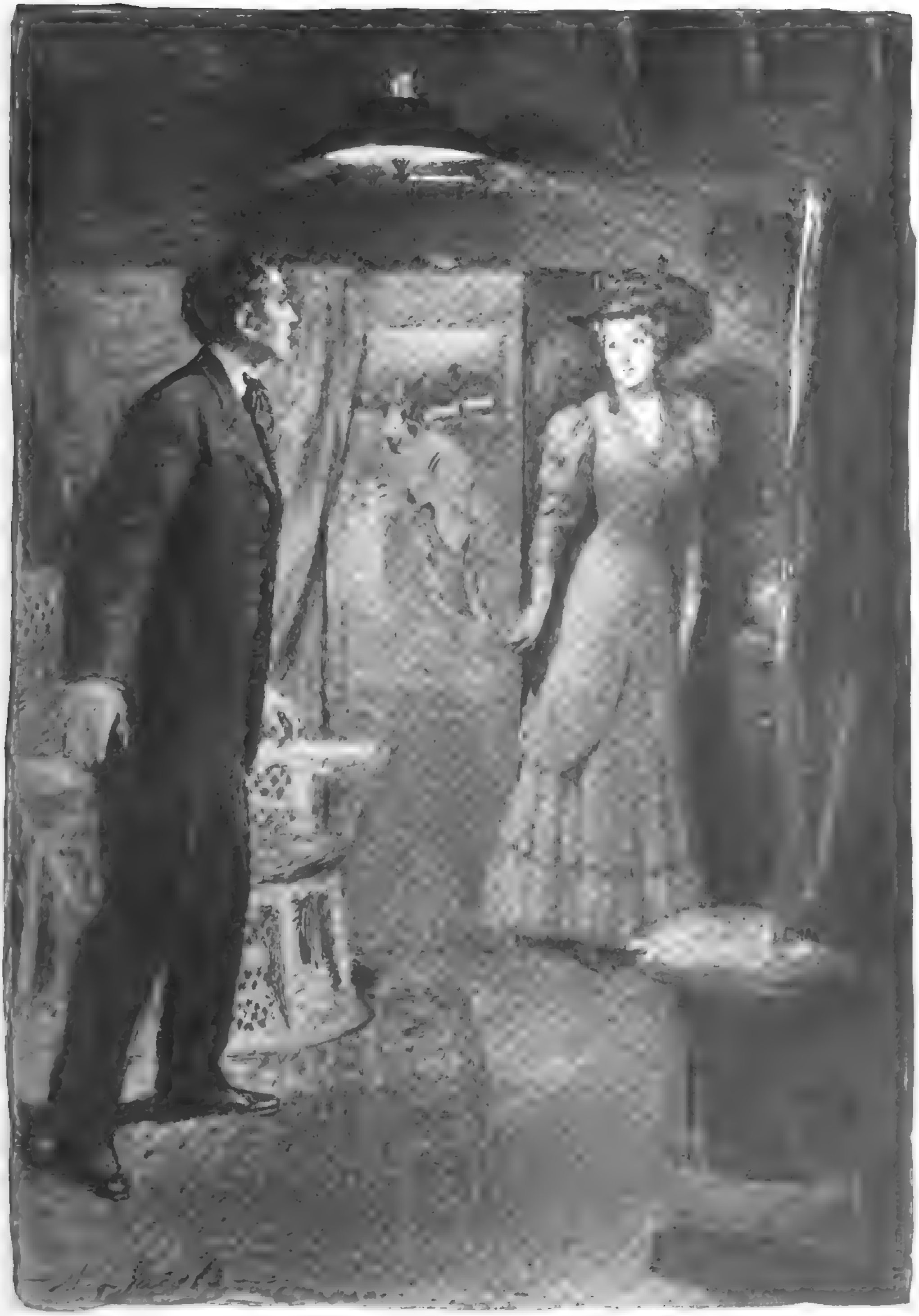
Abruptly she left the chair, feeling only that she could not remain to face Penoyer again.

She struggled dazedly into her coat, put on her hat, and darted quickly down the empty corridor, blind with anguish.

In the dull warm dusk of evening she returned, timing herself to reach Penoyer's studio at an hour when he would most probably be absent, dining. But even if he were there, she was determined. . . .

The studio was empty. Only, in the middle of the floor, rose the gaunt framework of the easel that held The Brown Study, now invisible behind its dust-curtain.

With an inaudible sigh of relief the girl pushed the door to. Beneath the skylight



"CAN'T YOU," SHE PLEADED IN A LOW VOICE. "AREN'T YOU BRAVE ENOUGH——"

she paused to examine her purse and reassure herself as to the safety of its contents—ten one-hundred dollar bills, newly drawn from her bank that same afternoon.

Thrusting the curtain aside, with adroit fingers she unfastened the canvas and lifted it to the floor. The curtain fell back into place. The portrait itself was not too large for her to carry through the darkening streets, in that neighborhood where the sight of art students carrying their work about was nothing uncommon, even in daylight. And then she hesitated, temporarily at a loss for a place to leave the bills, where Penoyer would be sure to find them, where another would not think of looking. . . .

In the corridor footsteps sounded. A man laughed briefly, and then she heard Penoyer's voice, subdued and steady. In panic she cast about for a hiding place. . . .

His footsteps were approaching, but an interruption gave her an instant's advantage. Someone called his name from the stairway, and he stopped to reply.

"Hello?"

"Penoyer?" Her heart leaped and fell: it was Inglis. "I say, Pen, I want to see you a moment."

Trembling with dismay the girl seized the canvas and bore it with her behind the screen, from which refuge she heard Penoyer somewhat coldly invite Inglis to "Come in, then." And the two men entered. A match was lighted; a gas jet flared. Then the painter's voice: "Well?" —with a note of weariness.

"I got your note at the club." Inglis spoke with restrained heat. "I want to know——"

"Doesn't the note explain itself? I've decided not to sell."

"But—damn it!—you agreed; a bargain's a bargain. I intend to hold you——"

"You'll find that a hard job. I won't sell. That's final."

"I suppose you think you'll get a higher price by holding it."

"Possibly?"

"Well, I can inform you that you're wasting your time. Eleanor——"

"You mean Miss Rowan? What about her?"

"You don't mean to say you don't know she's my fiancee?"

A pause; then Penoyer, slowly: "No-o, I didn't know that. Furthermore, I don't believe it. Circumstances don't bear out your statement."

"Why, you damned little fortune-hunter——"

"Inglis!" Penoyer cut him short in a tone so imperative that the man's rage choked him. "Before I throw you out of that door, sir, I give you two minutes to explain just what you mean by that."

"Mean!" Inglis snarled. "I mean you know well enough she's got a small fortune in her own right, and that you're refusing to sell me this portrait in order to make a gallery-play——"

"That's enough," interrupted Penoyer. "Now—I'll throw you out of the door for your insolence, anyway; but first I want to say something. . . . I didn't know this. I only agreed to sell the picture to get money enough to ask her to marry me. Apparently she resented the sale; she ran away, and I've no notion where to find her. Now, Mr. Inglis, out you go!"

There was a scuffle of feet; a sound of hurried breathing; an oath from Inglis, and an abrupt, heavy fall in the corridor. Then: "Had enough?" inquired Penoyer from the threshold.

But Mr. Inglis was satisfied, it appeared. With some indications of haste, he departed. Penoyer turned back into the studio and stopped still with a little cry of rueful wonder: "Oh-h! . . . "

Eleanor stood by the edge of the screen, poised timorously, as if on the point of flight. But she met his gaze with eyes lambent with the light of her divine courage.

For a space neither moved, nor spoke. Then Penoyer shook his head, smiling sadly.

"Of course," said he, "you heard. I . . . I don't know what to say to you, Miss Rowan. I . . . "

With an adorable gesture she raised her hands and held them out to him. "Can't you," she pleaded in a low voice broken by a little, fluttering catch—"Aren't you brave enough to say to me now what you said a moment ago, when you thought. . . . "

But Penoyer was saying more.

Is Christianity on the Decline?

By Thomas Dixon, Jr.

Author of "The Clansman," "The Leopard's Spots," etc.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—In 1840 New York City, with a population of 317,710, had one church to every eighteen hundred inhabitants. To-day there is hardly one church to every four thousand of its four and one-half million population, counting all mission halls as churches. These are astounding figures. What do they mean? Are the churches behind the times? Are we drifting toward the rocks upon which pagan Rome was wrecked?

Mr. Dixon, whose ministry in New York for years was marked by the same earnest intensity and eloquence that characterize him as a novelist and playwright, answers these questions fairly, squarely, thoughtfully. His report is a revelation that must gravely concern every thinking man and woman, regardless of creed.

NEW YORK City, for the past generation the center of the commerce, society, art, literature and politics of the Western hemisphere, has recently become the financial center of the world, and therefore the capital of modern civilization. The feet of more than four millions daily press her pavements. In mere volume of population she is the equal of the states of Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina. A single one of her citizens possesses wealth greater than the valuation of all the property of the state of North Carolina, the historic cradle of American democracy, which covers fifty thousand square miles and supports a population of more than two millions. Two of her citizens of Scottish descent possess more wealth than the total holdings of all the Jews of America.

If wealth is power over men, by what standard can we measure the colossal forces gathering here for the final test of supremacy?

Beyond a doubt the walls of this modern Babylon frame the furnace in which are being tried by fire the faiths, hopes and dreams of the centuries past and to come.

In this burning center of human progress is religion increasing or losing its hold on man?

To ask the question is to answer it. The churches of New York are not only failing to hold their own, but their influence is dying so swiftly and quietly that even the death struggle fails to attract the attention of the millions who daily pass their doors.

Progress or retrogression is the law of life. Nothing that lives can merely hold its own. A man must either grow better or worse, wiser or more stupid, stronger or weaker. To stop is to die.

It is a sad and startling fact that the growth of the churches and the growth of population show that the vital powers of religion have declined steadily and rapidly in New York during the past forty years, and at no time so rapidly as within the past decade.

The nominal net increase of membership in the Baptist churches, as one instance, during the past quarter of a century, is so small that it need not be counted. It is less than one fourth the birth rate of their own membership. The Baptists not only have failed to gain anything from the outside, they have actually lost two-thirds of the children born in their own homes.

The Methodists, who practise infant baptism, have gained nothing from the outside and lost one-half the children born within the church.

The Presbyterians, with their great wealth and powerful churches, have managed to hold two-thirds of their own children without gaining an inch on the dark mass outside.

But this record of church rolls does not tell half the pathetic truth. The rolls of to-day are not kept as they were twenty-five years ago. Then church enrollment meant an accurate summary of active members. Now some of the churches pad their rolls with the names of the dead, on the plea that their establishment extends over this world and the next! One of these curious mushroom records was brought to light some years ago by a fire. The roll contained the names of four thousand people. When the ashes cooled and a complete inventory was taken by the insurance company, less than two hundred members could be found!

WHERE ARE THE MILLION?

The truth is there are fewer Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians in New York to-day than there were twenty-five years ago, though the city's population has been more than doubled. The rapid extinction of churches of these denominations in Manhattan during the past decade shows this. In 1896 the Baptists reported sixty-four churches. Last year they only claimed forty-eight. Many of these claims are pitiful absurdities—mere names of mission halls and soup kitchens, supported by the charity of one or two rich men. One-half of them represent hopes as yet unfulfilled.

The same thing is true of the Methodists, who reported seventy-three churches in 1896 and only claim fifty-nine in 1907. The Presbyterians reported seventy-one in 1896 and only fifty-seven last year.

In the year 1840 New York city had one church to every eighteen hundred in population. Last year we could not find one church to four thousand population, counting all our soup kitchens and mission halls as "churches."

There are many sections of the city which are practically pagan. One district of sixteen thousand population, which is typical of many more, has one saloon to one hundred and eleven inhabitants, and one church to 8,196.

In another large district there are some fifty thousand inhabitants, with a saloon to every two hundred people and a church to every ten thousand. In the section between Twenty-fourth and Fifty-ninth Streets west of Ninth Avenue there is but one church to fifteen thousand; while the district between Fortieth and Sixty-fourth Streets west of Tenth Avenue contains 46,563 people, and has but one church.

And the sad part of the story is that many of these churches that are reckoned on the map as living and performing their duties to these vast populations are dead and don't know it.

The Federal census of 1890 gave us our first reliable religious statistics. It showed one hundred and thirty-five thousand Protestant communicants in New York (Manhattan Borough). Less than thirty-five thousand of these are men. That is to say, out of a male population of one million we have about three per cent. who are church members. Not more than half these people enrolled as church members go to church. I counted the people present at a regular Sunday service on a beautiful day in one of our largest Presbyterian churches with a roll of two thousand five hundred members and seats for seventeen hundred. There were exactly four hundred and twenty-five present! A prosperous self-supporting New York church will never average more than thirty-five per cent. of its members present at its Sunday services. There are never more than sixteen thousand men in attendance at all our Protestant churches in Manhattan. Where are the other million? They have built clubs and lodges. There are five hundred clubs and a thousand lodges in New York.

MAUSOLEUMS OF DRY BONES

I shall never forget my first experience in one of these great metropolitan churches. I came fresh from the far-off South some twenty years ago, full of fire and holy zeal. I knew the sacred edifice had seats for fifteen hundred, and that its roll numbered more than sixteen hundred members. My own village church barely seated four hundred. I dreamed of a sea of eager, living faces. An extempore speaker, I always thoroughly prepared my notes and line of argument, but trusted to the inspiration of the hour to give me my best expression. The eventful morning came. I hurried to the great building with eager footstep. I shall never forget the sight which greeted me as I stepped briskly through the gothic arched door behind the pulpit. It was incredible. I stumbled into the big lonely chair, the blood in my veins frozen at the horror before me — a desert of empty benches, with just eighty human beings scattered among them! With staring eyes and chattering teeth I slowly counted them, and then in a dazed stupor began the services. I tried to preach, but couldn't. The dry smell of that silent, solemn, awful mausoleum—the sight of those prim, elderly women and a few fidgety old men and bald-headed, wooden-faced clerks of forty glancing up at me from their lonely perches took all the soul out of me. I made the most stupid failure of my life. It makes me shiver to think of that December morning now. It's true I managed to make those dry bones rattle considerably during the twelve years of my subsequent ministry, but I found that my initial experience was the rule and not the exception in New York churches.

A reporter recently made the rounds of four churches on a beautiful Sunday morning and this was his count: In one he found one hundred and twenty-five people, in another thirty-four, another twenty-five and another one hundred and twelve. The next Sunday he tried four more and found fifty-six in one, forty-eight in another, twenty-seven and twenty-three in the other two.

Are our churches willing to become simply homes for the aged, the infirm, and the feeble-minded, or kindergartens for children young and old?

APPLIES TO ALL SECTS AND CREEDS

While I have used the facts relating to Protestant churches as the basis of the statement of the religious condition of the city, Roman Catholicism makes relatively as sad a showing. The United States of America is the bottomless whirlpool into which millions of Roman Catholics have poured during the past generation, never to rise again. Since 1820 we have received about twenty-five million immigrants. At least fifteen million of them were Roman Catholics, and yet with eighty-six years of growth and the most prolific birth rate of any of our classes of people Rome can only count about ten million nominal adherents, including their total parish population of men, women and children. Counting the children born of Catholic parents, the church of Rome has lost about eight million of her own people in America during the past eighty-six years.

New York shows that it has been the growth of our great cities which largely accounts for this loss. Our foreign-born population and children of foreign-born parents count eighty per cent. of the total in New York. The Catholic communicant population of Manhattan by the Federal census of 1890 is only 380,000—twenty per cent! An examination of the sources of our immigration shows that fifty-eight per cent. of it is Roman Catholic. This should have given the Catholic church an aggregate of 972,000. It was actually only 380,000, showing a loss in New York City alone of 592,000.

A GRAVEYARD OF PREACHERS

What are some of the causes of the decay of organic Christianity in New York?

They are not far to seek.

The ministry is largely composed of men shackled by traditions. They are enfeebled by the exhaustion of a life spent in spluttering over trifles, and their consciousness of defeat robs them of the power of achievement. "Defeat is for him who acknowledges it, disgrace for him who accepts it." Many of our preachers have acknowledged defeat and the dumb misery of the sense of failure devitalizes their efforts.

A New Yorker said to his neighbor one day: "How do you account for the small attendance of our churches?"

"Can't account for it at all!" replied his friend. "I went to one of them the other night myself, and for the life of me I couldn't make out what under heaven brought so many people there as I saw. It's beyond me!"

Henry Ward Beecher has no successor in our metropolitan churches. The intellectual giant who thinks for himself and speaks with absolute freedom what he thinks has practically disappeared from our pulpits.

Manhattan Island has for forty years been the largest graveyard of preachers in America. Toward the dazzling light of its brilliant life they flock from the smaller cities, and against its adamantine surface dash their brains out like bewildered birds around a storm-beaten lighthouse. They start enthusiastically and work well for a few months, perhaps a few years, and then quietly die. A prophetic, authoritative ministry has ceased to exist in New York. The preachers are compelled to say what their church members wish to hear. The minute they dare to interpret freedom of speech to mean anything else they lose their jobs.

The churchgoer, therefore, must hear a parrot, not a prophet.

Nor does the future hold any hope of improvement. Quite the contrary. The heads of our theological schools complain that the young men who are entering the ministry to-day are distinctly inferior in brain and character to the average theological student of twenty-five years ago. This is the cry from every sacred institution in America. Why? Not because of the mania for money making as it is commonly supposed. Our young men are still dreamers and idealists. The church no longer attracts the brightest and noblest minds for the simple reason that it has ceased to offer a field large enough for the imagination of our poets. Is not the atmosphere of our churches enfeebling and belittling? The business of a modern preacher in a Metropolitan church is to coddle the saints and waste his life in pusillanimous struggles with his officials over trifles. New York will pay attention only to big ideas presented in big ways, while our churches are all run on the peanut politician plan according to the sacred traditions of the elders.

THE CALL OF THE CHURCH

One of the paradoxes of modern civilization is the benumbing, death-breathing influences of official church life on its members. For example, the richest man in the world, John D. Rockefeller. Take him all in all, he is the greatest man I have ever known—a man with the will and the brain of a Cæsar. He has spent a life thinking big thoughts and doing big deeds. His personality is essentially optimistic, positive, creative, inspiring. No other type of man could have organized the gigantic business associated with his name. Yet when he enters the church he is a contented, commonplace officer of a little Baptist church in New York, housed in a little dingy, ugly building, squatting on an obscure side street and misnamed the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church! It is enough to make the devil laugh to see this giant among men step softly among the hoary traditions of this lame and utterly inefficient establishment!

RICHES AND RELIGION

Some time ago a man who was serving a life sentence for murder was pardoned by the Governor. After fifty years, he emerged from prison a gray-haired, bent old man, and suddenly entered a new world. He walked the streets of New York with unceasing wonder and gazed upon the Brooklyn bridges as supernatural miracles. He shivered beneath the towering buildings, afraid they would fall and crush him. The city he once knew had grown from three hundred thousand inhabitants to the huge metropolis of four million. What a strange world from the old one he had known! Human slavery had been abolished and the nation after its baptism of blood had risen to a new life. The German Empire had been created, the sun of Japan had risen above the crags of Port Arthur, and the map of the earth had been made over again. The seas were no more. Steam and electricity had brought Liverpool nearer to New York than San Francisco, and transformed our planet into a great whispering gallery. The cylinder press had brought universal education from the realm of dreams to a commonplace of daily life. Old things had passed away, except the churches and their methods. Had he entered here he would have found them trying to do things exactly as their fathers before them—in an age of lightning progress, their methods a solecism, stupid, irrational, criminal!

The progress of the world is steadily and rapidly toward democracy, while the tendency of the Church is stupidly, blindly, persistently toward the maintenance of an aristocracy. Crowds of workingmen in New York frequently hiss the name of the Church and cheer the name of Jesus Christ.

Most of our church members are over forty years of age and rich or well-to-do. A shabbily dressed man without references will generally seek in vain for admission. Yet to-day the common people rule the world. Empires are but the dung heaps out of which republics grow. The time was when kings and princes filled the pages of human history. Now the historian records the life of the common people. The eyes of the world are on the masses. For them the scientist toils and the artist dreams. Literature, which once fawned at the feet of titled fools, now tells the story of the humblest lives. The great man of wealth aspires no longer to hoard his millions for his wife and children. He plans and builds to uplift and teach the masses. So swift has been the progress of this ideal of the widest human service that the millionaire who dies to-day hoarding his millions as his own is hissed while he lives and boldly and publicly cursed while his body lies in state.

In short, the ethical purpose of the humanity of our century is fixed upon the uplifting and ennobling of the masses.

VICTORY BY RETREAT

The church which does not seek to reach the common people is a caricature of the religion of Jesus Christ, who was born poor, lived and died poor. The foxes had holes, the birds of the air nests, but He had not where to lay His head.

How has the church in New York met the problem of reaching the masses? By taking to its heels and running away from them. The only serious movement of any kind among our churches in the past generation has been purely geographical. They have moved up-town, away from the millions who need them and huddled cowardlike among the sparsely settled sections of the rich, who need them least of all. Hence we have districts of fifty thousand people with but a single church.

They have moved up-town to preach dead theologies to their members beyond the reach of the unwashed crowds. These preachers are still solemnly telling their members that they can learn the truth only from the dark ages when the science of medicine consisted in bleeding, chemistry was a black art, astronomy the profession of a fakir, and electricity was held a manifestation of the devil or the shekinah of God! Knowledge is the inheritance of all mankind except the orthodox preacher. He must not taste of the tree of knowledge under penalty of death. Is it any wonder the brightest spirits turn in terror from such a calling, or that the mind of youth, fired by the inspiration of universal culture, refuses to stultify itself by listening to such teachers?

THEATRES CROWDED—CHURCHES EMPTY

But perhaps the most startling fact of all is that while the churches have been dying for the past twenty-five years, the city has been steadily growing better, cleaner, more powerful and more beautiful. When I came to New York on January 11, 1884, there were not more than a dozen decent theatres in the city and a large number of disreputable establishments conducted under a theatre license. To-day there are more than fifty first-class theatres magnificently housed and equipped and not one of the disreputable type which flourished then. The atmosphere of our amusements to-day is cleaner, saner and more wholesome from every point of view and the number of people who attend them ten times greater. In fact, the number of people who attend the theatres now vastly outnumber those who attend the churches.

In 1884 the social evil flaunted its scarlet signs from a hundred blocks abandoned without protest, while its painted women thronged the sidewalks and hung out of the windows openly plying their trade. No such sights greet the man who visits New York to-day.

Then men were allowed to build the flimsiest death-trap tenements without hindrance. These buildings are rapidly disappearing, never to rise again. Then our streets were foul and ill-smelling, our water supply inadequate, our breathing spaces few and far between. To-day our streets are comparatively clean and wholesome, our water pure and plentiful, and our parks the pride of the people. Then our city politics were corrupt beyond belief. To-day, even under the rule of the ancient Tammany Tiger, New York is the best governed great city in America, and she is becoming the richest, noblest and most beautiful municipality of the world.

While the old organic religion has been dying, a vast church has been slowly growing outside the church. Here the real heart of modern humanity beats. Here millions drift awaiting the call of the prophet whose genius shall create new forms in which to direct divine energies.

The Thing in the Hall

By E. F. Benson

Author of "Dodo," "Sheaves," etc.

Illustrations by Franklin Booth

THE following pages are the account given me by Dr. Assheton of the Thing in the hall. I took notes, as copious as my hand allowed me, from his dictation, and subsequently read to him this narrative in its digested and connected form. This was on the day before his death, which, indeed, probably occurred within an hour after I had left him. I had to give evidence concerning this before the coroner's jury. Only a week before Dr. Assheton had to give similar evidence, but as a medical expert, with regard to the death of his friend, Louis Fielder, which occurred in a manner identical with his own. As a specialist, he said he believed that his friend had committed suicide while of unsound mind, and the verdict was brought in accordingly. But in the inquest held over Dr. Assheton's body, though the verdict eventually returned was the same, there was more room for doubt.

For I had to state that only shortly before his death, I read what follows to him; that he corrected me with extreme precision on a few points of detail, that he seemed perfectly himself, and that at the end he used these words:

"I am quite certain as a brain specialist that I am completely sane, and that these things happened not merely in my imagination, but in the external world. If I had to give evidence again about poor Louis, I should be compelled to take a different line. Please put that down at the end of your account, or at the beginning, if it arranges itself better so."

There will be a few words I must add at the end of this story, and a few words of explanation to precede it. Briefly, they are these:

Francis Assheton and Louis Fielder were up at Cambridge together, and there formed the friendship that lasted nearly till their death. In general attributes no two men could have been less alike, for while Dr. Assheton had become at the age of thirty-five the first and final authority on his subject, which was the functions and diseases of the brain, Louis Fielder, at the same age, was still on the threshold of achievement. Assheton, apparently without any brilliancy at all, had by plodding and incessant work arrived at the top of his profession, while Fielder, brilliant at school, brilliant at college and brilliant ever afterwards, had never done anything. He was too eager, so it seemed to his friends, to set about the dreary work of accomplishment; he was for ever learning, and prying, and striking out luminous ideas. But at bottom the two men had this compelling interest in common, namely, an insatiable curiosity after the unknown, perhaps the most potent bond yet devised between the solitary units that make up the race of man. The rest of the story, I think, explains itself—or does not quite do so.

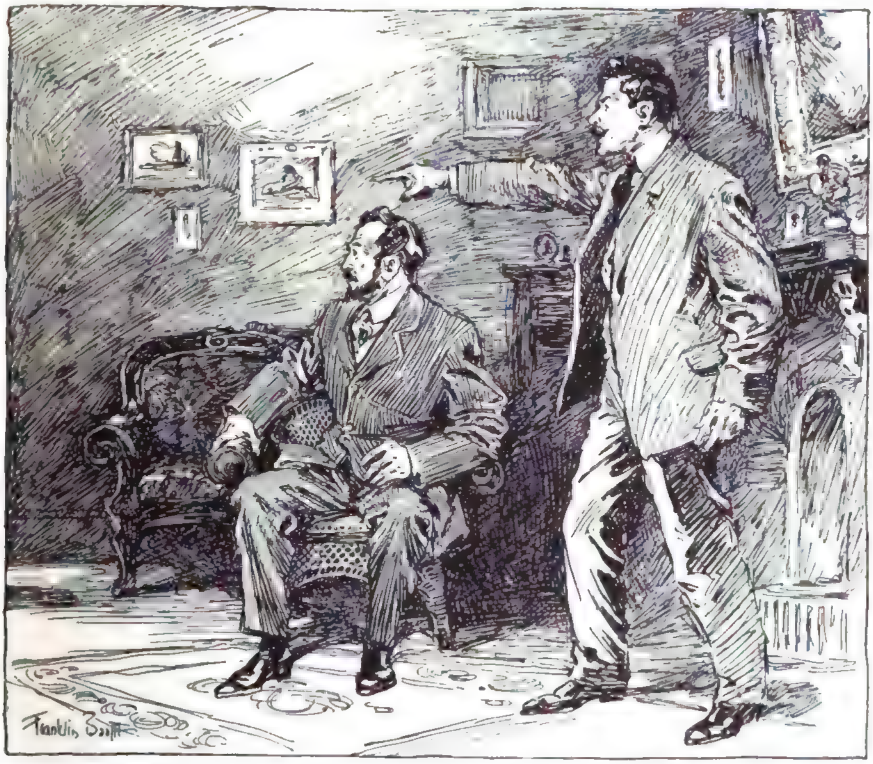
This is what I read to Dr. Assheton, being the connected narrative of what he had himself told me.

"After I returned from Paris, where I had studied under Charcot, I set up practice at home. The general doctrine of hypnotism, suggestion, and cure by such means had been accepted even in London at this time, and, owing to a few papers I had written on the subject, together with my foreign diplomas, I found that I was a busy man almost as soon as I had arrived in town. Louis Fielder had his ideas about how I should make my début—for he had ideas on every subject, and all of them original—and entreated me to come and live, not in the stronghold of doctors, 'Chloroform Square,' as he called it, but down in Chelsea, where there was a house vacant next his own.

"'Who cares where a doctor lives?' he said, 'so long as he cures people? Besides, you don't believe in old methods; why believe in old localities? Oh, there is an atmosphere of painless death in Chloroform Square! Come and make people live instead! And on most evenings I shall have much to tell you. I can't "drop in" across half London.'

"Now if you have been abroad for five years, it is a great deal to know that you have any intimate friend left in the metropolis, and, as Louis said, to have that intimate friend next door, is an excellent reason for going next door. Above all, I remembered from Cambridge days, what Louis' 'dropping in' meant. Towards bedtime when work was over, there would come a rapid step on the landing, and for an hour or two hours he would gush with ideas. He simply diffused life, which is ideas, wherever he went. He fed one's brain, which is the one thing that matters.

"I said something of the kind to Louis one night, when, at the end of a busy day, I had dined with him. We were sitting over coffee in the hall, or so it is called, where he takes his meals. Outside his house is just like mine, but on entering, instead of finding a narrow passage with a door on one side, leading into the dining room, which again communicates with a small back room called 'the study,' he has had the sense to eliminate all unnecessary walls, and consequently the whole ground floor of his house is one room, with stairs leading up to the first floor.



HIS VOICE CRACKED. "LOOK, WHAT'S THAT?" HE SAID

"Study, dining-room and passage have been knocked into one; you enter a big room from the front door. The only drawback is that the postman makes loud noises close to you, as you dine, and just as I made these commonplace observations to him about the effect of the brain on the body and the senses, there came a loud rap, somewhere close to me, that was startling.

"'You ought to muffle your knocker,' I said, 'anyhow, during the time of meals.'

"Louis leaned back and laughed.

"'There isn't a knocker,' he said. 'You were startled a week ago, and said the same thing. So I took the knocker off. The letters slide in now. But you heard a knock, did you?'

"'Didn't you?' said I.

"'Why, certainly. But it wasn't the postman. It was the Thing. I don't know what it is. That makes it so interesting.'

"Now if there is one thing that the hypnotist, the believer in unexplained influences, detests and despises, it is the whole root-notion of spiritualism. Drugs are not more opposed to his belief than the exploded, discredited idea of the influence of spirits on our lives. And both are discredited for the same reason; it is easy to understand how brain can act on brain, just as it is easy to understand how body can act on body; but that spirits should rap at furniture and divert the course of events is as absurd as administering phosphorus to strengthen the brain. That was what I thought then.

"However, I knew it was the postman, and instantly rose and went to the door. There were no letters in the box, and I opened the door. The postman was just ascending the steps. He gave the letters into my hand.

"Louis was sipping his coffee when I came back to the table.

"'Have you ever tried table-turning?' he asked. 'It's rather odd.'

"'No, and I have not tried violet-leaves as a cure for cancer,' I said.

"'Oh, try everything,' he said. 'I know that that is your plan, just as it is mine. All these years that you have been away, you have tried all sorts of things, first with no faith, then with faith—Oh, well, to remove mountains.'

"He rang the bell as he spoke, and his servant came up, and cleared the table. While this was being done we strolled about the room, looking at prints, with applause for a Bartolozzi that Louis had bought in the New Cut, and dead silence over a 'Perdita' which he had acquired at considerable cost. Then he sat down again at the table on which we had dined. It was round, and mahogany-heavy, with a central foot divided into claws.

"'Try its weight,' he said; 'see if you can push it about.'

"So I held the edge of it in my hands, and found that I could move it. But that was all; it required the exercise of a good deal of strength to stir it.

"'Now put your hands on the top of it,' he said, 'and see what you can do.'

"We pushed. At least I pushed, and I observed his finger-nails. From pink they grew to white, because of pressure. So I must assume that he pushed, too. Once, as we tried this, the table creaked. But it did not move.

"Then there came a quick, peremptory rap, not, I thought, on the front door, but somewhere in the room.

"'It's the Thing,' said he.

"Now, I suppose it was. But then it seemed only like a challenge to demonstrate its absurdity.

"'For five years, on and off, I've been studying rank spiritualism,' he said. 'I haven't told you before, because I wanted to lay before you certain phenomena, which I can't explain, but which now seem to me to be at my command. You shall see and hear, and then decide if you will help me.'

"'And in order to let me see better, you are proposing to put out the lights,' I said.

"'Yes; you will see why.'

"'I am here as a sceptic,' said I.

"'Scep away,' said he.

"Next moment the room was in darkness except for a very faint glow of firelight. The window curtains were thick and no street illumination penetrated them, and the familiar, cheerful sounds of pedestrian and wheeled traffic came in muffled. I was at the side of the table towards the door; Louis was opposite me, for I could see his figure dimly silhouetted against the glow from the smouldering fire.

"'Put your hands on the table,' he said, 'quite lightly, and—how shall I say it—expect.'

"Still protesting in spirit, I expected. I could hear his breathing rather quickened, and it seemed to me as odd that anybody could find excitement in standing in the dark over a large mahogany table, expecting. Then, through my finger-tips, laid lightly on the table, there began to come a faint vibration, like nothing so much as the vibration through the handle of a kettle when water is beginning to boil inside it. This got gradually more pronounced and violent till it was like the throbbing of a motor-car. It seemed to give off a low humming note. Then quite suddenly the table seemed to slip from under my fingers and began very slowly to revolve.

" 'Keep your hands on it and move with it,' said Louis, and as he spoke I saw his silhouette pass away from in front of the fire, moving as the table moved.

"Then Louis spoke, and his voice was trembling with excitement.

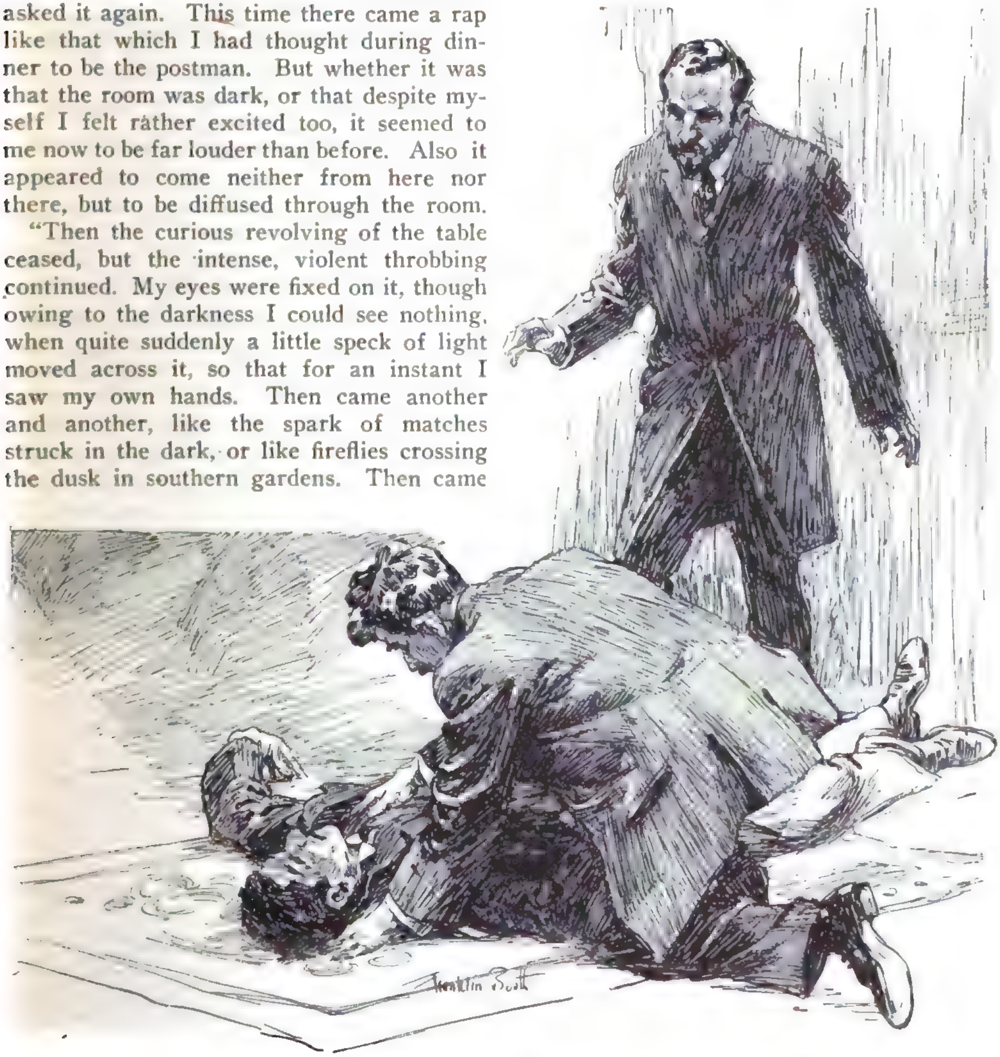
" 'Are you there?' he said.

"There was no reply, of course, and he asked it again. This time there came a rap like that which I had thought during dinner to be the postman. But whether it was that the room was dark, or that despite myself I felt rather excited too, it seemed to me now to be far louder than before. Also it appeared to come neither from here nor there, but to be diffused through the room.

"Then the curious revolving of the table ceased, but the intense, violent throbbing continued. My eyes were fixed on it, though owing to the darkness I could see nothing, when quite suddenly a little speck of light moved across it, so that for an instant I saw my own hands. Then came another and another, like the spark of matches struck in the dark, or like fireflies crossing the dusk in southern gardens. Then came another knock of snattering loudness and the throbbing of the table ceased, and the lights vanished.

"Such were the phenomena at the first séance at which I was present, but Fielder, it must be remembered, had been studying, 'expecting' he called it, for some years. The knockings would come when his mind, as far as he knew, was entirely occupied in other matters, and sometimes he had even been awakened from sleep by them. The lights were also independent of his volition.

"Now my theory at the time was that all these things were purely subjective in him,



THE COLLAR OF THE MEDIUM WAS CRUMPLED AND TORN and that what he expressed by saying that they were out of his control, meant just that they had become fixed and rooted in the sub-conscious self, of which we know so little, but which, more and more, we see to play so enormous a part in the life of a man. In fact, it is not too much to say that the vast majority of our deeds spring, apparently without volition, from this subconscious self. All hearing is the unconscious exercise of the aural nerve, all seeing of the optic, all walking, all ordinary movement seem to be done without the exercise of will on our part. Nay, more, should we take to some new form of progression, skating for instance, the beginner will learn with falls and difficulty the outside edge, but within a few hours of his having learned his balance on it, he will give no more thought to what he learned so short a time ago as an acrobatic feat than he gives to the placing of one foot before the other.

"I knew that I was myself extremely sensitive to suggestion, and my part in it this evening I believed to be purely that of the receiver of suggestions so vivid that I visualized and heard these phenomena which existed only in the brain of my friend.

"We talked over what had occurred upstairs. His view was that the Thing was trying to communicate with us. According to him it was the Thing that moved the table and tapped, and made us see streaks of light.

"'Yes, but the "Thing",' I interrupted, 'what do you mean? Is it a great-uncle—oh, I have seen so many relatives appear at séances, and heard so many of their dreadful platitudes—or what is it? A spirit? Whose spirit?'

"Louis was sitting opposite to me, and on the little table before us there was an electric light. Looking at him I saw the pupil of his eye suddenly dilate. To the medical man that meant only one thing, terror. But it quickly resumed its normal proportion again.

"Then he got up, and stood in front of the fire.

"'No, I don't think it is a great uncle anybody,' he said. 'I don't know, as I told you, what the Thing is. But if you ask me what my conjecture is, it is that the Thing is an Elemental.'

"'And pray explain further. What is an Elemental?'

"Once again his eye dilated.

"'It will take two minutes,' he said. 'But listen. There are good things in this world, are there not, and bad things. Cancer, I take it, is bad, and—and daffodils are good; honesty is good; lying is bad. Impulses of some sort direct both sides, and some power suggests the impulses. Well, I went into this spiritualistic business impartially. I learned to 'expect,' to throw open the door into the soul, and I said 'Anyone may come in.' And I think Something has applied for admission, the Thing that tapped and turned the table and struck matches, as you said, across it. Now the direction of evil is in the hands of a power which entrusts its mission to what is called Elementals. Oh, they have been seen; I doubt not that they will be seen again. I did not, and do not, ask good spirits to come in. I don't want "The Church's one foundation" played on a musical box. Nor do I *want* an Elemental. I only throw open the door. I believe the Thing has come into my house, and is establishing communication with me. Oh, I want to go the whole hog. What is it? In the name of Satan, if necessary, what is it? I just want to know.'

"What followed I thought then might easily be an invention of the imagination, but what I believe to have happened was this. A piano with music on it was standing at the far end of the room by the door, and a sudden draught entered the room, so strong that the leaves turned. Next the draught troubled a vase of daffodils and the yellow heads nodded. Then it reached the candles that stood close to us, and they fluttered, burning blue and low. Then it reached me, and the draught was hot, and stirred my hair. Then it eddied, so to speak, and went across to Louis, and his hair also moved, as I could see. Then it went downwards towards the fire, and flames suddenly started up in its path, blown upwards. The rug by the fireplace flapped also.

"'Funny, wasn't it?' he asked.

"'And has the Elemental gone up the chimney?' said I.

"'Oh, no,' said he, 'the Thing only passed us.'

"Then suddenly he pointed at the wall

just behind my chair, and his voice cracked as he spoke.

"'Look, what's that?' he said. 'There on the wall.'

"Considerably startled I turned in the direction of his shaking finger. The wall was pale grey in tone, and sharp-cut against it was a shadow that, as I looked, moved. It was like the shadow of some enormous slug, legless and fat, some two feet high by about four feet long. Only at one end of the Thing was a head shaped like the head of a seal, with open mouth and panting tongue.

"Then even as I looked it faded, and from somewhere close at hand there sounded another of those shattering knocks.

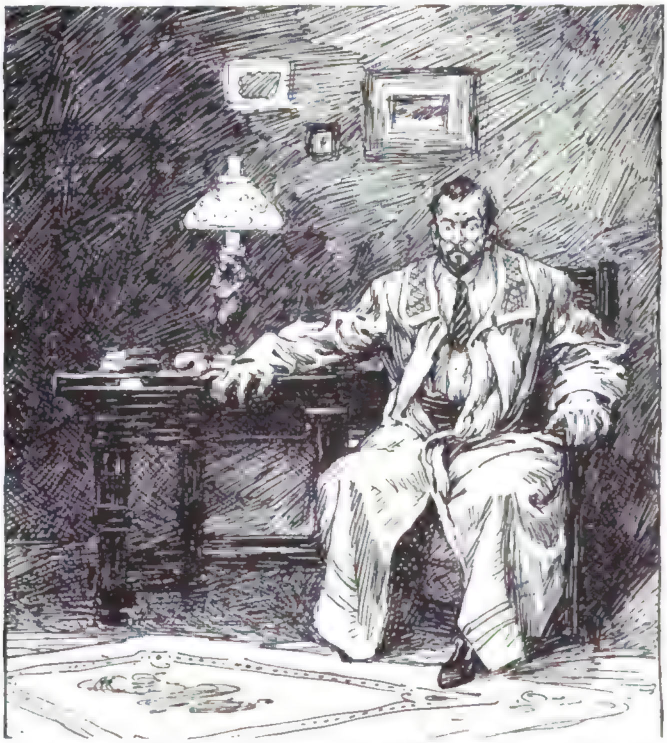
"For a moment after there was silence between us, and horror was thick as snow in the air. But somehow neither Louis nor I was frightened for more than one moment. The whole thing was so absorbingly interesting.

"'That's what I mean by its being outside my control,' he said. 'I said I was ready for any—any visitor to come in, and by God we've got a beauty!'

"Now I was still, even in spite of the appearance of this shadow, quite convinced that I was only taking observations of a most curious case of disordered brain accompanied by the most vivid and remarkable thought transference. I believed that I had not seen a slug-like shadow at all, but that Louis had visualized this dreadful creature so intensely that I saw what he saw. I found also that his spiritualistic trash-books, one must say instead of text-books, mentioned this as a common form for Elementals to take. He on the other hand was more firmly convinced than ever that we were dealing, not with a subjective, but an objective phenomenon.

"For the next six months or so we sat constantly, but made no further progress, nor did the Thing or its shadow appear again, and I began to feel that we were really wasting time. Then it occurred to me to get in a so-called medium, induce hynotic sleep, and see if we could learn anything further. This we did, sitting as before round the dining-room table. The room was not quite dark, and I could see sufficiently clearly what happened.

"The medium, a young man, sat between Louis and myself, and without the slightest difficulty I put him into a light hypnotic sleep. Instantly there came a series of the most terrific raps, and across the table there slid something more palpable than a shadow, with a faint luminance about it as if the surface of it was stirring. At the moment the medium's face became contorted to a mask of hellish terror; mouth and eyes were both open, and the eyes were focussed on something close to him. The Thing, waving its head, came closer and closer to him, and reached out towards his throat. Then with a yell of panic, and warding off this horror with his hands, the medium sprang up, but It had already caught hold, and for the moment he could not get free. Then simultaneously Louis and I went to his aid,



IN THE SHADOWS OF THE ROOM SITS SOMETHING and my hands touched something cold and slimy. But pull as we would we could not get it away. There was no firm handhold to be taken; it was as if one tried to grasp slimy fur, and the touch of it was horrible, unclean, like a leper. Then in a sort of despair, though I still could not believe that the horror was real, for it must be a vision of diseased imagination, I remembered that the switch of the four electric lights was close to my hand. I turned them all on. There on the floor lay the medium. Louis was kneeling by him with a face of wet paper, but there was nothing else there. Only the collar of the medium was crumpled and torn, and on his throat were two scratches that bled.

"The medium was still in hypnotic sleep, and I woke him. He felt at his collar, put his hand to his throat and found it bleeding, but, as I expected, knew nothing whatever of what had passed. We told him that there had been an unusual manifestation, and he had, while in sleep, wrestled with something. We had got the result we wished for and were much obliged to him.

"I never saw him again. A week after that he died of blood-poisoning.

"From that evening dates the second stage of this adventure. The Thing had materialized—I use again spiritualistic language which I still did not use at the time. The huge slug, the Elemental, manifested itself no longer by knocks and waltzing tables, nor yet by shadows. It was there in a form that could be seen and felt. But it still—this was my strong point—was only a thing of twilight; the sudden kindling of the electric light had shown us that there was nothing there. In his struggle perhaps the medium had clutched his own throat, perhaps I had grasped Louis's sleeve, he mine. But though I said these things to myself, I am not sure that I believed them in the same way that I believe the sun will rise to-morrow.

"Now as a student of brain-functions and a student in hypnotic affairs, I ought perhaps to have steadily and unremittingly pursued this extraordinary series of phenomena. But I had my practice to attend to, and I found that with the best will in the world, I could think of nothing else except the occurrence in the hall next door. So I refused to take part in any further séance with Louis. I had another reason, also. For the last four or five months he was becoming depraved. I have been no prude or Puritan in my own life, and I hope I have not turned a Pharisaical shoulder on sinners. But in all branches of life and morals, Louis had become infamous. He was turned out of a club for cheating at cards, and narrated the event to me with gusto. He had become cruel; he tortured his cat to death; he had become bestial. I used to shudder as I passed his house, expecting I knew not what fiendish thing to be looking at me from the window.

"Then came a night only a week ago, when I was awakened by an awful cry, swelling and falling and rising again. It came from next door. I ran downstairs in my pajamas, and out into the street. The policeman on the beat had heard it, too, and it came from the hall of Louis' house, the window of which was open. Together we burst the door in. You know what we found. The screaming had ceased but a moment before, but he was dead already. Both jugulars were severed, torn open.

"It was dawn, early and dusky, when I got back to my house next door. Even as I went in something seemed to push by me, something soft and slimy. It could not be Louis' imagination this time. Since then I have seen glimpses of it every evening. I am awakened at night by tappings, and in the shadows in the corner of my room there sits something more substantial than a shadow."

Within an hour of my leaving Dr. Assheton the quiet street was once more aroused by cries of terror and agony. He was already dead, and in no other manner than his friend, when they got into the house.

A Fourteen-Billion-Dollar Business in Trouble

By Herbert N. Casson

Illustrations from Photographs

EDITORIAL NOTE.—This is the most straightforward, authoritative and comprehensive railroad story that has ever appeared in any magazine. It tells of a Fourteen-Billion-Dollar Business in trouble and fighting for its life. Mr. Casson pictures the exact condition in which the fifty-seven railway systems of this country find themselves to-day. He has talked with many railroad presidents and with many others to whom the railroad problem is vital. He lays bare the rebate evil, tells where the railroads are wrong and where the people are wrong—how our progress and amazing prosperity depend absolutely upon reaching a quick, all-round understanding. It is a clear, impartial report of the greatest industrial-financial drama in the history of the world.

THE biggest fact about the present business situation is this—that the biggest business in the United States is in the biggest trouble.

Here we have fifty-seven railway systems with thirteen billions of capital; and nearly seven hundred little independent railways with one billion of capital. This stupendous aggregation of tracks and cars has no equal in any other country. It surpasses all the railways of other nations combined. It looms nine times higher than the immense Steel Trust. Throw the whole kingdom of Italy in the scale, from the Alps to the most southerly Sicilian rock, and you will find it lighter, as a financial entity, than the railways of this republic.

Roughly speaking, the American railway paid last year one billion dollars to Labor and another billion to Capital. It has 700,000 stockholders and bondholders, and 1,500,000 people drawing pay-envelopes. It has road enough to put a ten-track equator around the globe; and cars enough to move the American nation in one trip. It represents one-tenth of the whole United States, and makes nine-tenths of our commerce possible.

And yet—this greatest of all business empires is fighting for its life, against a host of enemies who seem determined to tear it into shreds and tatters. It is contending against such "a sea of troubles" as Hamlet never knew. Not even Standard Oil, in the darkest hour of its unpopularity, was ever so universally and successfully attacked as are the American railways at the present moment.

In the course of my investigations on this subject for the New Broadway Magazine, I penetrated into the offices of five railroad presidents, and I may say that I never, in ten years of busy interviewing, saw five madder or more indignant men. When I asked for their side of the story they fairly stunned me with statistics of disaster. They roared like wounded lions who had been attacked by ambushed huntsmen. And in three instances, while I sat and listened to the tales of woe, there came in news from the firing-line of fresh troubles and defeats.

There can be no question that, from the standpoint of a railway president, it seems as though all the inventive genius of the American people was just now being devoted to one purpose — the plaguing and penalizing of the railways. What the Granger States did to the railways thirty years ago was serious enough. They wrecked half the roads of the Middle West. But it was a mere flea-bite compared to what is being done to the railways at the present time by hard times and hostile legislation.

LUCIUS TUTTLE,
PRESIDENT OF THE BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

If you think that this language is too strong, read on and judge for yourself.

THE RAILROADS AND HARD TIMES

To begin with, let me say that the railways are nearly in the same predicament as old Giles Corey, who, for the alleged crime of witchcraft, was sentenced by a Salem judge to be squeezed to death between iron plates. Since the slump that followed after the October panic, the railways have found themselves pinched between rising expenses and falling traffic. There has been a sudden drop in business of more than seventeen per cent. This means that if we fail to find the lost trail of prosperity before next October, the railroads will have lost four hundred millions from their yearly revenue.

There are 57,000 idle freight cars on the Pennsylvania Railroad alone—"Enough to give one apiece to every shareholder," said one of its officials with a grim smile. On all the railways there were recently 350,000 idle, empty, motionless cars—a vast army of the unemployed. These cars cost a third of a billion dollars, and they ought to be earning five dollars a day apiece. Fully one-fifth of the cars and engines in the United States are now (March 15) "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Dividends have "gone where the woodbine twineth." Of the bonds, one-fourth is paying no interest; and of the stock, one-fourth is paying less than four per cent, and one-third is yielding nothing but hope. Such is the report that I received, not from the angry railway presidents, but from the new dictator of American railways—the Honorable Martin A. Knapp, the official head of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Taking rich railways and poor ones alike, they are making less than two per cent on the face value of their securities. Out of sixty roads in Texas, only seven paid any dividends at all last year. "When you pay a dollar to a railroad," said the president of an Eastern railway, "about three cents of that dollar goes for taxes, five cents is put aside as a surplus, fifteen cents is paid to the bankers for interest charges, etc., sixty-five cents is the share of the railway employees, and twelve cents goes to the stockholders." Even this twelve cents, so the railway men say, is in process of shrinkage, and threatens to dwindle away altogether.

In the best of years, the expenses of a railroad are enormous. The mere wear and tear, not to speak of the waste, swallows up hundreds of millions. A wooden tie, for instance, wears out in five or six years, a box-car in twelve years, a steel rail or a locomotive in fifteen years, and a passenger car in eighteen years. Taking a railroad all in all, its lifetime is probably not more than sixteen years. It must

CHARLES S. MELLEN,
PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD R. R.

FRANCIS M. COCKRELL,
OF MISSOURI

CHARLES A. PROUTY,
OF VERMONT

JUDSON C. CLEMENTS,
OF GEORGIA

MARTIN A. KNAPP,
OF NEW YORK,
CHAIRMAN

be rebuilt six times in a century.

What the railroad has to buy, costs more; and what the railroad has to sell, costs less—that is the situation that is creating brainstorms among the railroad presidents.

"Why," said the head of an Eastern road, "twelve years ago, when we were getting nine-tenths of a cent per ton per mile, we were buying locomotives for $9,000 apiece; but now, when we are getting only three-fourths of a cent per ton per mile, we are being charged $18,000 for a locomotive." He need not feel lonesome; a great volume of business and a still greater volume of expenses, that is the universal trouble, which the railway owners share with the poorest of us. The corner grocer knows it, as well as the Goulds and the Vanderbilts. There is less clean, downright profit in selling a dollar's worth of sugar or transportation than there used to be in selling fifty cents' worth; and the railways have suffered the greatest loss in this respect merely because their business is the greatest. Comparatively speaking,

JAMES S. HARLAN,
OF ILLINOIS

FRANKLIN K. LANE,
OF CALIFORNIA

E. E. CLARK,
OF IOWA

THE "BIG SEVEN" IN THE RAILROAD WORLD—THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION

Photo copyright by F. Gutekunst

GEORGE F. BAER,
PRESIDENT PHILADELPHIA & READING R. R.

the personal loss of a grocer and a Vanderbilt are practically the same.

But the Railroad King has a worse trouble than this. If he had nothing more serious than hard times to fight, he would be much less frantic. In addition to high prices, low freight rates, and a loss of one-sixth of his business, he is now being snowed under by a blizzard of hostile legislation.

THE RAILROAD LAW EPIDEMIC

New Laws! In twenty-eight states the law-mills are working overtime on such an assortment of anti-railroad edicts as ought to make Jay Gould and Commodore Vanderbilt turn in their graves. Gone completely are those halcyon days when the railroad was the pampered pet of the law-makers!

Ten states have reduced freight rates; eleven states have made it a finable offense if empty cars are not furnished when ordered; twelve states have cut down the hours of labor among railway employees; fifteen have passed the two-cent law; and twenty have lowered fares more or less.

In Texas all railroads have had to buy electric headlights—a regulation which has cost them more than $40,000.

In New York it is now compulsory to clean every locomotive boiler once a month, which apparently trivial practice is costing one of the Eastern railway systems $34,000 a year.

In Vermont any railway employee who gets drunk can be thrown into jail for a year and his company can be fined $3,000 for permitting him to work while in such a condition.

In Kansas certain freight trains are now compelled to carry passengers, under threat of imprisonment.

In Arkansas all railroads are required to put a third brakeman on every freight train.

In Oklahoma the railroads have been told that they must build depots at every point where their line enters the state, whether there happens to be any settlement at those places or not.

In Alabama, Missouri, and Arkansas it was made a crime for any belabored railroad to appeal from the decisions of the State Supreme Courts.

In Indiana the railroads have been ordered to hustle their freight cars up to a speed of fifty miles a day, and in Iowa the standard pace for freight cars has been set at sixty miles a day. This law certainly seems to be a necessary one, if it can be obeyed, as I find that the average day's journey of a freight car in 1907 was not more than *twenty-three* miles. In the Southern states the average was barely eighteen miles a day, much less than the sluggish jog-trot of any old canal-boat.

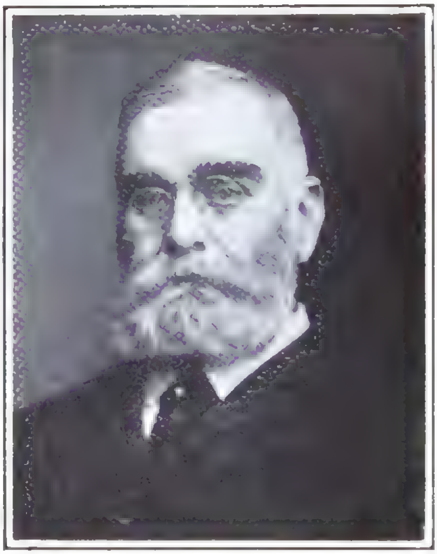
In Indiana, also, every buffet-car pays a yearly tax of a thousand dollars, on the basis that it is practically a saloon on wheels.

In South Dakota no railroad dares to close up any depot, no matter how unprofitable the traffic may be at that point.

And so on. So numerous are these new

F. D. UNDERWOOD,
PRESIDENT OF THE ERIE R. R.

OSCAR G. MURRAY,
PRESIDENT OF THE BALTIMORE & OHIO R. R.



JAMES MCCREA,
PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

laws that I might easily fill a dozen pages with their titles alone. B. F. Yoakum, of the Rock Island—one of the few railway presidents who have recovered their power of speech—says that his railroad "has been hit with five hundred and sixty laws in fourteen states."

The most serious of these state laws, so the railway men say, is the one which has cut passenger fares down to two cents a mile. As to whether the railroads can have any profit at this price, I found the greatest difference of opinion. Attorney-General Hadley of Missouri, says "Yes"; and F. A. Delano, the president of the Wabash, says "No." President Thomas, of the Lehigh Valley, made a remarkable statement when I asked him for his opinion on the great *two cent* problem. He said: "There are some railroads—my own, for example—which would prefer, if such an absurd thing were possible, to stop the running of passenger trains altogether. We are willing to pay over to the state a large yearly sum if it will grant us the privilege of carrying freight only. I will even go so far as to say that there are no two car passenger trains running anywhere in the United States and making any profit."

Congress, too, as well as twenty-eight of the states, has joined in the general disciplining of railroads. Its latest law, for instance, which went into effect last March, decreed that no railway telegrapher shall work continuously for more than nine hours. This has been a winning card for the telegraphers, as it has provided ten thousand new jobs; but to the railways it will be an item of ten millions this year.

Public opinion demanded this telegrapher law. Why? Because our railroads have become more dangerous than war, killing and wounding, according to their own confession, eighty-one thousand of us last year. If this slaughter can be stopped, and if it is due to men going to sleep at their keys, ten millions will be a trifle.

BELABORED BY THE BENCH

But *the railroad king has a worse trouble than this!*

He has something still more serious to worry over than rising expenses, falling traffic, lower rates, and new laws. He has been struck down by the decisions of the courts. This is a far greater misfortune, in his opinion, than the passing of laws which may or may not be enforced.

They have been haled into court, these railway presidents, as though they were counterfeiters or keepers of bucket-shops. Instead of being honored by their fellow Americans and presented with loving-cups and niches in the Hall of Fame, they have been pelted with subpœnas and led courtwards by the officers of the law.

JAMES T. HARAHAN,
PRES. OF ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

The Great Northern has been fined $15,000 for giving rebates to a grain-dealer. The Chicago & Alton paid a penalty of $60,000 for being kind to the beef packers The Santa Fe was dragged before a California judge and chastened by a fine of $330,000, and all because of a beggarly little shipment of $345.30, as the court records show. And one little scrap of a railway down in Texas, which has a surplus of $1,200 in its cash-register, was fined $40,000 for making an unlawful agreement with several express companies.

Another road in Texas, a branch of the Gould system, is in the hands of a receiver.

THE REAL RAILWAY TROUBLE

"It was not the depression," said George Gould, "although that was bad enough. We had a falling off in traffic of nearly a million dollars in four months. But on top of that we received an order from the Railroad Commission of Texas, ordering us to spend two millions on improvements. That was too much, and we were obliged to seek the protection of the courts."

MARVIN HUGHITT,
PRES. CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN
RAILWAY CO.

The most serious suit ever brought against any railroad is now beginning its course in California. The plaintiff is the United States Government, and the defendant is the Southern Pacific Railway. The charge is that the railway has given inside rates to a hundred favored shippers, and in case the charge is proved, the railway faces a possible fine of $80,000,000—as much as its net receipts, not net profits—in the last two years.

But this is not all, nor the climax. Impossible as it may seem, *the American railway kings have a worse trouble than this. It is the tremendous and increasing power of the Interstate Commerce Commission.*

An adverse lawsuit may be appealed. An unjust law may be amended. A business depression may pass away in a few months. But since the Interstate Commerce Commission was strengthened by the Hepburn Act, it has become unquestionably the most powerful administrative body in the world. It dominates all the interstate railroads so completely that, from the standpoint of the old-time railway men, there is now little left of private ownership but the risk.

This Interstate Commerce Commission is the Rip Van Winkle of the Federal Government. After the comfortable slumber of ordinary officialdom for twenty years, it has suddenly waked up and become so busy that the railway men are on the verge of nervous prostration.

What does it do, do you ask? According to its own figures for 1907, which it has been kind enough to send to the NEW BROADWAY MAGAZINE, it held 276 hearings, took 35,000 pages of evidence, carried out 415 investigations, secured damages for 561 shippers, examined 5,156 complaints, answered 67,000 letters, inspected 243,000 cars, and compelled the railways to file 621,000 rate schedules in its different offices.

Incidentally, at the request of a negro woman named Georgia Edwards, of Chattanooga, it is making the Southern railways clean up their "Jim Crow" cars; and obliging all American railways to adopt a uniform system of bookkeeping, to commence on the first day of next July.

All red tape, endless and exasperating red tape—so think the railway managers who have not yet reached the new point of view, which is, that public opinion is boss. "It cost me more money last year to prepare reports for railroad commissioners than it did to pay the salaries of all my general officers," said one president of a small railway. "The reports cost me $68,000, and we pay only $62,000 in salaries. On this basis, the total cost of preparing reports in 1907 must have been a ten-million-dollar expense to the railways."

HOWARD ELLIOTT,
PRESIDENT OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

S. M. FELTON,
PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO & ALTON R. R.

RAILWAYS REGULATED TO DEATH

"This supervision has gone too far," said a second railway president. "I cannot discharge an unfit telegrapher without being called upon to explain the whole matter in detail to some commissioner; and yesterday, for example, I was ordered to show why a certain train was ten minutes late at Jersey City. No railway can prosper under a divided management. If the Government is determined to control and operate the railways, it ought first to buy them, so as not to destroy properties that belong to private individuals."

So, this Interstate Commerce Commission looks like the back-door entrance to government ownership. "It is an undeniable fact that private ownership of railways is now being regulated to death," said a man who has been the controlling factor in a great railroad system for twenty years. "What happened in Germany is happening in the United States—the roads were tied up so tightly with red tape that they couldn't be operated, and the government was compelled to buy them in order to keep the wheels moving."

Right here we tilt against one of the most remarkable facts in the whole railroad situation—the fact that this Interstate Commerce Commission, which has fourteen billion dollars' worth of railways under its thumb, is composed of a comparatively unknown body of men. There are seven of them, with a general reputation for being able and industrious. They are the Big Seven of the railway business, yet there are few American citizens who can name any three of them offhand. They have at this moment more power over the commercial destiny of the United States than any other seven men, with the possible exception of the justices of the United States

Supreme Court, and their names are as follows:

Martin A. Knapp, of New York, chairman; Judson C. Clements, of Georgia; Francis M. Cockrell, of Missouri; Charles A. Prouty, of Vermont; F. K. Lane, of California; E. E. Clark, of Iowa; J. S. Harlan, of Illinois.

The chief of the Big Seven—Martin Augustine Knapp—was born in a little New York village sixty-five years ago. President Harrison took notice of him when he was a corporation lawyer in Syracuse in 1891, and made him a railway commissioner. He was reappointed to his position by President Roosevelt, and it is pretty generally believed that he will remain where he is until death or old age acquits him. His salary is no higher than that of his fellow commissioners—$10,000 a year.

It is also a curious coincidence that American railways are now dominated, in a capitalistic sense, by a second Big Seven—Morgan, Harriman, Vanderbilt, Frick, Hill, Gould and Moore. These men represent about twelve of the fourteen billions, with 170,000 miles of track. They may, every now and then, coöperate in twos and threes; but they have never yet been able to act as a unit for any purpose, and each is a distinct personality in the railway world.

E. P. RIPLEY,
PRESIDENT OF THE ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE RAILWAY

POWERS LOCKED IN BATTLE

The tug-of-war between the Railway Kings and the Interstate Commerce Commission is the most important of our time. It is not in any sense one-sided. There are wealth and prejudice and statistics on both sides.

Back of the railway team there are 700,000 stockholders, who are its rooters and defenders. And back of the Interstate team there are, of course, the great body of the political representatives of the American people, with President Roosevelt leading the cheering.

Each side sincerely believes itself to have been ill-treated and oppressed. The railway men say that they have built up the most magnificent transportation system in the world, giving better service at cheaper prices than any of the government railroads of other countries. They say that the public makes too much of small annoyances and forgets the enormous benefits which its owes to the railways. "It is a singular fact in regard to human nature," said one railway engineer, "that a man feels more uncomfortable when he has a cinder in his eye than when he hears of the death of his grandfather."

"Too much politics!" said another railway official. "There you have the root-cause of all our troubles. It is the competition among politicians that is putting the railways out of business."

The anti-railway men, on the other hand, say that the present crusade is merely pushing the railways back where they belong—under the law. "We have made up our minds that the railroads are making too much money," said a Nebraska Senator, "and it is just a question of where we are going to make the cut. Before the railways learned to combine, the public had some chance for fair play; but now, when nine-tenths of the railway kings are within five minutes' walk of one another, we are at their mercy unless we keep them under the strictest control."

After interviewing more than thirty railway presidents, attorneys-general, commissioners, lawyers, and public officials, I have found practically no common ground upon which all are now standing. Every man has a different opinion. One man points to the railroad as our greatest national enemy, and another points to it as our best friend and the root-cause of prosperity. Never before, in the writing of an article, have I been so overwhelmed with such a medley of contradictory evidence. Plainly, what we need most of all at the present time *is a series of public conferences in different parts of the country, so that the whole matter can be thoroughly thrashed out.*

THE FACTS OF THE CASE

Speaking generally, there are three Big Facts upon which all parties, sooner or later, must agree:

(1) *The railways have been guilty of many offenses.* In the one item of rebating, they have been persistent law-breakers for twenty years. They have given special favors to the big shippers. They have been too reckless in watering their stock, and in playing the Wall Street game. Worst of all, they have controlled and corrupted legislation by means of hired gangs of lobbyists and by having their own partisans elected to public office. All the trouble that the railway men are suffering at present from politics is nothing more than the inevitable back-swing of the pendulum.

(2) *The railways have been terribly punished.* Their traffic has fallen off ten million dollars a week. They have lost their political grip in at least three states out of four. The Interstate Commerce Commission, and forty-three State Commissions, have suddenly become seats of authority. Their stocks are selling at half-price. They need money for improvements—"A billion a year for five years," says J. J. Hill; but they are unable to borrow it. They have been fined and regulated and enmeshed in a vast network of red tape. Seven railroads, with six thousand miles of track and half a billion dollars of liabilities, are now in the hands of receivers.

(3) *The railways and the people must learn to coöperate, for neither can prosper in the long run, at the expense of the other.* The days of the stage-coach and the canal-boat are gone forever. The railroad is an absolute necessity to the people; and the people are an absolute necessity to the railroad. In a country as vast and as highly civilized as ours, the railroads are the veins and arteries through which flows the life-blood of the nation.

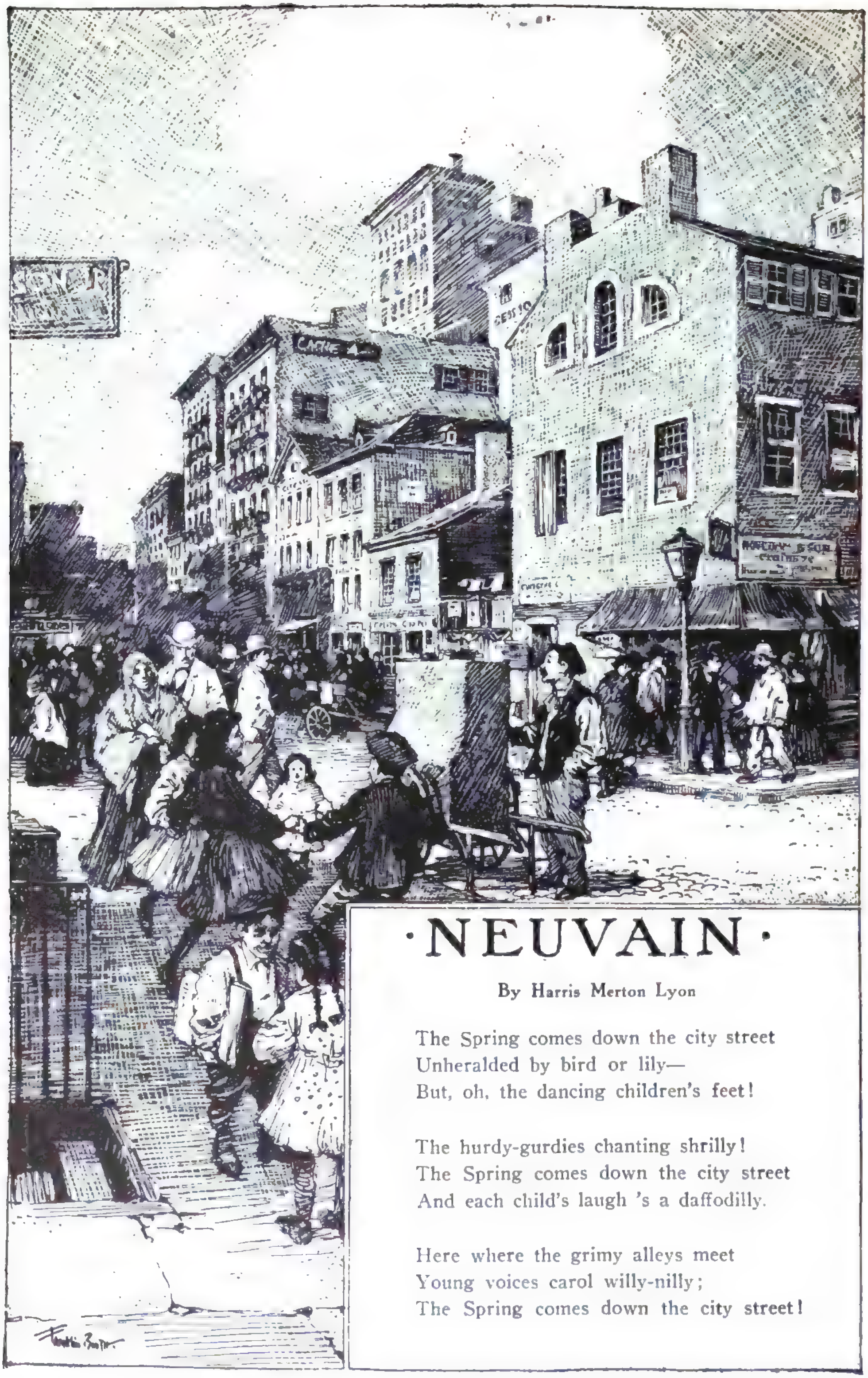
Here are four million people in New York City, for instance, who are two hundred miles from their coal, a thousand miles from their meat and cotton, fifteen hundred miles from their wheat, and two thousand miles from their lumber. And, on the other hand, there are nearly four million people in Texas, who are at least a thousand miles from the great factories and furnaces of the United States. What would either New York or Texas do if it were not for the freight trains that shuttle back and forth and make possible that perpetual swapping of commodities which we call commerce?

AT THE HEART OF THE NATION

We civilized people live from hand to mouth, whether we happen to be in an apartment hotel on Broadway or in a miner's cabin in Alaska. We are a thousand miles from next week's food. We are dependent upon far-distant people for almost everything except the air we breathe. *And the link that unites us all is the railway.*

So, this matter is much more than a battle between the politicians and the railway kings. It concerns the whole eighty-five millions of us, babies and all. It reaches you, Mr. Farmer, and you, Mr. Poet, and you, Mrs. Dressmaker! Even though you may never have traveled a dozen miles from your own doorstep, it reaches you through everything you sell and everything you buy.

What is to be done? How can the railway be rescued from its troubles, and compelled to give every last and least shipper a "square deal"? And what great railway lawyers are now at work upon new and elaborate methods of defense? These questions will be fully treated in the next issue of the NEW BROADWAY MAGAZINE.



·NEUVAIN·

By Harris Merton Lyon

The Spring comes down the city street
Unheralded by bird or lily—
But, oh, the dancing children's feet!

The hurdy-gurdies chanting shrilly!
The Spring comes down the city street
And each child's laugh 's a daffodilly.

Here where the grimy alleys meet
Young voices carol willy-nilly;
The Spring comes down the city street!

The Record-Breakers of America

By Robert Edgren

Illustrations from Photographs

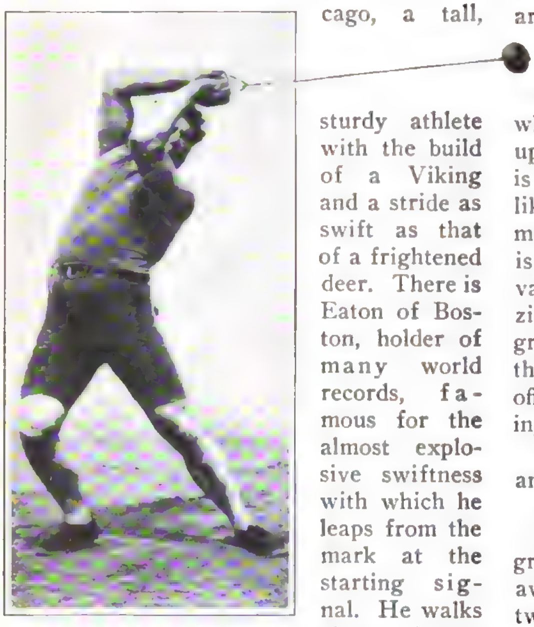
EDITORIAL NOTE.—A world-wide effort will be made at the Olympic Games in London next month to wrest from Uncle Sam his recognized athletic supremacy. All over the country the greatest living athletes are competing for representation on the American team. Who are they? What are they doing to insure another great American victory? What powers of brain and brawn are demanded of an athletic champion? Just why does the American athlete lead the world?

Mr. Edgren, as a great athlete himself and as a foremost authority on the subject, answers these questions in a vivid, vigorous, entertaining way. He traces the amazing strides we have taken since the first amateur championships of America were held in New York thirty-two years ago this month. It is a story that every out-of-door-loving American should read.

STANDING there at the starting line I watched the champions from all parts of America as they walked nervously up and down, awaiting the final order from the starter. But most keenly of all I watched Kelly of Oregon.

SMITHSON: HURDLING CHAMPION

I can see that picture still. The hot southern sun hangs over Jamestown like a great, burnished, brazen disc. In the grandstands, packed with people who have flocked from a score of states to see the National Championships, every bright bit of ribbon, every fluttering flag, every bit of color, stands out with a sharp brilliance that almost hurts the eye. In a few short moments the swiftest runners in America will flash over that hundred-yard course, and a great championship will be lost and won. I can see that young Oregonian, with those thousands of eyes following him, walking out upon the cinder track and digging his spiked toes into it to test its firmness. Under his little black college cap his hair glistens with the redness of copper. He is red all over, like Phoebus, the Sun God. He digs his toes into the dry, sandy track again with a vicious kick, scowls anxiously, and walks away to slip into a bathrobe. The others are still walking around. There is Parsons of Southern California, tall, light haired, cleancut, sinewy, with a magnificent head and a serious, almost grim, smile. He has been a national champion. He has often run in nine and four-fifths seconds. Only Kelly has ever beaten that! Parsons looks at Kelly and sets his teeth. There is Huff of Chicago, a tall, sturdy athlete with the build of a Viking and a stride as swift as that of a frightened deer. There is Eaton of Boston, holder of many world records, famous for the almost explosive swiftness with which he leaps from the mark at the starting signal. He walks about laughing and unconcerned. Keating of New York and Gebhardt of San Francisco are serious and determined.



JOHN FLANAGAN: WORLD'S CHAMPION WITH 56-POUND WEIGHT

But smiling or scowling, they all watch Kelly and wonder what he will do. This is his first appearance in the East, the suspicious East—that doubts his records. Two years ago Kelly had become famous in a day. In the Northwestern Championships he had run the hundred yards in the marvelously swift time of nine and three-fifths seconds, eclipsing all records made since stop watches were invented. On the same day he had equaled the great Bernard Wefers' world's record of twenty-one and one-fifth seconds in the two hundred and twenty yard dash. Then he had jumped twenty-three feet nine and one-half inches. No other living athlete had ever performed so marvelously, and now he is to show the East that he is a champion, and the East is waiting with a skeptical smile.

Suddenly the starter calls the athletes to the mark. There is a scurrying of officials. The sprinters slip into their places and crouch, casting black shadows on the yellow sand. "Get set!" calls the starter. The long line crouches lower, vibrating with eagerness, every muscle aquiver. There is a sharp pistol shot. Instantly the runners are under way, shoulder to shoulder, spreading across the track in a line that presently wavers and twists. I can see Kelly's bronzed legs driving furiously, white clouds of sand and cinders thrown up by his spikes at every stride. Huff is running smoothly—Eaton gliding along like a shadow—Parsons leaping like a mountain deer—the rest struggling. Kelly is in the bunch. I have just time to wonder vaguely why he is not out in front when—zip—the wavering line flashes past the grand stand and hurls itself headlong at the finish tape, so closely placed that the officials crane their necks to make a fleeting decision—first, second, third.

"Huff first, Eaton second, Parsons third," announce the judges sharply.

Kelly has lost. He is not even placed.

For an instant there is silence in the grand stands, then a laugh. Kelly walks away with head lowered, his light eyebrows twisted in a frown.

HOW KELLY MADE GOOD

I met Parsons, still puffing. "Ran a bad race, didn't I," he said, smiling. "Say, but I'm sorry for Kelly. He was away off. It was the track. It was rotten. Just soft sand with a few cinders sprinkled on top. I knew Kelly couldn't run on that. He is too strong. He runs on his strength and nerve, and he has to have a hard track under him or he tears it all to pieces. He must have dug into that mush about three inches at every stride. I know I did."

"He must feel discouraged," I ventured.

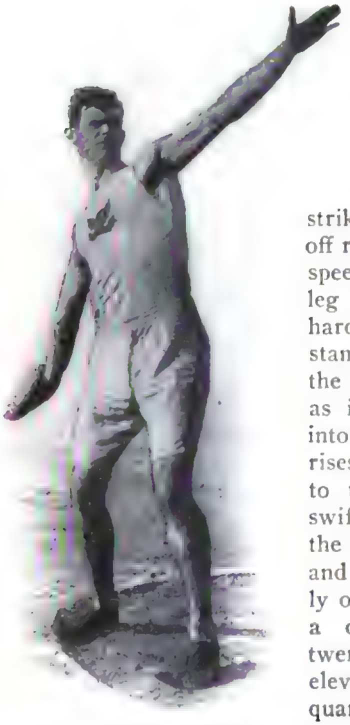
"Watch him," laughed Parsons. "He's no quitter."

Then there is a brief interval, during which athletic figures are running and vaulting and throwing weights. And after that Kelly again.

This picture in my mind is equally vivid.

The hot sunlight is still pouring down, and I can see Kelly walking, walking, waiting for his turn in the running broad jump. But there is a subtle change in him. He is just as full of restrained power, struggling to break out in quick and nervous movements. His muscles play lightly as he walks. He is scowling under the sunblaze and squinting anxiously at the other jumpers as they make their trials one after another. But in his face and in every movement he makes there is a suggestion of grim, unshaken determination.

The picture shifts a little. Kelly is to jump. He stands at the starting place away up at the end of the run. He lifts both hands and pulls his little black cap down tightly over his red locks, hesitates a moment, jerks the cap off and throws it to the ground. His eyes are fixed unwaveringly on the take-off. Then he is in motion. His legs move with piston-like power and speed. His spiked shoes hit the ground viciously. There is nothing light about his run. It is a ground-tearing, racking effort, wonderfully strong, wonderfully swift on this harder ground. Kelly strikes the take-off running at full speed. His left leg shoots down hard, his foot stamping upon the heavy plank as if to drive it into the earth. He rises abruptly into the air, sails swiftly out over the jumping pit, and lands squarely on his heels at a distance of twenty-three feet eleven and three-quarters inches. He has made the best jump of the year. The others take trial after trial, but Kelly has "made good." He has won a National Championship in a manner that proves his "class" in spite of his failure to win the sprint. The other athletes crowd around and congratulate him generously.



MARTIN SHERIDAN:
ALL-AROUND WORLD
CHAMPION

"DAN" KELLY:
RAN 100 YARDS IN
9⅗ SECONDS

This is only one incident among a thousand. This never-give-up spirit is characteristic of American athletes. Americans go in for athletics, as they go in for business or anything else, fully determined to do their best to win. If they are beaten, they never quit. They train twice as hard next time.

GRIT—THAT'S US

That is why America leads the whole world in athletic sports. It isn't the much-talked-of mixture of races, although that may be a slight factor. It isn't the climate, for we have every variety of climate in the United States and our champions come from every part of the country. It is the national spirit — the spirit that makes America take the lead in everything that requires quickness, determination, dash, boldness and grit.

This theory is proven when foreign athletes come to this country and compete here for a year or two. They may have been champions in their own land—champions of many years standing. But invariably they absorb the hustling American spirit. They train and compete, after a few months, with the energy of Americans. And they always improve upon their former records. John Flanagan came here with a hammer throwing record of about one hundred and forty-five feet. In ten years of

American competition he raised his mark to one hundred and seventy-two feet ten and three-quarters inches. At Athens, Daly, the Irish long distance champion, was beaten in the five-mile race. Two years in America has made him our national long distance champion, both track and cross-country, five and ten miles. Glarner, the great half-miler of the Olympic Club of San Francisco, was a good runner in France, but in America he improved until he ran within two seconds of Kilpatrick's long standing world record. He did his training in the cold winds and fogs of San Francisco, out near the ocean—a far less favorable athletic climate than the balmy one of France.

"AL" PLAW, THE GREAT 16-POUND HAMMER THROWER

The ancient Greeks were the greatest athletes of all history. The Greeks trained as we do to-day, putting their whole effort, their whole thought, their combined mental and physical powers, into their work. For many centuries they followed athletic sports, and as long as they did so Greece was unconquerable. We do not know what running records they made. No doubt they were superior to any of ours. Phayllos of Kroton threw a discus some ninety-five feet, and the discus he threw weighed approximately twelve and a half pounds. Our modern record of a hundred and thirty-six feet with the little four and a half pound discus is insignificant in comparison. Another Greek athlete covered fifty-five feet in three jumps. Our record is more than five feet behind that.

THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB

But we are swiftly improving in all branches of athletics. We have been an athletic nation less than fifty years. That period of time has seen the beginning of all our great athletic clubs.

The largest of these, the New York Athletic Club, was founded in 1868. The first home of the club was the Knickerbocker Cottage, in Sixth Avenue near Twenty-eighth Street. It was a struggling organization then. Even the rules and by-laws adopted in 1868 were not printed and distributed to the few members until four years later. Presently the club secured grounds at One Hundred and Thirtieth Street and held there in 1871 the first open out-of-door athletic meet ever held in New York.

Only thirty-two years ago the first Amateur Athletic Championships of America were held under the auspices of the New York Athletic Club. A year later the same club held the first National Swimming Championships, on the Harlem River. The year following the club gave the first American indoor meet. The New York Athletic Club was growing. There were a hundred and seventy members, now there are more than four thousand.

AMERICA TRIUMPHS OVER ENGLAND

In 1895 a representative English athletic team, gathered by the London Athletic Club, invaded the United States. England expected to teach us something. The English athletes smoked their pipes, drank their ale and loafed around their training quarters, vainly conscious of their superiority.

The Americans, with characteristic energy and determination, worked like Trojans up to the last moment. And the result amazed the world. The New York Athletic Club athletes won every event on the programme. Not a single English champion scored. We broke half a dozen world records. American athletes, hardly heard of before, leaped into fame at a single bound. There was Bernard J. Wefers, for instance, scarcely more than a novice, who broke all records in both the hundred yard and the two hundred and twenty yard sprints. There was Charles Kilpatrick, matched against the swiftest half miler England ever produced. In the last half of the race part of Kilpatrick's running suit slipped down about his knees, impeding his stride and almost throwing him. He slowed up, nearly stopped, fumbled with the suit for an instant, and then seeing the English runner passing by, started again with an irresistible rush that not only won him the race but actually established a record, one minute fifty-three and two-fifths seconds, that stands to this day.

OUR SCHOOL BOYS ARE GOOD ATHLETES

Only one athletic club in this country antedates the New York Athletic Club. This is the Olympic A. C. of San Francisco, which was founded in 1860, its first gymnasium being in a back yard on Post Street. Then the club rented a small gymnasium. It began at once holding out-of-door athletic meetings. At first these attracted little attention, but the club grew in strength until it built a magnificent home and became the second largest athletic club in America. To-day its athletic team equals in strength even that of the New York Athletic Club. The Chicago Athletic Association is a comparative infant; so is the Illinois Athletic Club. Other great athletic clubs are springing up every month, especially in the vigorous Northwest.

Our schoolboys are becoming imbued with the athletic spirit. The ancient Greeks trained their children in athletic sports from the time they began to toddle. Our finely organized schoolboy athletics will make us as great an athletic nation as were the Greeks in ancient days.

The result of all this new athletic enthusiasm is showing rapidly. Comparing our athletic performances for the past year with those of other nations, we find an amazing fact. In that space of time twenty-one world records have been broken. *Twenty of these were broken by American athletes in games held in the United States or Canada.* The solitary record broken abroad was that broken by Dorizas of Greece, in the Greek stone-throwing. Our own performances are growing at a bound. When our new American schoolboy athletes mature, all of our present world records will be swept from the record books.

RALPH ROSE:
GREATEST WEIGHT PUTTER IN THE WORLD

Eleven years ago a magazine commented as follows upon James S. Mitchell's record for the sixteen pound hammer throw: "James Sarsfield Mitchell is the most wonderful weight thrower that ever lived. It is probable that Mitchell's world's record of a hundred and forty-five feet and three quarters of an inch will never be beaten unless Mitchell himself performs that heroic feat." To-day the world's sixteen-pound hammer-throwing record is held by Matt McGrath and has grown to the enormous distance of one hundred and seventy-three feet seven inches. And I freely predict that this record, marvelous as it seems in contrast with the performances of other times, will in turn become insignificant. McGrath has exceeded it by many feet recently in practice, and Alfred Plaw of California has thrown nearly a hundred and ninety feet this winter. I have this from Walter Christy, the University of California coach.

America established her superiority in athletics two years ago in the last Olympic Games in Athens. There the American team won with seventy-five and one-half points in competition with athletes from every country in the world. Great Britain scored only forty-one, and Britain's athletes were gathered from England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, Egypt, South Africa, Gibraltar, and other world-corners where the Union Jack is flown. Sweden, new in athletic sports, scored twenty-eight.

IN LONDON THIS SUMMER

The approaching Olympic Games, to be held in London this spring, will be signalized by a tremendous effort by England to regain her athletic supremacy. Whether she succeeds or fails may be anticipated by a review of the great athletes from whom the American team will be recruited.

John Flanagan, after

losing his hammer-throwing supremacy—for a time he was champion—consoled himself by re-breaking the fifty-six pound weight record with the tremendous throw of thirty-eight feet. McDonald, a newcomer, won the Junior Championship at Jamestown with a throw of thirty-seven feet. McDonald is a giant, standing six feet three and weighing two hundred and seventy pounds.

W. R. DRAY: YALE ATHLETE, VAULTING 12 FEET 5½ INCHES

Then there is that other great Irish-American athlete, Martin Sheridan. In the Indoor Championships last fall he broke the world record at pole vaulting for distance, covering an even twenty-eight feet. He broke two other world records during the season. On July 4th he won the all-around title, beating the former record held by T. F. Kiely, of Ireland, and establishing a new one of seven thousand one hundred and fifty and one-half points.

But it is as a discus thrower that Sheridan is supreme. He won with ease at Athens, beating the Greek champion, Georgantas. On the twenty-third of last June he made a new discus-throwing record of one hundred and thirty-six feet ten inches.

This brings us down to the greatest athlete of them all, Ralph Rose of California, who broke seven world records within a month. Rose is a giant, standing six feet six inches in his stocking feet and weighing two hundred and fifty pounds. Even among the Greeks Rose would have been a marvel. He is only twenty-two years of age now, so no one can guess what he may do in the next few years.

RALPH ROSE

Rose first broke all records for putting the sixteen pound shot when he was a boy of eighteen in the Healdsburg High School. He lived on a California ranch. Soon after catching the athletic fever he began jumping, and cleared six feet. Then he walked a fast mile in competition and threw the hammer, under Plaw's tuition, over a hundred and sixty feet. He has run a hundred yards in ten and one-fifth seconds, and has thrown the discus within four feet of the Sheridan record.

But shot putting is his best event. Last fall Rose came to Jamestown, beat Wesley Coe, and raised the record just a quarter of an inch. At the Canadian championships he added another inch. And then, at Travers Island in the fall games of the New York Athletic Club, he cracked all the other shot putting records on the books in a single afternoon. Rose walked out in front of that crowd confident and smiling. He picked up the eight-pound shot. It looked like a walnut in his great hands. With a smile he popped the small lead ball out sixty-seven feet seven inches—a world's record at the first trial. Then, one after another, he put the twelve-pound shot fifty-five feet eleven and three-quarter inches, the fourteen-pound shot fifty-one feet six and three-eighth inches the eighteen-pound shot forty-three feet nine and one-half inches, the twenty-one-pound shot forty feet three and three-eighth inches, and the twenty-eight-pound shot thirty-four feet five and three-quarter inches. In each event he made the new world record on the first or the second trial, and with ease. Other athletes stood by and watched his performance with growing wonder.

HARRY HILLMAN: CHAMPION HURDLER

Then there is Lee Talbott of Cornell, who is becoming more and more formidable yearly with the weights. A mere lad of twenty, he has already broken all records for throwing the twelve-pound hammer. He made one hundred and ninety feet nine inches. In the Junior Championships he came within an ace of beating McGrath, hurling the sixteen-pound hammer a hundred and sixty-eight feet. Talbott is six feet four and slenderly built. When he gets his full weight and strength there is no telling what marks he will make or break.

LAWSON ROBERTSON: WHO HOLDS AN ABSOLUTELY UNIQUE RECORD, IN A 65-YARD RUN

Among the runners Melvin Sheppard of New York is notable. A year ago he ran within a fifth of a second of Kilpatrick's half-mile record, and last summer he made a new mark for nine hundred yards, covering the distance in two minutes one and one-fifth seconds. He is a perfect model in action, running easily with head erect and chest thrown out.

THE CHAMPION POLE VAULTER

W. R. Dray of Yale pole vaulted twelve feet five and one-half inches at New Haven on the eighteenth of last May. We have a number of pole vaulters bunched within three inches of that height. At Athens I saw Gouder of France clear twelve feet in practice, and he has gone higher in competition. Dray and Gouder will have a royal competition in London.

An odd record made last season is that of Harry Hillman and Lawson Robertson, who ran a seventy-five yard three-legged race (Hillman's right and Robertson's left leg strapped together) in the very fast time of eight and four-fifths seconds.

J. S. Hill made a world's record at Baltimore by running a hundred yards over eight flights of hurdles two and a half feet high in twelve and one-fifth seconds. Northridge tied this in New York. Hill covered the same distance with the hurdles differently arranged in the same time. Northridge ran sixty yards over the hurdles in eight and one-fifth seconds.

George Bonhag made a new American record of twenty minutes eleven and one-fifth seconds in the four mile run. He and Bellars are promising to take care of the distance races at the London Olympics. Bellars is a remarkable youngster and I'm inclined to think him a coming world-beater.

Even without these star record-breakers of the past year, America would be able to get up a phenomenal athletic team. In the sprints we have Kelly, Cartmell of Pennsylvania, Huff of Chicago, Gebhardt of California and Keating of New York, all good for ten seconds or better.

OUR HURDLERS AND JUMPERS

Harry Hillman of the New York Athletic Club, Eli Parsons of Yale, J. B. Taylor of Pennsylvania, and Frank Sheehan of Boston, are our crack quarter-milers to-day.

Paul Pilgrim, Athens winner, Sheppard, Glarner of San Francisco, Sheehan of Boston, and Parsons of Yale are in the half-mile class by themselves. Lightbody, winner of the fifteen hundred meter run at Athens, Harvey Cohn, Pilgrim, P. J. Sullivan of the Irish-American Athletic Club, Coe of Michigan, S. A. Rogers of the New York Athletic Club, and Edward Lewis of Cornell, will fight out the mile, and it is hard to pick the best man until the trials are all over.

For the five-mile run and the steeplechase (three hurdles and a water jump) we have men like Bonhag, Irish-American Athletic Club, Trube of Cornell, Rowe of Michigan, Bellars of the New York Athletic Club, Hull of Michigan, and Daly of the Irish-American Athletic Club. Daly looks the best of the lot. He is six feet tall, heavy, and full of a bulldog grit that keeps him plugging at full speed when apparently exhausted and ready to drop.

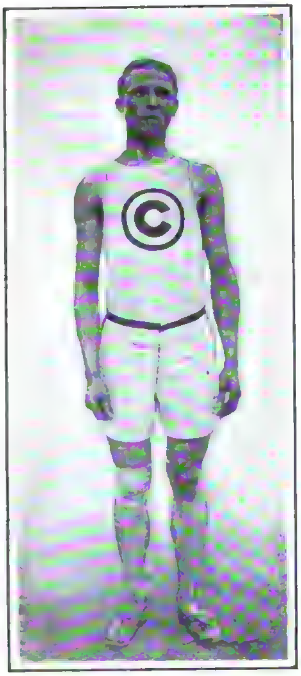
No foreign country can touch our hurdlers, Hillman, Leavitt, Smithson, Eller, Cheek, Northridge, Hill, Shaw, McCulloch and Garrells. The latter ran the high hurdles in the last Intercollegiates in the world's record time of fifteen and one-fifth seconds, but the performance was not accepted on the ground that the wind was at his back. Garrells is as great a discus thrower as Sheridan, a crack shot-putter, and the only man in America who might give Sheridan a close rub for the all-around championship. Herbert Cheek, of California, is fully the equal of Hillman or Smithson.

George Bonhag, who won at Athens, looks good for the walk. Sam Liebgold, the old time champion, has been training for a year and may prove a winner. In the relay races we have plenty of half-milers to make a great team.

Ray C. Ewry can take care of the standing jumps easily. He is as great in this line as Rose is among the shot-putters. For seventeen years Ewry has been absolutely invincible.

RAY C. EWRY: CHAMPION HIGH AND BROAD STANDING JUMPER, WHO WAS ONCE A PARALYTIC

When a boy he suffered from paralysis after an illness. For months he was unable to walk, and the doctors said he would never recover. But the American spirit was strong in Ewry. He refused to quit. In time he was able to stand. Then he tried to jump, just a few inches. For weeks he was unable to move both feet at



LIGHTBODY: 1,500-METER OLYMPIC CHAMPION

once. Ewry told me about his experience one day. It may prove a valuable lesson to some struggling athlete, showing, as it does, that anything can be overcome if one only has grit enough to fight and keep on fighting.

"I remember the first time I succeeded in shuffling both feet ahead a couple of inches," he said. "I kept on trying day after day. Sometimes I was so tired and hopeless that I sat down and cried. But I determined to recover. I worked and worked and worked. Then at last I could jump a couple of feet. After that I improved more rapidly. I trained all the time, always jumping and jumping. The first thing I knew I improved so much that I could beat other boys. Then I began breaking records. I believe that if I hadn't made up my mind to work out my own salvation I might have been crippled to this day."

To-day Ewry holds world records for the standing high, standing broad and three standing jumps. He has won national championships by the score. He has won Olympic after Olympic, the three events in Paris, the same three at St. Louis, and the two standing jumps at Athens.

GEORGE BONHAG: 4-MILE CHAMPION

The running broad jump at the London Olympics will lie between Dan Kelly and Meyer Prinstein of America and Peter O'Connor of Ireland. Prinstein beat O'Connor at Athens, although the latter holds the record of twenty-four feet eleven and three-quarter inches.

We are better provided with high jumpers than we have ever been since the great Sweeney cleared six feet five and five-eighths inches, the world's record.

Last summer H. A. Gedney of Boston made six feet five inches; A. C. Hall cleared six feet four and an eighth. Moffett of Pennsylvania and Marshall of Yale made six feet four each, and A. F. Risley of the Irish-American Athletic Club cleared six feet three.

The great try-outs this spring will definitely settle the makeup of the team. This will be far more satisfactory than leaving the selection to a board composed of lawyers, business men and school teachers. We will have a wonderful lot of athletes, and although all Europe is now in the throes of an athletic awakening, it will be strange if America fails to repeat the overwhelming and glorious victory of 1906.

John Finerty: Coward

By W. B. M. Ferguson

Illustrations by Howard W. Brown

When John Finerty had passed his civil service examination and the other necessary yards of red tape, he was assigned to the West Sixty-eighth Street station. His detail took in Sixty-first and Sixty-second Streets between Amsterdam and West End Avenues. There are worse beats in the city, but not many.

Finerty's beat was in the heart of San Juan Hill, that sharp declivity running from Columbus Avenue to the Hudson River and extending from Fifty-ninth Street to Sixty-fifth. When the Irish inhabited the district it was called Skinnersville, but when the negroes drove the former out in their march northward the name changed to Nigger Hill. Then came race riots and its present historic title.

It is a recognized fact in San Juan Hill that the negative colors, black and white, do not blend well and never will. At all events the district is known in police circles as "dangerous," a good place for a peaceful citizen to forget.

The police commissioner knew his business and Captain Hogan his duty when Finerty was assigned his beat. Finerty was only a raw hand, but he was far from being a boy. God has seldom made such a man. Six feet four he stood in the buff and moved the scales at two hundred and twenty pounds. You could not have pinched a thumbful of fat on an ounce of those pounds. Forty-eight inches would not span his chest, but the official measure lapped his middle with a thirty-inch line. Finerty was built for trouble.

The first day he stripped to the waist, upstairs in the dormitories, to wash, he caused a great deal of discussion and no little bad feeling. Plimmer was sitting on a cot, a bull's wool sock with the usual hole in the toe, in his hand. Plimmer was the minimum height and weight exhibit of the force—a tight-faced, acid-tongued cockney, "the top spit of Whitechapel," as he himself said with great vulgarity and pride. He was a former welterweight champion of the Metropolitan police, London. Despite his birth he was a good man, and his fellow patrolmen did not hold his accent against him, though it was as villainous as his face, for Plimmer could hit like the kick of a siege gun and run like a Filipino general. As a rule he was not enthusiastic, but when he saw Finerty's naked shoulders and chest, eloquence caught him by the throat.

"My eye!" he exclaimed, excitedly wiping his face with the bull's wool sock. "Blime me, if 'e ain't tremenjous. 'E looks like Cleopatra's Needle. Wot a bloomin' 'eavy 'e'd make. 'Ere, let me feel o' your arm." He sprang off the cot and laid experienced fingers on Finerty's huge biceps. At the command, Finerty grudgingly flexed his muscles. He did not look gracious.

"'E ain't muscle-bound," cried Plimmer, as if his mother-in-law had died unexpectedly. "S'elp me, wot a show 'e'll make of the records at Sulzer's Park next month. 'E's the very man we wants."

"Yeh," nodded Craig approvingly. "At th' hammer an' th' fifty-six pound weight. He'll fill a long empty hole. We never had a man good enough f'r them."

"I threw the weight twenty-nine feet three and one-half inches, yes," reminded "Handsome" Schmidt from his corner. "It vas last year."

"Ho, yuss, and come in a bloomin' third," scoffed Plimmer. "We remember. But 'ere," and he tapped Finerty's wide chest, "we 'ave the genooine article. If this precinct don't win the championship may I die a bloomin' Dutchman!" and he looked at Schmidt.

Finerty spoke for the first time. His eyes were on the floor.

"I'm goin' in no games," he said doggedly. Plimmer's eyes opened and his mouth shut. The men stared. "No trainin' an' no records f'r mine," finished Finerty heavily.

Craig was the first to recover. "Yer th' fittest man," he said sourly. "I think yer oughter, f'r the honor of th' house. It ain't square to have such a build an' give us the go-by. On m' sacred Sam it ain't."

"On me bloomin' sacred Sam it ain't," improved Plimmer. "Wot 'ave you got against it? That's no way to do. Ain't you got no sportin' blood? Are you goin' to see your precinct licked by a lot of tykes?"

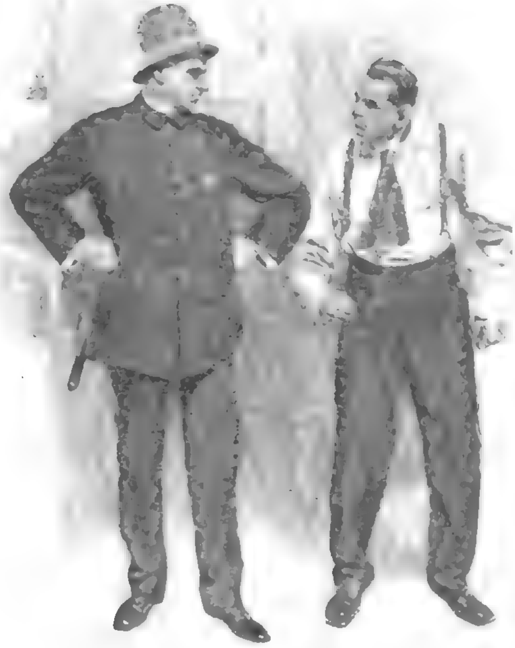
"No, f'r I won't be at no games," said Finerty sullenly. His voice was determined.

"My eye," was all Plimmer could find to say. The rest of the men disgustedly read the decision in Finerty's sullen face. Plimmer was piously thunderstruck. "My eye, with all your bloomin' stren'th——"

"Blow m' bloomin' stren'th," growled Finerty reaching for his coat.

"My eye," said Plimmer again.

That was the beginning of John Finerty's unpopularity, and a month later when Schmidt's "twenty-nine feet three and one-half inches" in the weight throw at the Athletic Carnival was repeated and his precinct made a very poor showing, Finerty's unpopularity increased.



" BACK TO YER CRIB!" SAID FINERTY WITH A LAUGH

"'E's a bloomin' tyke," said Plimmer in reference to Finerty. "We won the 'igh jump and the two-twenty, and if we'd 'ad 'im at the weights we'd 'ave made a show of the field. But 'e 'asn't any sand. Not a grain. 'E's a fine one to 'ave the beat 'e 'as."

"He ain't made an arrest yet," said Brown meditatively. "I've had my eye on him."

"Ho, yuss," said Plimmer, "so 'ave I. Yesterday was my day orf, and I 'appened to be on Finerty's beat. There came a fine chance for a fight, but before I could mix in Finerty 'ad settled it. And 'ow? Why, argyfyin'. Argyfyin' like a bloomin' woman. Two niggers lickin' a white man and 'im argyfyin' instead of beltin' their 'eads orf like a gentleman. Ho, yuss," and Plimmer spat on the floor.

"What?" growled Brown, and Craig and Schmidt drew nearer.

"S'elp me," said Plimmer virtuously. "And when he saw the fight comin' his way, he got as white as a clay pipe. And when I asked why 'e didn't mix in, 'e said 'e never would if 'e could 'elp it. 'E said the niggers were in the right that time. My eye, wot a cop! I tell you 'e's nothin' but a cowyard. Yuss." And again Plimmer spat on the floor, which was criminally wrong, for there were spittoons and explicit directions concerning trajectory.

"An' him such a great figure of a man," said Brown regretfully and from between his teeth.

"It's a shame," agreed Plimmer. "Such a 'eavy thrown away. But it ain't a man's weight wot tells, it's 'is sand. I've seen a bantam belt the wind out of a welterweight, all because 'e 'ad the sand the other chap 'adn't."

"If Finerty's a coward," said Craig, voicing the sentiment of the men, "the sooner he gets transferred the better for him. This precinct's a bad place for a coward. I suppose if there had been two white men and one nigger he'd have taken the part of his own color."

"There's only one way to find out," said Brown, "and that's to try him. He'll have to prove himself."

"'E's a cowyard," said Plimmer with conviction, "and I'll tell 'im so to 'is face." He glanced up quickly. Finerty, looking very large, was standing in the doorway. He paused for a moment, then came slowly into the room. The men were silent. Finerty was not ignorant of his own standing with his fellow patrolmen, but now, if he had heard Plimmer's words, his hard face gave no sign. The men thought he had, that he could not help but hear them and they waited for his resentment, some hopefully, some sneeringly. But Finerty only made a mild remark regarding the weather. No one answered but Plimmer—and in a most unexpected way.

"We were discussin' politics," he said slowly, looking directly at Finerty, "and I said: 'T' 'ell with the Irish.'"

"Yes?" said Finerty quietly.

"Yes," said Plimmer loudly. "And I said they were nothing but a lot of white-livered cowyards."

Finerty's face slowly paled and his eyebrows met. The men were eyeing him narrowly. But Finerty remained silent, his huge hands slowly opening and closing. His wide chest heaved and his lips twitched, but the hand that pointed to his audience was steady.

"An' ye said all thot wid thim prisint?" he said, his brogue asserting itself. "All thim?" and he counted off the tally on his big fingers. "Mulligan, McGonigal, Brady, Collins, Murphy. 'Tis thrue ye said all thot?"

But Plimmer was not to be caught.

"Ho, yus," he said unblushingly, leaning forward on the cot, his hands on his knees. "And they ses: 'Wait till Finerty comes in from patrol. 'E'll dress you down, my man. 'E's the one to show you the kind of kiddies they breed in Ireland. We'll give 'im fust chance at your bloomin' ead before we take a crack at it.' That's wot they ses."

"Sure," chorused the men with a grunt. It was fun to see this mammoth baited by a bull terrier.

Finerty considered a minute, a strange light in his eyes.

"Well," he said finally, "I don't foight f'r no man that don't foight f'r his counthry. He ain't worth it."

The five impeached patriots growled. They were not afraid of Finerty now. He had shown good digestive powers for unlovely words.

"An' mebbe there's another reason," sneered McGonigal.

"Oh, no, he ain't afraid," added Brady reprovingly.

"And if you won't fight for them, will you fight for yourself?" said Plimmer truculently, jumping off the cot and doubling his fists.

"Sic him, Towser," said Brown through his teeth.

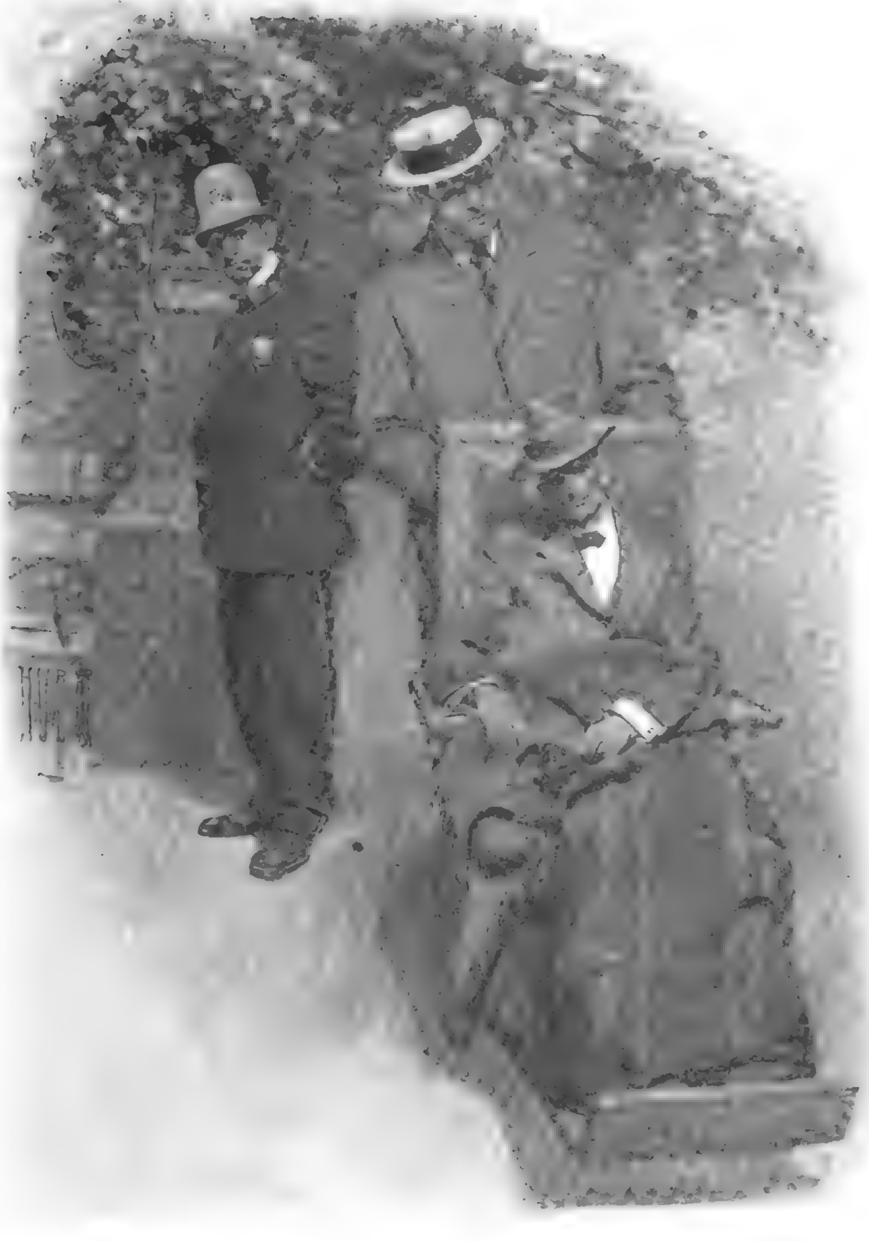
"Foight—you?" said Finerty with a laugh. "Back to yer crib. What I'd do to ye is lay ye acrost m' knee and belt the seat of your trousies off."

"Go on and do it! Go on and do it!" implored Plimmer, dancing about and making intimidating motions with his experienced fists. "You're afraid. You're afraid in your bloomin' 'eart."

"Yes, I'm afraid," said Finerty measuredly, his face twitching. "An' whether this is a put-up job or not, foight I won't. Afraid I am, an' Gawd hilp the man, or the two men, or the three men, that makes me forgit that I *am* afraid. An' so I'm tellin' yese." And he stalked through the doorway unmindful of following epithets.

"S'elp me," said Plimmer, "and such a cowyard was made in the British Isles! 'E's a disgrace. 'E won't fight. You cawn't make 'im fight."

"If yeh think we're of that breed," spoke up McGonigal, mouthpiece of the five impeached patriots, "yeh come along down to th' back room of McKeown's place an' any wan of us will give yeh all the fight yeh can carry." His glance included Craig, Schmidt and even Brown. "Just come on—all of yeh," he pleaded savagely, for his fellow



"THERE WAS FINERTY, SHOVING ONE OF THEM WHEEL CHAIRS BEFORE 'IM"

countryman's exhibition had made him flaming for the honor of the crown and the harp.

"Rats," said Brown inelegantly but wisely. "We all know your records. There's no hard feelings. There's a black bean in every sack, and it seems we've got it." Brown had service stripes on his arm, and his words had weight as had his hand.

"'E oughter be showed up to the Old Man," said Plimmer. "'Im 'aving the beat 'e 'as, and 'im as 'igh spirited as an old grandmother."

"There'll be no talkin' to the captain nor the sergeant," said Brown looking at Plimmer. "We ain't kids, we're men. If Finerty's a coward he'll be shown up all right, for there's always trouble sooner or later down there." (The Hill is always called "down there.") "But there'll be no squealin', and the man that does will catch th' best beltin' he ever got in his life."

"I 'ope some colored gentleman 'll knock 'is bloomin' 'ead orf," said Plimmer with great sincerity.

But Plimmer's hope did not materialize. The Hill was unusually quiet and orderly. Some said it was only taking Finerty's measure, as it took every new patrolman's, and that the lull was the deadly lull before the storm. But Finerty went stolidly about his duties as if nothing had ever happened or would happen. He met his fellow patrolmen's cold glances with indifference, and he never appeared to notice Plimmer's *sotto voce* remarks. Plimmer of all the men was the only one to show an active and personal resentment against Finerty's cowardice. Brute strength was his god, and to see it misused as Finerty had misused it was unpardonable.

"Guess 'ow Finerty spends 'is days orf," he said one evening some weeks after his first unsuccessful baiting of the Irishman. "You know 'ow 'e flocks by 'imself. Well, to-day when I was on beat who did I see coming down the line but Finerty. And, say, 'e was shoving one of them wheel chairs before 'im like any bloomin' nussey maid. Ho, ho, it was a sight. There was a chap in the chair wot looked as if a traction engine had run all over 'im. 'E was all twisted out of shape. 'E was a 'orrible sight."

"I know," put in Craig. "I live in his neighborhood. Finerty and him rooms together. They're pals. They say Finerty waits on him hand and foot. There's something the matter with the lad's spine."

"Well, Finerty makes a fine nuss," laughed Plimmer. "When I saw 'im I ses: 'Lift yer petticoats, Lizzie, when you skip the gutter.'"

"An' what did he say?" chorused the men, grinning.

Plimmer suddenly looked vindictive.

"'E told me to go to a place where they don't use thermometers," he said slowly. "The cowyard. 'E knew I couldn't 'it 'im on patrol. But I'll 'it 'im. 'E cawn't tell me to go there. Ho, yuss, when 'e's orf duty I'll make 'im come to McKeown's place and I'll bingle the 'ead orf 'im. I'll show 'im up for the cowyard 'e is."

The men laughed disbelievingly. You can't make a man fight—at least not a coward like Finerty. But Plimmer, a grim smile on his lips, held to the contrary and said so. He would "bingle" Finerty's head.

But the proving of John Finerty was not to be left to a Cockney-American patrolman nor the back room of McKeown's saloon. Fate decreed many actors and a large stage. On the following night a very good imitation of undiluted Hades broke out on San Juan Hill. No one could say how it started. No one ever can—or will. But Finerty, on the night shift, saw a man leaning against the lamp-post that stands on the corner of Sixty-second Street and Amsterdam Avenue. That in itself is strange in that neighborhood, for the corner saloon is the recognized prop. "Drunk," thought Finerty, as the man wobbled uncertainly. But the Hill holds its drink, and this man didn't. He commenced to cough slowly, thickly. The speckled flare of the lamp threw a fan of light into the gutter. And Finerty saw dark splotches that were not shadows. It was one o'clock. The avenue was deserted.

The man straightened up in jerks, wiped a hand vaguely across his lips, then, as Finerty laid hold of him, eased himself slowly through the official arms to the pavement. He twitched there in the circle of light, his coat open and a great clot of blood on his left side. Finerty knew him for a leader of the "white trash" roust-abouts.

"'S'all right," gulped the man with a laugh that strangled in its birth. "I guess I've got mine. Been layin' f'r me. They carved me good and proper. 'S'all right, though. Th' boys 'll square dis, you bet."

"Who did this?" said Finerty quickly.

The man waved a blood-smeared hand vaguely to the west.

"Down there, of course. That big coon—Williams——" He was going fast.

Finerty swung his nightstick against the pavement and the hollow raps of the locust went echoing down the avenue. Then he ran across the street to the nearest call box and sent in a hurry call to Roosevelt. Half a dozen men, spewed from the corner saloon, were now cursing loudly about the dying man. They had been attracted by the raps of the nightstick. They scattered as Finerty and the two patrolmen on the adjoining beats butted through them. The scuttle and clang of the ambulance from Fifty-eighth Street came faintly from down the avenue.

"I'm going down there before that nigger gets away. You can see him aboard. I guess it's the morgue for his," said Finerty, motioning to the huddled heap on the sidewalk.

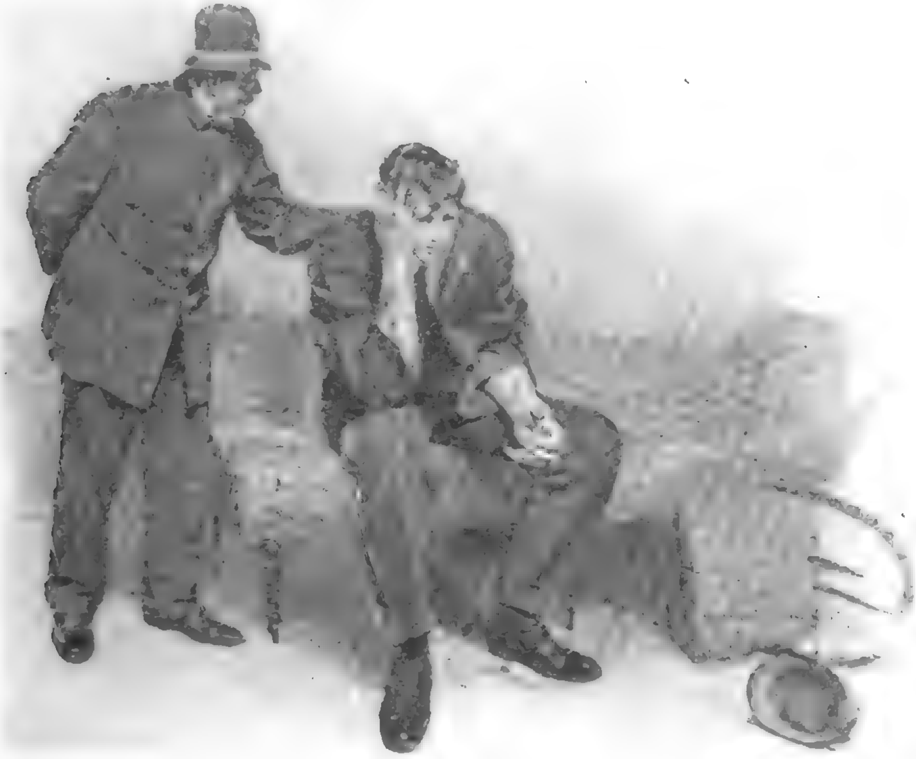
There was something in his voice that caused the two patrolmen to glance at him curiously. Finerty's eyes had a starved look. He seemed to be fighting with some terrible emotion or passion—choking it back.

"All right. I'll go with yeh," said Brady, one of the men, as the ambulance rattled up and the white-coated doctor hopped off.

The two made their way down the dark, silent Hill. Finerty, in his unostentatious way, had learned every square inch of his beat. He knew where Williams lived. A scattered trail of blood straggled here and there on the sidewalk.

Finerty, his jaws set, ascended the steps of an evil-looking flat-house. The door was shut, and no answer was given to his repeated ringing. Finerty used his nightstick. The Hill had been unnaturally quiet, but now a vague hum came from Amsterdam Avenue. The hum increased, windows were flung up and doorways emitted figures of both sexes and every age. A shot sounded somewhere in the night. The whites were out for revenge.

As Finerty continued to rap on the door something suddenly flashed between him and Brady and crashed on the steps. It was a brick from the roof. A window went up over the way and a revolver commenced to spit spitefully, its bullets humming about the heads of the bluecoats. The street suddenly seemed to be alive. A storm of white toughs came sweeping down from the avenue, and doorway, roof and window had



"YEH ONLY DONE YER DUTY TO-NIGHT, JAWN"

each their welcome. Down on West End Avenue and the side streets, separate and private engagements were the rule. A hurry call had been sent in for the reserves, but a man might as well try to stem the flood tide as to bring peace and order to that turbulent sea of fighting humanity. Captain Hogan summed up the situation instantly and telephoned to neighboring precincts for all their available men.

Meanwhile, Finerty, with one heave of his huge shoulder, had sent the hall door crashing from its hinges.

"Don't yeh mix in there, it's a death-trap," said Brady hurriedly, laying a hand on Finerty's arm. "They'll be waitin' f'r yeh at th' top of th' stairs. Don't go in. Wait f'r th' reserves."

"Yeh can wait. I'm goin' in," said Finerty savagely, wiping away the blood where a bullet had grazed his cheek. "I'm goin' in," he said again. Even in the excitement Brady noticed the curiously tense tone of the voice and the steely glitter in the eyes.

"Yer a fool," snarled Brady as Finerty sprang into the dark, narrow hall. Another moment and Brady was swinging his night-stick, holding the stoop against the oncoming enemy. Then from the hall came crash on crash and oath on oath. Once he heard a laugh—a laugh that set his teeth on edge. It was Finerty's.

The room was not pretty. There was much dirt and very much blood. Much broken furniture and dishes and humanity. A fat negress, huddled in a corner, was sobbing hysterically. A half starved geranium stood up stiffly in a cracked jam pot on the window sill. A wheezy gas jet was flaring. On the floor lay three men—all big men. One lay very still, but the other two twisted this way and that, groaning unpleasantly. On a lounge sat Finerty, hands on knees, staring fixedly at the three figures on the floor. The reserves found him thus. A razor, scientifically wielded, is an excellent flesh-cutting instrument, and Finerty had suffered.

"One dead and two most unconscious and not one shot," said the battered Brady in a hushed voice. "I can't believe it. I never seen such stren'th an'—an'——"

"An' blood lust! Say it, say it," cried Finerty fiercely, his voice breaking, stretching out his razor-hacked hands. "Say it, an' ye'll have the truth." He rocked back and forth, and the bluecoats watched him with white strained faces. "It's been m' curse," panted Finerty thickly, clenching his hands above his head. "Gawd's curse on m' stren'th. Gawd's curse on th' devil that's in me. An' ye called me coward." He laughed—the laugh Brady had heard. "Yeh didn't know me. Yeh didn't know me. I could ha' killed th' crowd of yeh with m' naked hands! Yes, I was afraid. Afraid of m' stren'th and th' devil. I tried to fight it back. Yeh'll never know how I tried. But to-night, when I tasted the blood on m' cheek an' the sting of pain, th' devil rose in my throat and choked me—choked me. An' so—an so——" His eyes returned, as if fascinated, to the figures on the floor. His face whitened beneath the blood smears. "I thought I'd had a lesson," he whispered, his eyes wide and staring. He was talking to himself. "Once an enemy of mine called me a liar and struck me in the face. An' with m' naked hands I broke his spine an' twisted him into a tangle of knots. Yes, Gawd help me, I did that. But I'm no murderer, f'r he lived an' I've tried to square it. I've tried to square it——" Finerty suddenly put his battered face in his big hands and commenced to sob as only a strong man can sob.

"He means th' twisted man he's supportin'," whispered Craig.

The men looked at each other, and then Brown slowly arose and, going over, laid a hand on Finerty's heaving shoulder.

"Yeh only done yer duty to-night, Jawn," he said. "It was your life or theirs. An' yeh mixed in where every cop in this precinct would have been afraid to go. It's all right, Jawn!"

Plimmer, one eye completely closed, was sitting on the remains of a chair. His unharmed eye was fastened in fascination on what had once been the negro murderer, Williams.

"And I called 'im a cowyard," he was saying dreamily to himself. "And I was going to bingle 'is 'ead. Ho, yuss, I was going to bingle 'is bloomin' 'ead—me!"

Trinity Corporation: A Riddle of Riches

By Charles Edward Russell

Illustrations from Photographs

EDITORIAL NOTE.—This second article by Mr. Russell on the vast wealth and mystery of Trinity Church Corporation in New York is a romance built on solid facts and figures. Trinity, as a corporation, is shown to be a penny-pinching landlord. Its property, estimated at $39,000,000 *or more, is a blur of ramshackle, badly kept tenements. It pays taxes on only* $18,000,00. *With an income of nearly a million a year, the Corporation apparently expends only* $381,842.33 *in benevolences and for maintenance. This extraordinary document is in no way a reflection on Trinity as a great church. It is a statement of facts applying to a powerful corporation.*

"OH, dreadful hunger for gold!" says the old Roman, and all the human commentators from Homer to Robert Louis Stevenson have pondered upon the wondrous changes in the spirit of man wrought by only a touch or a sight of the yellow enchantment.

Well: but can this strange, subtle, restless, and tremendous magic exert itself even beyond the threshold of a noble and beneficent enterprise like a church? A great, admirable church like Trinity, for instance?

I do not know as to that, but before the days of the Mystery, before this huge wealth passed into the sole custody of a select coterie, there was only frankness and candor in the control of the business of this church; and since, there has been this cloak of inscrutable concealment covering all the vital operations. Even if the ends sought were the purest that ever inspired a human heart there would still be in this secretive policy much for the instruction of all men; for by exactly these methods are managed, under the inspiration of the yellow enchantment, the most avaricious and perilous of worldly enterprises, and hence arises a vital question whether without risk of earthly contamination even a church can go forth to make money.

As to which I suppose it is a pertinent reflection that if it were 39,000,000 Bibles or 39,000,000 Prayer Books that the Trinity Control guarded all the world might know and be welcome to every fact connected with the treasure.

Being something like 39,000,000 dollars behold all this apparent moling and countermining to conceal and to guard!

THE ENORMOUS TRINITY TREASURE

Nobody outside of the Control knows whether $39,000,000 is the probable value of Trinity's wealth, but for good reasons I entertain the guess that it is. I can find many real estate experts that will scorn the figures and say they should be much higher, but I shall take in all these estimates the lowest available figures and those that make the best showing for Trinity.

Thus I observe that Trinity pays taxes on about $18,000,000 of revenue-producing real estate. As more than one-half of her leases provide that the lessee shall pay the taxes (and likewise pay the assessments and make all improvements), I may fairly conclude that the total revenue-producing property owned by Trinity is not less than $39,000,000.

What income is produced by this property? What becomes of the income?

These are questions that so long as you please you can weary yourself by asking; from the Control you will elicit no satisfying statement.

And yet the questions would seem to be neither unfair nor improper, nor very difficult of approximate answer. There is in New York another great estate owned and managed for benevolent and charitable purposes, but, strangely enough, without a trace of the secrecy and concealment that mark the management of Trinity. Sailors' Snug Harbor owns some of the best business property in the city, including many lots that front on Broadway in the neighborhood of Ninth Street. Every item of its receipts and disbursements is published to the world in two annual reports: one made to the New York City Board of Aldermen and the other to the State Legislature. From these reports it appears that Sailors' Snug Harbor, which pays its own taxes, maintains its own property and makes its own improvements, clears on its holdings a shade less than 4 per cent. a year.

As a matter of fact the ratio of income in the case of Trinity should be larger. Much of the property she owns is among the most profitable rental property in New York.

You may be rather astonished, then, to take up the Trinity Year Book for 1907 and to read on page 194 this paragraph:

"Many articles having from time to time appeared in the public prints regarding the fabulous wealth of Trinity Parish, we will state that the annual income of the Corporation last year from all sources was less than $775,000, not including collections and contributions in the churches (these latter are all used for church work within and without the Parish)."

QUESTIONS THAT REMAIN UNANSWERED

I warn you, wayfarers, against trying to traverse the tract of this statement; you are certain to get bogged. For instance, $775,000 would be about 4¼ per cent. on $18,000,000, which is the value of the property on which Trinity pays taxes. But how about the property she owns on which the lessees or trustees pay the taxes? Therefore, either the total Trinity property does not return a normal profit, but only 2⅛ per cent., or she counts as hers only the property on which she pays taxes; or the meaning of the statement is not perfectly clear to the average comprehension. You can take your choice.

But while, I regret to say, there has been some disposition manifested to scoff at the figures given and not to accept them as genuine, that indicates an unfair suspicion. The character of the men that stand sponsor for the statement should be enough to give it credence, so far as it goes. But that very fact makes all the more wonderful the secrecy that, as usual, envelops this phase of the subject, and still more amazing the apparent indifference of the communicants who are the real owners of the property.

What becomes of this income of $775,000? What has become of it year after year?

About this you get very little help from the Year Book. The statement proceeds:

"Out of this annual income the Corporation paid all the expenses of Trinity Church and its eight chapels, including the care and maintenance of buildings and grounds, salaries of the clergy, music, schools and many of the Parish charities; also the expenses and care of Trinity Hospital and Trinity Cemetery.

"About $40,000 was contributed to other churches and institutions outside of the Parish.

"$127,000 *was paid to the city for taxes and water rates and* $135,000 *for repairs and insurance premiums on the buildings other than church properties."*

FIGURES TELL THE TALE

It appears elsewhere that the collections and contributions for the year amounted to $80,296.98. Hence the total income was $855,296.98.

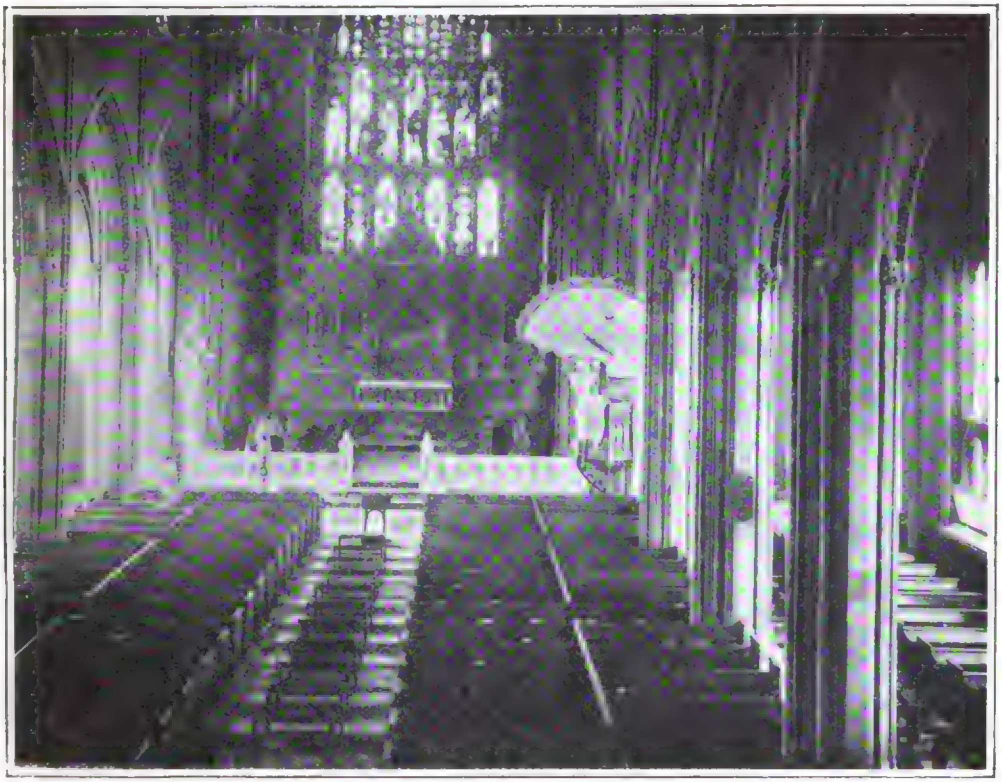
		$855,296.98
Taxes and water rates	$127,000.00	
Repairs and Insurance	135,000.00	
Churches and Institutions outside the Parish	40,000.00	
	$302,000.00	$302,000.00
Balance		$553,296.98

This leaves to be accounted for only the work of the parish. According to one of the outside authorities engaged in making estimates about these things, the total expense of the work of the parish in 1906 was $152,139.31. This includes the charities.

Balance	$553,296.98
Work of Parish	152,139.31
Net Balance	$401,157.67

What becomes of this sum, thus left unaccounted for, supposing these figures to be even approximately correct?

Every such inquiry addressed to every other member of the vestry or Standing Committee is customarily met with a refer-



TRINITY CHURCH: DARK, SOMBER, SEVERE AND SUMPTUOUS

ence to Mr. Hermann Cammann, the present comptroller of Trinity Corporation, the head and front of the Standing Committee and one of the three men that really guide and direct Trinity's affairs. So from many hands I was directed upon Mr. Cammann.

Every day Mr. Cammann goes to that modest office building overlooking St. Paul's churchyard, and there, in a bare little office, he toils assiduously at problems that I can well conceive are neither easy nor necessarily welcome; for in the duties he must discharge he is the inheritor of a vast total of ancient over-management for which the present administration is not responsible and yet probably cannot change. Mr. Cammann is beyond fifty, gray-bearded and gray-haired, kindly of face and gentle and able of speech. He is a good man; he has grown gray in the Trinity service; he is highly reputed for integrity and ability; many men are ready to endorse the encomium that Dr. Morgan Dix passed upon his virtues. He has a face that inspires confidence, clear, frank eyes, the manner of one that habitually deals openly and squarely with his fellow-man. If I had asked him about any subject in his knowledge except about Trinity, he would have answered, I am sure, without the least hesitation or embarrassment: asking about Trinity, the interview was rather painful and essentially futile.

SILENCE AND EVASION

I had intended to publish all the questions I asked of Mr. Cammann and all his answers, but, after a time, I abandoned that purpose. It did not seem fair that a man obviously trying to fulfill his conception of his duty should be placed in a position so invidious. I will give only one section of our conversation. I had put down before him the figures printed above by which the expenditures of Trinity for the work of the parish in 1906 appear to be $152,139.31, and the net balance unaccounted for to be $401,157.67.

"Your figures of $152,139.31 for the work of the parish are not correct," he said.

"What are the correct figures?" I said.

"It does not seem best to the vestry to take the public into our confidence concerning that matter."

"Not," said I, "when there has been so much controversy about this very point, so many bitter attacks against Trinity have been based upon it, and a word from you would make everything clear, putting an end to much misrepresentation that must be both painful and harmful to the church?"

"No," he said, "not even on those grounds. We have found that everything we make public only invites further criticism, and it seems best, therefore, to say nothing."

"But you have made nothing public since 1814, have you?" said I.

"No," he said, "not since 1814."

Whereupon we return to speculation.

MONEYS SPENT IN CHARITIES

Not entirely unguided, however. We started with a working balance of $553,296.98, and the first question is (and I hope to be forgiven if I seem persistent about this, for I am looking ahead to a very important issue), the first question is how much of that working balance was spent in church work to which, by the way, the expenditures are by charter limited.

Trinity supported (in the time we are inquiring about) eight chapels and had many charities. Here is a full list of three years' appropriations for her charities and benevolences:

	1905	1906	1907
Parochial schools...	$29,406.00	$30,277.80	$31,163.62
Night schools	1,586.03	1,792.53	1,721.00
Industrial schools ..	3,950.00	3,950.00	3,950.00
Cooking and laundry schools and manual training schools	7,105.20	7,538.19	7,784.84
Trinity Hospital for the Sick Poor	13,564.66	14,747.93	15,669.37
Five beds in St. Luke's Hospital ..	2,000.00	2,000.00	2,000.00
Two beds in St. Mary's Hospital..	400.00	400.00	400.00
One bed in House of Holy Comforter	250.00	250.00	250.00
Day Nursery	750.00		
German Mission Work	1,200.00	1,200.00	1,200.00
Sunday School Festival	3,000.00	3,000.00	3,000.00
Alms to the Poor-Communion Fund	3,000.00	3,000.00	3,000.00
Poor of St. John's Chapel	1,200.00	1,200.00	1,200.00
Poor of St. John's Med. Serv.	295.00	285.00	206.00
Funerals and Burials, St. Michael's Cemetery	284.00	585.00	297.50
Total	$67,990.89	$70,226.45	$71,842.33

There is left, then, the expenses of maintaining the churches and chapels and about this, as about all the rest, there is a wide discrepancy of surmise.

Indeed, so long as this extraordinary secrecy is maintained, there are certain to be doubts and questions from which the critics of the church will draw inferences not to her advantage.

For instance, we find that a few years ago a vestryman of Trinity, a member of the Standing Committee and one of the most influential men in the directing of the Corporation's affairs, held in his name Nos. 431 and 433 Canal Street, although Trinity paid the taxes on these parcels. Nos. 220 Spring Street, 23 Vandam Street, and 75 Varick Street also stood in a vestryman's name, although here, as before, Trinity paid the taxes on these parcels. Other properties are said to have been held for Trinity in the names of other members of the Standing Committee. I have not been able to determine whether this is true: there seems to be no reason why it should not be true.

Does the income derived from property thus held form a part of the $775,000 of total income given in the Year Book, or does it constitute a separate item? Nothing, of course, can be learned on the subject, but one may be pardoned a feeling of curiosity about it.

AT THE CORE OF THE MYSTERY

But to come back to the other question, how much does Trinity spend? The New York *Tribune*, in an elaborate review of Trinity's management, figured that on a total income of $775,000 there was left a net surplus of $409,558.42. The *Tribune* evidently believed the estimate of $152,139.31 as the expenditure for religious and charitable purposes in 1906 to be correct and contrasted this expenditure unfavorably with the work of St. Thomas's Church, which spent $185,014.73 for the same purposes, and of St. Bartholomew's, which spent $169,697.80. For each communicant these were the relative expenditures of this nature:

St. Thomas	$58.28
St. Bartholomew	58.03
Grace more than............................	50.00
Trinity	21.20

The New York *Herald*, May 25, 1903, declared that Trinity's income, learned from

ST. ELIZABETH'S HOME FOR THE INDIGENT AGED: MAINTAINED BY ONE OF THE SOCIETIES OF TRINITY CHURCH AT AN ANNUAL COST OF $1,000

an inside source of information, was $1,000,000 a year, which, on the basis of the liberal allowances we have made for expenses, would leave a net surplus of about $500,000. The Brooklyn *Citizen*, investigating the same mystery, seemed to conclude that the *Tribune's* figures were reasonable and adopted them. The *Citizen* thought it likely that this surplus had been accumulating for years, and that there was probably a large reserve fund at the disposition of the vestry. In 1899 another New York newspaper figured Trinity's total expenditures in church and benevolent work at $156,924.27, which again would further the conclusion that there is a large net annual surplus. When I asked Mr. Cammann if the income of Trinity were all spent for charitable and religious purposes he said: "Practically all."

I do not know what that means, but when the *World* asked him if $775,000 represented Trinity's entire income, Mr. Cammann reponded with the same words: "Practically all."

I may say here that I am satisfied that $152,139.31 does not begin to represent Trinity's actual expenditures in her legitimate parish work. Furthermore, in the absence of authoritative information from the mysterious Control, one might undertake to defend Trinity from these aspersions and to prove the defense.

Thus: The clergy of Trinity composed in 1906 a rector, eight vicars and sixteen curates. The salary of the rector is $25,000 a year; the vicars and curates receive probably from $5,000 to $10,000 a year each. There are sextons, their assistants and their expenses to be reckoned. Music is a great matter in Trinity. The choir boys are paid, the organists receive good salaries. The appropriation for music in Old Trinity is $10,000 a year and in each of the chapels $7,500. These items tabulated looks thus:

Rector	$25,000.00
Vicars and curates (average $7,500)	180,000.00
Sextons and Expenses	15,000.00
Music	70,000.00
Charities	71,842.33
Light, fuel and other expenses	20,000.00
	$381,842.33

Which deducted from our working balance of $553,296.98 leaves $191,454.65. As to the use to which this sum is put the world has no information. And the most liberal explanations of all these matters only serve to put into stronger relief the extraordinary fact that this great property is managed without supervision and without the knowledge of the church.

Now if this were merely a church, engaged in preaching the gospel, we should but wonder and pass on, thinking these matters very strange, yet of no direct public concern. But it happens that Trinity has certain relations to the community .that make its management of its funds a matter of great and very pertinent moment to the public welface. And it should be clearly emphasized that this article has to do with Trinity as a corporation rather than Trinity as a church.

A very large part of the vast estate owned by Trinity consists of tenement houses in the old Eighth Ward. The old Eighth Ward lies on the lower west side of New York, between Broadway and the Hudson River.

BAD TENEMENTS

Some day, when you have nothing particular to do, stroll through the tenement-house region of the lower East Side and then over to the tenement-house region of the old Eighth Ward. You will be astounded at the contrast.

In the twenty-two years that I have been observing tenement-house conditions in New York the average state of the East Side tenement has improved at least twenty per cent.; the average state of the Eighth Ward tenement has not improved at all, but has grown worse and there is too much reason to believe that it has grown worse simply because Trinity, speaking generally, does not improve her property. Because Trinity does not improve her property, values have not risen proportionately in the Eighth Ward, and there is consequently lost to the city treasury a sum that an old resident of the ward estimates at $1,000,000 a year.

Then, if there is a surplus that might be used for the improvement of the property and is used for other purposes, the fact is of grave and direct public concern. In no legal way can you compel a property-owner to spend his money on improvements, but if he refuses to make improvements that are required, you are entitled to hold a poor opinion of such an owner. And you do. You call him a bad citizen.

And that is what seems to be the matter with Trinity. It has made in the past a very large number of leases that, while profitable to the Corporation, are not of the kind that make for good citizenship. For many years himself merely to crowd the houses with one person, who undertook all repairs and improvements and to pay all taxes and assessments. No leasing arrangement could possibly be devised that would be worse for the interests of the city.

TRINITY AS A LANDLORD

In many such cases the lessee exerted himself merely to crowd the houses with tenants and to make such repairs as were needed to keep the walls from falling down. Beyond that he had no interest in the property. It was not his. On the other hand, appeals to Trinity were naturally fruitless: there was the lease, Trinity had nothing tc do with repairs. On a little reflection this would seem to work inevitable disaster to the tenants, but for the present we are only concerned with its results to the community. Just how many thousand tenants Trinity has it would be hard to say. But as a tenement-dwelling class they are among the worst-housed residents of the metropolis, and if there are other tenement districts of worse repute, with respect to health and sanitation, there are no tenements that on the whole look so bad. There is no other region of the city where improvements are so backward, and naturally a part of the resulting burden fails upon the whole body of taxpayers, and another part upon the adjacent property owners, who have generally shown a disposition towards betterments that are useless so long as Trinity remains such a criterion.

For these reasons the citizenship of Trinity is a legitimate matter for public concern.

But Trinity has been a backward landlord much of the time since 1814: ever since, in fact, the spell of the yellow enchantment was laid upon her affairs.

When the population of the city had grown so dense that good souls were impressed with the fact that the lower West Side had no breathing spot, a movement

THE MODEST OFFICE BUILDING, AT THE EXTREME RIGHT, OVERLOOKING ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, WHERE THE RIDDLE OF RICHES IS LOCKED

was agitated to create a small park in that region. The likeliest spot seemed to be at Clarkson and Hudson Streets, where Trinity owned a long-disused burying-ground. To the choosing of this site the management of Trinity vehemently objected on the ostensible ground that in olden times persons had been buried in that plot and to disturb the bones of our ancestors would be an intolerable sacrilege. The city won, after years of controversy, and Hudson Park now marks the spot formerly occupied by the abandoned burying-ground. There are piles of sand in Hudson Park and other crude things for children to play with. Scores of the pale, anæmic children from the nearby tenements go there to play.

VENERATION FOR THE DEAD

Anyway, we need not think that the removal of those bones caused the Trinity management an incurable anguish. It had years before sold another burying-ground, to be occupied by a block of stores, and on that occasion the bones of our ancestors deposited there had been carried off in packing-boxes (according to local tradition) and without a protest from Trinity.

Without a doubt Trinity is a curious citizen. Her property maintains to the world a front of unkempt and slatternly appearance. As a property owner she does comparatively little for the community. She opposed with all her power the most important measure of tenement-house reform we have ever had. She has never supported any suggestion of civic improvement except the proposed widening of Thames Street, and she gave that project her support because by surrendering 780 square feet of her land she could gain 2,200 square feet in exchange. And yet there is the worthy hospital for the sick poor, there are the beds in St. Luke's, the trade schools and other schools, the missions, the chapels, the earnest, conscientious, zealous clergy, the charitable guilds, the women's auxiliaries! Here is a strange mixture, indeed. Deplorable tenements and admirable benevolence. So good and bad go hand in hand, and Trinity, rightly examined, takes on a curiously human aspect of contradiction and inconsistency.

THE PILLARS OF TRINITY

The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, the rector of Trinity, is a good man of exalted piety. Disclaiming any knowledge of the business affairs of the Corporation, which are outside his province of the care of souls, he yet spoke to me with honest indignation of the charges and insinuations of personal advantage made against the men that conduct the business side of Trinity.

TRINITY HOSPITAL AT 50 VARICK STREET MAINTAINED BY THE CHURCH AT A COST IN 1897 OF $15,669.37

"The high standing of these gentlemen is a sufficient refutation of any such innuendos," said Dr. Dix with manifest sincerity. Yet in the last few years we in New York have witnessed events tending to shake confidence in high standing as a bulwark of security. No doubt the excellent rector is perfectly right in the instance he had in mind, but I hardly think one would care to adopt his statement as of universal application.

Trinity's Year Book for 1907 gives the following as constituting the vestry:

Hermann H. Cammann
Elihu Chauncey
Richard Delafield
Sidney Webster
John T. Lockman
David B. Ogden
Richard H. Derby
Stuyvesant Fish
Nicholas F. Palmer
William M. Polk
Francis S. Bangs
J. Howard Van Amringe
S. Edward Nash
Henry C. Swords
Charles A. Schermerhorn
William Barclay Parsons
George F. Crane
Francis B. Swayne
Ambrose S. Murray, Jr.
Vernon M. Davis

The Church Wardens are William Jay and Edmund D. Randolph.

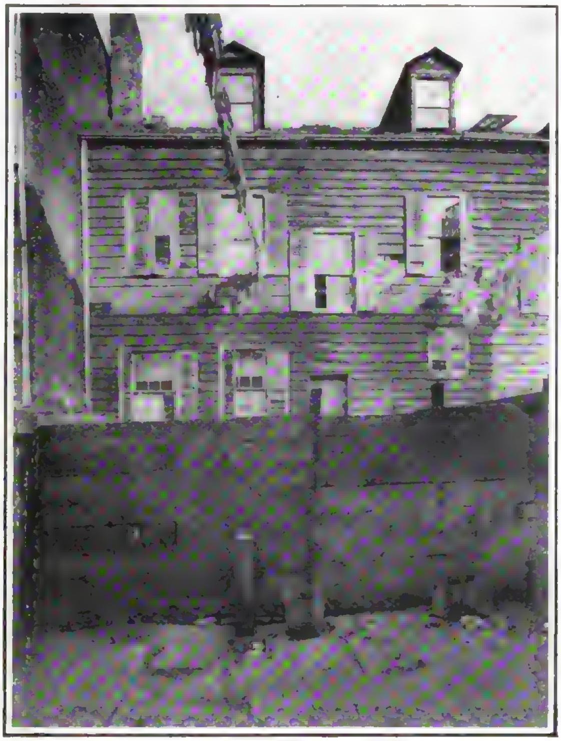
Each of these men is of very high standing in the business world of New York. Yet, being an admirer of Trinity, I cannot help a lingering wish that some of them were of standing not so high and had ways of life that did not lead so straight to Wall Street, where the great money hunger is.

Doubtless a man may play in the Wall Street game and show no shadow of turning, but the world may not always think so. Because there is in Wall Street this great raging hunger for money, actual money, gold, cash, the visible and tangible assets on which in the end business must be based. Of such assets there are in reality very few, as may be judged from the fact that every dollar now in existence in the United States has been lent sixteen times, and every time it has been lent a species of circulating credit has been created upon which assets may be demanded. The situation in Wall Street is like a vacuum: all the operations demand the reviving breath of actual money.

This, I am convinced, is the sole origin of the unfair comments that Dr. Dix so warmly denounced and not any lack of confidence in the vestry.

And in that confidence Dr. Dix is doubtless justified; but the point is that so long as the present method of selecting vestrymen is continued there may in the future arise a condition not so satisfactory and one that the communicants will have no power to change. We have seen men just as good as these become capable of very strange actions under the intoxication of the yellow enchantment. What a good man was John A. McCall! How able, energetic and foreseeing! How clean his walk before he fell under the spell! How jealous of his good name, how careful and upright. If you knew him in those days could you reconcile him with the John A. McCall pictured in the insurance investigations?

Yet I am certain that Mr. McCall was never aware of any change in the moral fiber of his being. He walked under the shadow of the enchantment and breathed of it, and the thing got into his blood and his brain and his bones, into his tissues to his finger-ends, and he never knew it. Until the bolt fell upon him he walked his way perfectly confident that he was the John A. McCall of the old days, and lo! he was not, but somebody else. The same face looked back at him from the glass and men called him by the same name, and within the wizardry worked and he suspected nothing. And when the flash came and the public that had honored him turned from him, seeing him changed, he lay down and died.


REAR OF A TRINITY TENEMENT

And was he the only good man that in that sudden light seemed thus transformed? I think not. Good men? Why, brethren, in these days of colossal powers strained in fierce conflict for gold there is hardly a goodness conceivable in man that might not be subjected to a pressure too great for it. The moral constitution of man was never designed to withstand such a flood of maddening and insidious temptations. Men must be made of something more than flesh and blood to endure it, or else they ought not to be tried by a fire so fierce.

Remembering all these things, I think if I were a communicant of Trinity I should like to have a voice in the selection of men to manage its business, and I should like also to feel that none of the good men to whom the trust of the church property was committed would ever feel embarrassment or trouble because of a divided responsibility between the church and Wall Street. Lastly, I should like to feel that the Corporation faithfully discharged all its civic duties and was a good citizen in the community that had made it rich.

And I am afraid that if I ever strolled through the Eighth Ward and pondered these things I should desire very much to have an end put to at least this phase of the Mystery.

A Blunder into Eden

By Henry Sydnor Harrison

Illustrations by Volney A. Richardson

BORN in dinginess, bred to the uses of adversity, sharpened by the old plain need of something to eat, he took his apprenticeship in the ways of things and at twelve stood forth a finished and resolute man of his world. Then, having all the facts at his command and the future of his mother to provide for, he made his hard, careful plans for success, and put his determined foot upon the ladder.

There was never anything to do with Tommy except to stand aside and let him rise. This they soon discovered at Hathaway's great factory, where he began by folding circulars and copying letters. Later they put a young college graduate at that, and Tommy started upward. When he was sixteen, they made him a traveling salesman.

That was the last day that his mother ever did any work. By another week he had moved her uptown. Three years later, when they took him off the road because they needed him in the office, he moved his mother again. By another year they were giving him a salary which he could not think of without blushing.

But Tommy had seen, at the start, that the way to make money was to save it; and at twenty-three his chance came. Hathaway wanted new capital, to enlarge the business, and was discussing the proposed improvements with his partners and Tommy when the latter blurted suddenly, "Why not let me come in?"

The general manager stared. The president, great Hathaway himself, looked out of the window and smiled.

"Why, you see, Tommy," he explained kindly, "this is a matter of such-an-such a sum."

"Yes," said Tommy, undismayed by the size of the figure. "I know. I could sell some things in two or three days. This is Monday. I could bring a certified check for it on Thursday."

The general manager stared harder. Old Hathaway, who had stopped smiling, stared too.

"Why, where on earth did you get so much money, Tommy?" he asked.

"I have been drawing a lot of money for the last seven years," said Driscoll calmly. "I haven't spent any at all, hardly. All of it has been working every minute since I got it. Compound interest, you know; it's really interesting how she doubles on you. Then I've been awfully lucky on some investments," and he mentioned one or two.

"Were you in on that?' cried the manager.

"And that?" asked the astonished Hathaway.

So Tommy went into the firm as treasurer, but he was much more than that. At the end of his second year, the earnings of the firm had exactly doubled. Toward the end of the third, they had doubled again. By the end of the fifth, when crowding competition had brought progress to a standstill, the lines for the great merger—seven big houses from Jersey City to Los Angeles—had already been laid. By the end of the sixth year, the merger was an accomplished fact. It was really Tommy Driscoll, of Hathaway's, who had put the deal through, though the papers did not say so. Then Driscoll bought a few more gilt-edged securities, a little more choice real estate, did a little further figuring and found that he was in a fair way to become a very wealthy young man. But, suddenly, just when he was making plans for playing business on a really large scale, his commercial career came to an abrupt close.

"AND MARRY," SAID HIS MOTHER, "SOME NICE GIRL"

"Tommy," said his mother one night, as she sat on the side of his bed and gently stroked his great mop of a head, "I want you to give up the factory—and—and be a gentleman."

Tommy looked up with a wondering stare.

"A what?"

"A gentleman," said his mother softly.

"Yes'm," said Tommy.

"And marry," added his mother, her cheek against his, "some nice girl—a lady."

"A what?"

"A lady," said his mother still more softly.

"Yes'm," said Tommy again.

He took an office in a down-town skyscraper, engaged a stenographer, and spent an hour there every day looking after his affairs, which prospered largely. The rest of his time, for so he understood his mother's wishes, he gave to idling, to knocking about the town.

People interested him immensely. All classes drew him, and he sought instinctively for the type, the *best* type, of each. He was approaching twenty-nine at this time, very big and simple, very pleasant to look at, very full of those eager spirits which all the hard years had not been able to crush out of him. And, because there was no way out of liking him, he got, in time, into an unimpeachable club. Of course there was difficulty about this; for the odor of commerce was unwelcome to the nostrils of aristocracy, and he had brought from the Hathaway factories a certain peculiar and distinctive fame . . .

He met women of the sort he would be most likely to meet, and liked them in his candid, friendly way; but because of his instinct and of something intangible in their readiness to be known, he was always conscious—and this was strange, for he had known no women well except his mother, who had worked with her hands—that there was something lacking in them. This, like everything else in his new environment, set him to wondering . . . and gradually his vague thought grew into a definite purpose.

"I believe I'll start and find a lady," he said to himself—"a lady"—and here he smiled, for this was Hathaway's most famous catchword, which he himself had invented—"who's 'the best thing going.'"

He was merciless to satisfy. Fifth Avenue, the railroad stations, the park became his haunts. He loitered near brownstone fronts, waiting for young sprigs of celebrated houses (whose names he got from his morning paper) to emerge. As always he was wholly sure of himself; of course he should know Her the instant he saw Her, but for months the quest was vain!

Then one day his patience was rewarded. She sat in a victoria with a maid, while a male attendant and some baggage followed in a hansom. The scene of the meeting was Forty-second Street, one block west of the Grand Central Station.

"Smith," said Tommy to his man, who was behind, "follow that man in the hansom to the ticket window. Find out where he's going and buy me a ticket to the same place. Wait at the bureau of information."

"To Oldcourt, sir," murmured Smith at the designated tryst, handing Tommy the ticket. "The lady and the maid have just gone on. There are two cars, sir, the Laconia and the Latonia. The lady and the maid are in the Laconia. I have got you seats in both, sir."

"I shall ride in the Latonia," said Tommy. "Pack me, Smith," he said, "for a week. Say, four trunks. Tell my mother that I have been suddenly called out of town and will write. Come on with the trunks to-night. I shall be at the principal hotel. Report to me there at noon to-morrow. Tell me at that time where I shall find Miss Belden—Miss Vespasia Belden."

"Very good, sir," said Smith.

With Tommy driving and Smith silent in the tonneau, they whizzed up the beautiful, white road, turned to the left and slowed down at a pretty shingled house with low pillars and wide, well furnished porches.

"The club-house, Smith," said Driscoll sagely. "You are sure she is golfing this morning?"

The man nodded, and, throwing on speed again, Tommy ran along beside the high white wall which surrounds the club grounds on all sides.

"Wait for me here, Smith," said he.

The wall was of such height as a six-foot man might reach with some exertion. Driscoll, with apparent ease, laid his hands upon the top, pulled himself up and so dropped to the other side. He found himself in a great green rolling meadow, nearly treeless, but beautiful with grass and water. Far away on the hillside was a little plodding group—men, boys and clubs. A bare hundred yards away, where a little dancing brook widened suddenly into a miniature lake, rose a splendid oak. Beneath the oak reclined a girl.

Whistling a snatch of song Tommy drew near to the tree, left off whistling, abruptly, and stood looking down at the girl who, at a glance, had summoned him to Oldcourt.

Miss Belden remained quite silent. She neither screamed nor smiled, neither asked him to be seated nor begone, neither questioned his presence nor answered his look of eager friendliness: the reason for all these things being that she was fast asleep.

Such, though of course it never occurred to him, was his first great piece of luck in Oldcourt that day.

He sat down on the green bank beside her, and waited for her to awaken. Pending this, he scrutinized her, with great interest and entire satisfaction. For, on this nearer view, he knew beyond any doubt that he had found what he sought at last—the flawless product of the best of her time, the desired of the desired, the most perfect thing that a man had seen . . .

Presently she moved, brought her slender hand to her eyes, made ready to be aroused, and then quite suddenly she opened her eyes, met his friendly scrutiny, and straightened up, startled.

"Why," she cried breathlessly, struggling in the mists of sleep—"Why—you! YOU!"

"Yes," he assured her calmly, "it is I."

"You're a real person then! Why—why—why—who are you? Where could I have seen you before?"

Tommy's face fell a little at that. Excepting that she had, so it appeared, confused him oddly with something she had dreamed, he understood well enough. That question, put to him a thousand times in as many places, was always to be expected.

Still, he suggested hopefully, "I—I was on Forty-second Street yesterday when you passed——"

"No, no!" she cried. "It is nothing like *that.* Oh, you must tell me—*tell* me! Listen. I sat here a little while ago reading this magazine. I just remember beginning to look at the advertisements at the back: then I fell asleep. And I—I dreamed of—of someone who looked like you. I have never seen you before in my life. But it is all—so—so strange!"

Really troubled, she looked at him, intently, striving to think. And Tommy, because her bewilderment was so enchanting, laughed. To save his life, he could not help his features slipping into just the smile he wore in all his million pictures.

"Oh!" cried Miss Belden, suddenly drawing away a little, but still possessed by the great wonder of it—"Oh! I know you now. I saw you in an advertisement. *You are Hathaway's Pickles.*"

Tommy, for the first time in his life vaguely abashed of his notoriety, bowed his head. "Yes, Miss Belden," he admitted, not without cheerfulness. "Yes, I am it."

For his pictures, in a hundred poses, but always with that one delighted smile, had appeared in every magazine in America and upon the vast majority of billboards. He was always shown as a fashionably-garbed young man on the point of partaking of a gherkin; and opposite his jubilant mouth invariably hung the famous slogan:

HATHAWAY'S PICKLES
THE BEST THING GOING

Thus it happened that Tommy Driscoll, eminent from Bangor to San Francisco as the Hathaway-Pickle man, found himself, in the most natural way, telling the story of his life to perhaps the most courted girl in America.

"As to those pictures," he ruminated, coming back to them, "I got up that idea myself: always showing one figure and one catch-phrase in our ads, you know. They picked me to sit for them because I looked like a healthy appetite and had the right smile. I used to think it great fun; it was like being a celebrity, you know. I don't mind it now, of course, but my mother does. She wants them to stop using my pictures, but I don't like to make them: it's gotten pretty valuable as a trademark, you see. But mother is quite particular that way. It was because of her wish that I left the American Condiment Company. She wanted me to give up business and be a gentleman —those are her words: bless her heart!—also to marry a lady. Funny, isn't it? But you ought to know my mother, Miss Belden. She's—well, she's great! Anyway, you know what she meant about that, and I've been doing it right along ever since. In a way, that was what brought me flying up here last night."

"Yes," said Miss Belden. "I have been wanting to have you tell me about that. Which?"

"Which?" repeated Tommy.

"Being a gentleman or marrying a lady?"

"Oh, that!" he laughed. "The terms are very misleading; but of course if you pin me down to them, I meant being a gentleman. Why," he added, as though this would explain everything, "it was to see you that I came to Oldcourt."

"Oh," said Miss Belden, "then I understand that you don't want to marry me?"

Tommy felt somewhat embarrassed. "Well—that is," he hesitated, blushing a little, "I hadn't thought of the matter in that light."

She laughed. Then becoming suddenly grave again, she inquired, "You came here to see me, you say? How did you expect to do that—to meet me?"

Tommy stared. "Why," he explained, patiently, "I expected to find out where you were this morning, and then go there and talk to you and tell you why I came, just as I *have* done."

Miss Belden sat quite still a moment, silently regarding this most extraordinary young man.

"Now tell me," she said, "Why you wanted to see me, and what that had to do with being a gentleman."

"The connection isn't close a bit, is it?" laughed Driscoll. "But it's this way." And he told her how it had been his pleasure to hunt for the best of things since he had become a man of leisure, and all about his theory of a type of woman different from anything he had ever seen, and how he had sought for it, as part of his delightful investigations, and how unsuccessfully. "I suppose I've looked up a hundred cases in the last year," he said musingly, "and everyone was a flat fizzle. Then yesterday who should come rolling along in a victoria but *you* of all people! You were the very next on my list, you see, and as I didn't dare let you get away from me, of course I jumped right on the train with you, and had my trunks sent after me. That," he concluded, frankly, "is how I happened to come to Oldcourt."

"And now that you have—met me," she said, "I suppose I am merely one more disappointment?"

"You!" cried Tommy. "Well, I should say not! I was certain of that the minute I walked over here and looked down at you. I said to myself at once, 'Here she is at last—the best thing going!' and the conviction is strengthened by every word you say."

"I am glad to hear you say that," she said simply. "I should not have liked to know that, upon meeting me, you found me disappointing. And I am glad you came here and talked to me this morning. I have liked it all, especially what you have said about your mother. Now," she said, rising gracefully, "I must say good-bye. You leave Oldcourt this afternoon, I suppose?"

"This afternoon!" repeated Tommy, with surprise. "No, I'm here for a week." Then he added bluntly before she had time to speak again: "What're you going to do now?" which surprised her into answering, "I am going home to dress for a luncheon at two o'clock."

"What're you going to do this afternoon?" demanded Tommy.

"After luncheon I shall play bridge until six. Then I shall go home and dress again, this time for dinner."

"What're you going to do to-night?"

"To-night," said Miss Belden, "I go to a tiresome masquerade at the house of my friends—the Vandervoorts."

"H'm!" said Tommy, "masquerade! Well, I'm awfully sorry you're engaged all day, but I'll see you then, anyway."

"Why—I'm afraid not," she said, kindly. "It's—it's really quite a private affair, you see, meant particularly for friends of the family."

"I'll be there," he assured her serenely. "It'll be all right. I want to see you to-night, and since you're going to the Vandervoorts, why I must be there too."

It was some seconds before Miss Belden replied, "You must not think of it—really!"

"I must think of it—really," he laughed. "I like to have a little of the fun myself."

She stopped abruptly, and stamped her foot with sudden petulance. "Oh, don't, don't, *don't*—stand there smiling like that!" she almost screamed. "You look like that horrible advertisement——"

Which again, as the thoughtful will observe, illustrated the astounding luck of Tommy Driscoll that day.

At 10:30 p. m., his duties apparently ended, the ticket taker, who was entering Harvard next year, was on the point of joining the gay company within the Vandervoort villa, when a tall figure in a black domino suddenly stepped upon the berugged veranda and put his foot upon the threshold.

"Your card, please."

"My card," replied the guest in the black domino, "my card seems to have been lost in the shuffle. At least, I have had to come without it."

Then the black mask was lifted an instant and a pair of familiar friendly eyes smiled into those of the lad. "That's all right, sir," he said apologetically; and, entering, the new arrival crossed the hall at an easy saunter, passed through the music-room, halted at the further door and let his eye wander round the crowded, brilliant ballroom. The orchestra was playing. Every one in the great room was dancing except an elderly couple, and a Sister of Charity who sat alone opposite the entrance. Tommy crossed over eagerly and bowed before her.

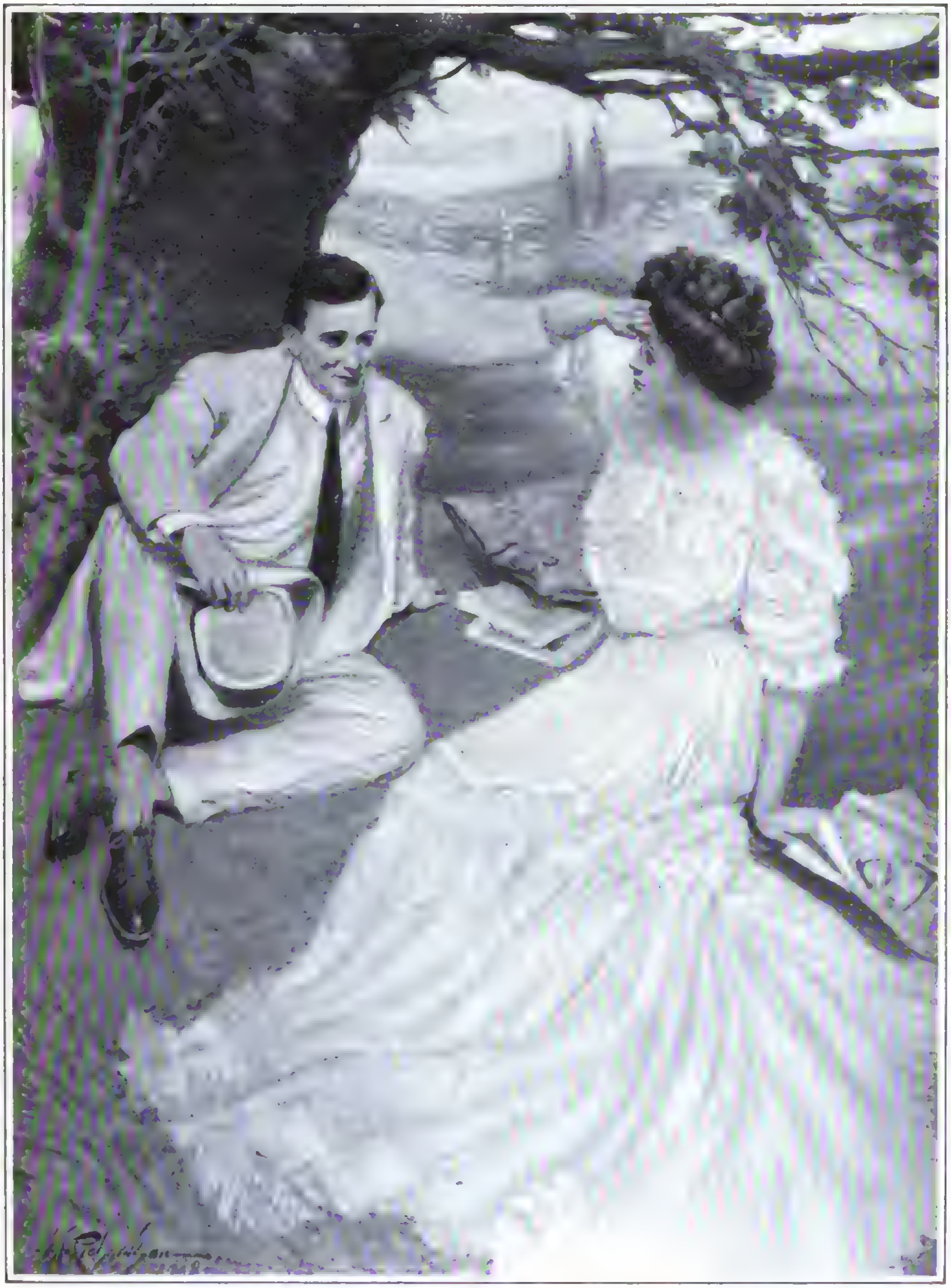
"Little Sister," he said, "won't you dance?"

She arose gratefully and as they moved off he cheerfully ventured, "You looked a little lonesome, I thought."

"I was," she admitted.

"Maybe," he hazarded, "you're a bit of an outsider like me."

"Yes," she faltered, "I am an outsider." Driscoll laughed. "I don't know a soul



"I DREAMED OF SOMEONE WHO LOOKED LIKE YOU"

in this room, but one, and how to find her I haven't the faintest notion. I forgot entirely that everybody was going to be disguised like this. I'll whisper a little secret to you if you'll promise not to tell. I don't belong here a bit. I came just for the fun of the thing and got in by a trick."

"I don't belong here either," she replied, desperately. "I'm a stenographer from Boston and came here on my vacation.

Then this afternoon I—I picked up an invitation to this on the beach, and I thought I'd come.' But oh, I wish I hadn't. I think they suspect me. I'm having—I'm having a perfectly ghastly time."

Tommy deliberated. "You're game all right," he said. "But you mustn't mind them a bit. Why in the world should you? Walk about, speak to people, mingle with them, have all the fun you can."

He danced next with a gorgeous Princess of the Empire, who knew that she had never met him before and flirted with him outrageously. The third time round, his eye fell upon the little Sister seated alone in a corner of the room.

He asked the Princess why this should be.

"Haven't you heard?" she replied, languidly. "Why, we're almost sure that she's one of those Ruthvens from Chicago. That's so like Mrs. Vandervoort's liberality, isn't it?"

"Well, isn't she nice, then?" asked Tommy, curiously.

"Nice," she echoed. "Oh, I suppose so. But she's a rank outsider. She's impertinent to come here at all. *Please* tell me who you are!"

"Are you *sure* you don't recognize me?" parried Tommy, before detaching himself from the Princess and making his way over to the little Sister for their third dance.

"You simply mustn't sit there polishing the wall like that," he remonstrated. "You must mix among them. There isn't a thing to be afraid of. Why, they all think that you're one of the invited guests—Miss Ruthven, of Chicago, whom they are cutting."

"Why, then," she asked faintly, "do you dance with me?"

"The first time," said Tommy gallantly, "was because I thought you were lonely. This time it is because I want to."

"But—I can't go about among the people, as you say. I can't. I'm afraid to."

"Then," said Tommy earnestly, "you must give me the rest of your dances."

"No, no. I'm not so selfish as that. You must not miss such a chance to dance with these—these rich and distinguished people."

"Are they better to dance with than you?"

"Why," said the little stenographer, in her low scared voice, "don't you want to get into *Society?*"

"How do you mean?" asked Tommy, puzzled. "Bless you, I have all the society I want. Give me the next one, anyway, won't you? And let me take you to supper?"

Ladies of quality, gorgeously appareled, danced the fifth and the seventh with him, and he prospered with them famously. The sixth he took with the little Sister again. During this his troubles began. A short, stout man waltzing with the Princess of the Empire, circled by him and hearkened to his chatter.

"Why," he exclaimed, "hang me if that black domino isn't young Driscoll, who made a fortune out of pickles in New York! I'd know that laugh among a thousand. Well! who will we be meeting next?"

"Really?" said the Princess. "That one! Well, I don't care. He's *fascinating*—even if he is so taken with that Ruthven girl."

The short, stout man knew Tommy in New York, and liked him, but he felt, naturally, that the functions of the chosen must be kept untarnished from the herd. He mentioned this latest instance of Mrs. Vandervoort's laxness to his aunt. Like wildfire, the scandal spread, the result being that when Tommy presently reëntered the ballroom from the veranda, a giggling, suppressed but violent, sprang up behind him. The orchestra was just starting a new dance—the ninth. He sauntered to the line of people seated in chairs along the left-hand wall, tendered his arm to a decorated Bo-Peep, and was emphatically refused.

"She's spotted me for an outsider," he concluded cheerfully—remembering now that he had had some difficulty in securing a partner for the eighth—and summoned next an Old Virginia belle of the Colonial Period, who also, pointedly, declined him. Passing on, he presently espied the Empire Princess among a silent group of maskers, and he was quite sure that she would dance with him. And then, behind him suddenly echoed a note of suppressed laughter. As he turned in the direction whence it came a similar cackle sprang up from the other side. Then another and another from the elder and sterner upholders of tradition until a score or more were sharing in the unseemly mirth. Tommy felt that every eye in the great room was fastened upon him.

"What's the joke?" he demanded pleasantly. "It seems to be on *me,* anyway!"

He was standing in the middle of the floor, trying absurdly to inspect his own back, the unembarrassed cynosure of a hundred unfriendly eyes.

As his back was turned to the door he did not see the Sister of Charity when she suddenly appeared at the threshold. She stood there a second, taking everything in at a glance before moving swiftly down the room, plucking at her mask as she walked.

"Why!" she cried in a voice very different from the frightened gurgle of the little Boston stenographer. "This is outrageous—insufferable!"

Voices rang out all over the room, "Why it's Vespasia!—Miss Belden, upon my soul!"

She came to Tommy with eyes shining, cheeks flaming scarlet; and before them all, knelt down proudly on the polished floor and removed from his skirts a picture—that of a good-looking young man delightedly dallying with a gherkin.

Tommy took it, smiling, and crumpled it in his hand, as he led the way into the dimly lighted conservatory, leaving behind them a room full of people, astonished, somewhat crestfallen, and even a bit ashamed.

"Thank you for coming to the rescue, Miss Belden," he said, as the voices died behind them.

"I was frightened," she confessed, "and—and indignant. They had meant to unmask in another minute and catch you—with Mrs. Vandervoort at hand to say that you weren't invited. I want you to go now."

"Go!" echoed Tommy. "Why, I'm having a perfectly ripping time!"

"But," she hinted delicately, "there are other things to be considered than that."

"Oh!" he flushed, "I understand. You mean it would embarrass you—my being here without a card, and all that. Of course it would—I never thought of that! I'll go this minute."

She extended her ungloved fingers and let them rest in his hand a full minute, while she stood still and looked at him.

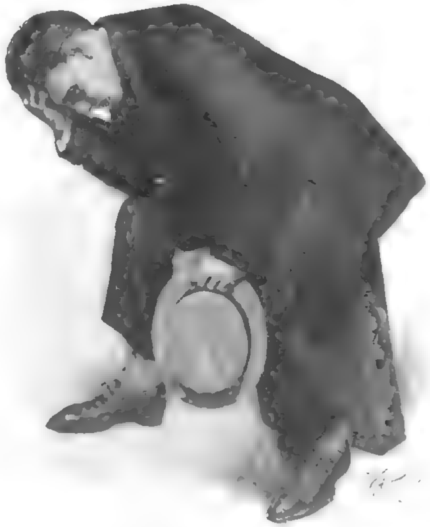
"When you go home," she said at last, gently withdrawing her hand, "you tell your mother from me—no, from a little stenographer that you were kind to one night—that you already are one."

"That I already am one what?" demanded Tommy.

Miss Belden turned away and began slowly unfastening her Sister of Charity robe.

"I don't want you to go," she said then, in a curious voice. "I've changed my mind. You promised to give me some supper, did you not? Put away your absurd black domino. I am going to take you in and introduce you to Mrs. Vandervoort."

"That would be nice," he said cordially. "I really owe her a sort of apology, I suppose, for coming here uninvited this way."



VAST DESPONDENCY WRAPPED HIM

Four days later, upon the crested stationery of Stornways, which many deem the handsomest house in Oldcourt, he addressed his mother as follows:

"Dearest Mother:—I moved my things over here last night to stay a few days with the Storrmouths, who are very pleasant people. They keep you doing something all the time, and I can hardly find a minute to write. I have to fly this instant to dress for a dinner at the Vandervoorts, who want to take me to their camp in the Adirondacks later on.

"Oldcourt is a jolly, informal sort of place, and everybody is awfully nice to me. I have lots of invitations for house parties and things later on. Of course I'll be back Thursday, as I wrote. Affectionately, TOMMY.

"P. S.—The heavier underwear which you sent by mail arrived yesterday. It was just like you to think of it."

Oldcourt is a curious community. It

runs strongly to fads, to lions. This time, beyond any doubt, it was Tommy Driscoll with his splendid alertness, his magnificent good looks, his gay and wonderful innocence, and, most incredible of all about him, the fact that he so obviously did not want to get into society, who was the success of the season.

But while his visit to Oldcourt was prospering, Tommy was not unmindful of his promise to his mother, who was not sharing these pleasant things with him. On the seventh day, at twelve in the morning, his trunks packed and gone, his ticket in his inside pocket, his mission, in brief, triumphantly done, he rose for the second time in the Belden drawing-room to tell its single other occupant good-bye.

"Good-bye," said Miss Belden, and her voice now was curiously reminiscent of the little Sister of Charity.

"And now," she went on, "that you have done half of—of what your mother wanted of you—for even she must feel now that that part is finished—splendidly—I hope with all my heart that you will prosper as well with—the rest of it."

"Marrying a lady?" laughed Tommy. "Oh, pshaw! I never think of that, of course. I've always felt that those things come in their own time and way. Haven't you?"

"I always used to think that I did," said Miss Belden. "I suppose that I think so still."

He took her hand and gazed down at her from his great height and there was affection in his honest eyes—real, deep, abiding—and Miss Belden saw it and paled.

"What a brick you are!" he said, huskily. "And what luck for a chap like me to have you for a friend!"

"Good-bye," said Miss Belden once more. And Tommy was off to catch his train.

On the platform, he glanced at his watch; it was still ten minutes to train-time. From his pocket he produced presently a telegram from Hathaway's and read it again with pleasurable sensations: the message saying that his offer for the famous trade-mark was accepted and that his portrait would adorn the bill-boards no more. *He* would never have thought of making that offer. *She* had suggested that, had told him how well worth doing it was.

Then suddenly he was not glad any more, but strangely and terribly depressed, as he had never been before; in the wink of an eye, as at a signal, heavy gloom, unaccountable, unreasonable, settled down upon him. Vast despondency wrapped round his being.

He sprang up and began pacing restlessly about. The grizzled baggage-agent eyed with some wonder the resplendent young man who strode so frowningly about the platform, muttering strange things to himself. Presently Tommy's eye fell upon him, and he drew near, struck by a sudden thought.

"Have a cigar, my man?" he said, striving to speak in an easy conversational tone. "Er—what does it mean, do you suppose, when you're leaving a place where you've only spent a week, and you feel, by George, ha, ha! as though you were going to die?"

"Well, sir," said the agent, pleasantly, but privately marveling anew at the odd ways of cottagers, "well, sir, if it was me, I'd say, beggin' your pardon, sir, as there was a lady in the case."

"A lady in the case!" repeated Tommy. "A . . . lady . . . in . . . the . . . case!"

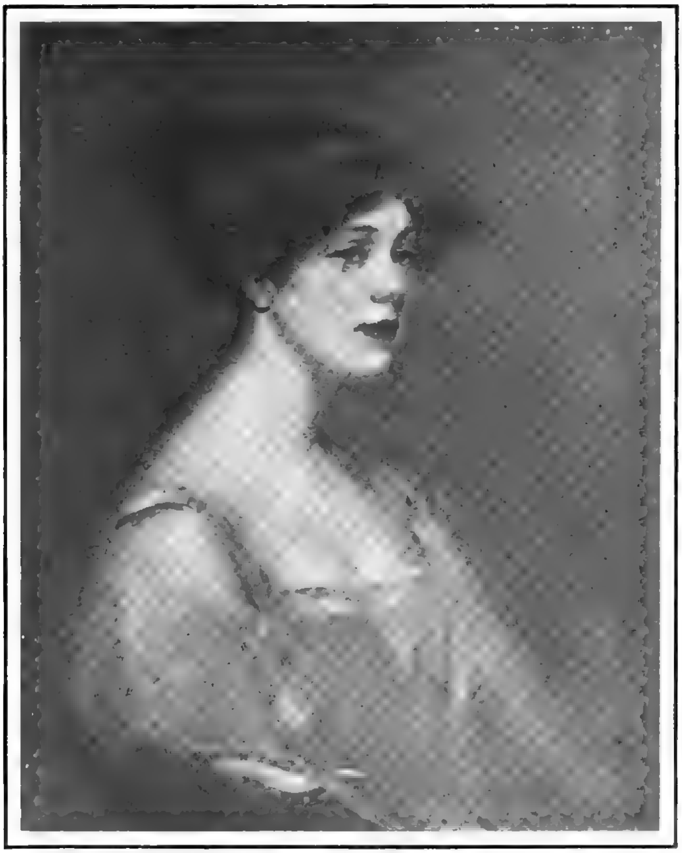
He went back to his suit-case, sat down again, and he fell to thinking deeply . . . and as when a lamp is flashed sharply into a dark room, so now light, new and wonderful, suddenly flooded the hidden corners of his soul.

The way of life and its utmost meaning rolled out before him: a face framed itself marvelously upon the green hillside where his eye was fastened; and Tommy, face to face with the best of all his best things, found himself at the end of his explorations at last.

In two minutes—for it took no longer than that—he sprang up, laughing, and laid eager hold upon his suit-case . . . and when the train came panting in, the baggage-agent, wondering more than ever, saw the strange young man who had so restlessly waited for it, start hurriedly away.

"Hey, there!" he called good-naturedly. "Here's your train, sir—going this minute."

"Train! I don't want a train!" cried Tommy over his shoulder—never checking his swift pace, for it seemed to him that there was not another second to lose—"I want—the best thing going!"



Painted by Wilhelm Funk

MISS DOROTHEA BIGELOW

Foreign Portrait Painters and Their Harvest in America

By W. Howard Standish

Illustrations from Paintings

FEW persons are aware of the great harvest of American money gathered each season by foreign portrait painters who come to the United States. They work in a circuit of cities during a short season of two or three months, and paint many canvases. Millions of dollars have been paid them by American sitters in the last few years. After two or three seasons here, most of these painters amass a sufficient fortune and retire to live in luxury in Europe. America is their El Dorado.

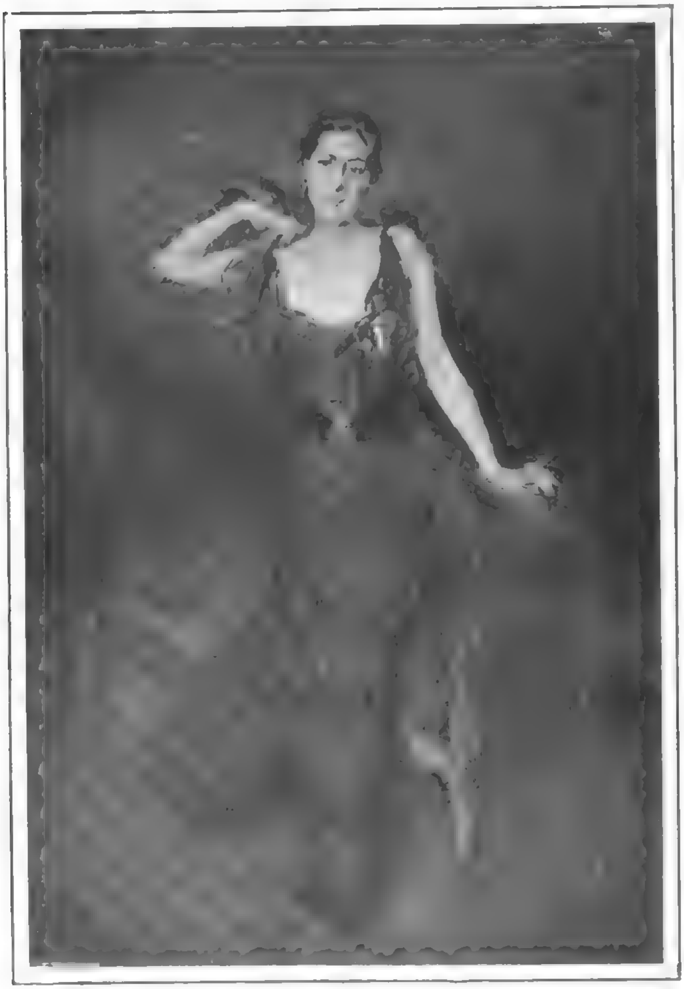
Chartran, Carolus-Duran, Madrazo, Bertier, Benjamin-Constant, Boldini, Zorn, Raffaelli, Gandara, Ferraris, Emil Fuchs, Sargent, Story, Richard Hall, Hubert Vos, Shannon, Herkomer, Eugene, Seymour Thomas, Troubetzkoy, Thaddeus, and many more have all garnered their share of American dollars. These men represent all degrees of talent and variety.

Portraiture is the most difficult branch of art, and requires gifts of the highest order. Closer observation and greater intuition is needed to portray human beings of distinct individuality than to portray human beings of indefinite character, as in the usual figure compositions. Life is such a variable, evanescent, moodful condition, that only one who knows and feels for mankind can ever adequately portray its many types and variations. Many who paint portraits are deficient in knowledge of life and character, and their work has little of lasting value.

These foreign painters know that their sitters, being mostly women, prefer that stress be given their showy gowns, laces, opera cloaks, patent leathers and jewels—the parts of a portrait easiest of attainment—and so in painting they give little thought to individuality and characteristics. For this reason alone it is not a cause for wonderment that these innumerable canvases are of doubtful value. Remaining only a few months in this country, these men never become familiar with the personality, tastes, or home life of American women, but portray them in their Paris-made costumes in the same manner they do the French women of wholly different personal characteristics whom they do know.

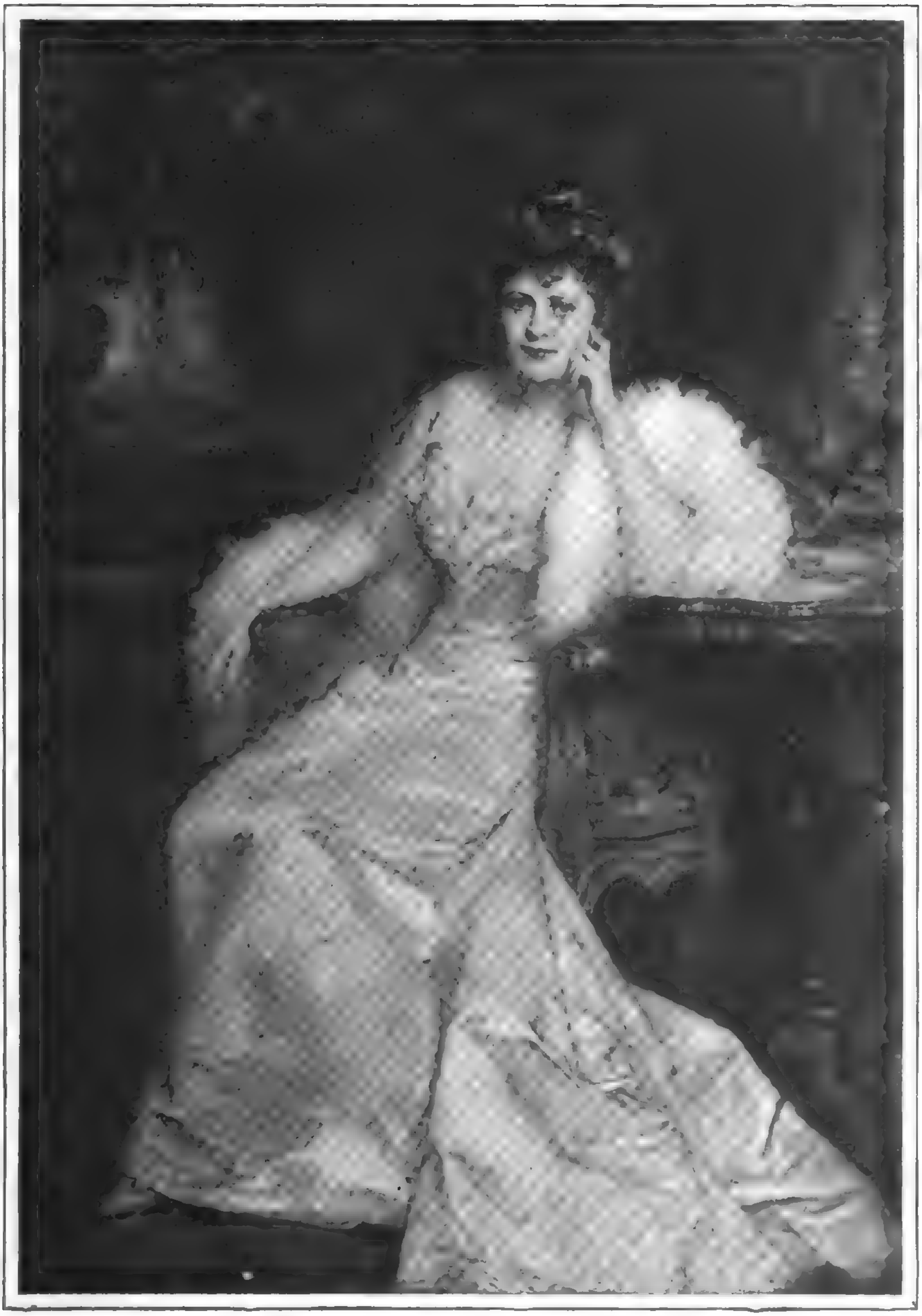
Nothing would seem to them more absurd than that Mr. Chase, Mr. Wiles or Mr. Beckwith should go to Paris for a season to paint the women of France, although our painters, having acquired their education abroad, are far better prepared to paint French women than these foreigners are to do justice to American women. Then, too, between an admirable character portrait of a simply dressed woman and a stupidly painted portrait of a garishly dressed woman, they know the public will usually choose the latter as something "stunning."

Now these foreign artists are men of pronounced business instincts; they come here solely for the money they can get, and they keep one eye on the result in arranging their sitters. It requires time to reproduce the plainly clad sitter in such a way that the result is a notable success—that is, to bring out the individual expression, distinction, or that elemental humanness which underlies character. But to them time is money, and money is more easily won by a dextrous rendering of silk and velvet gowns, with side shows of rich background draperies, and



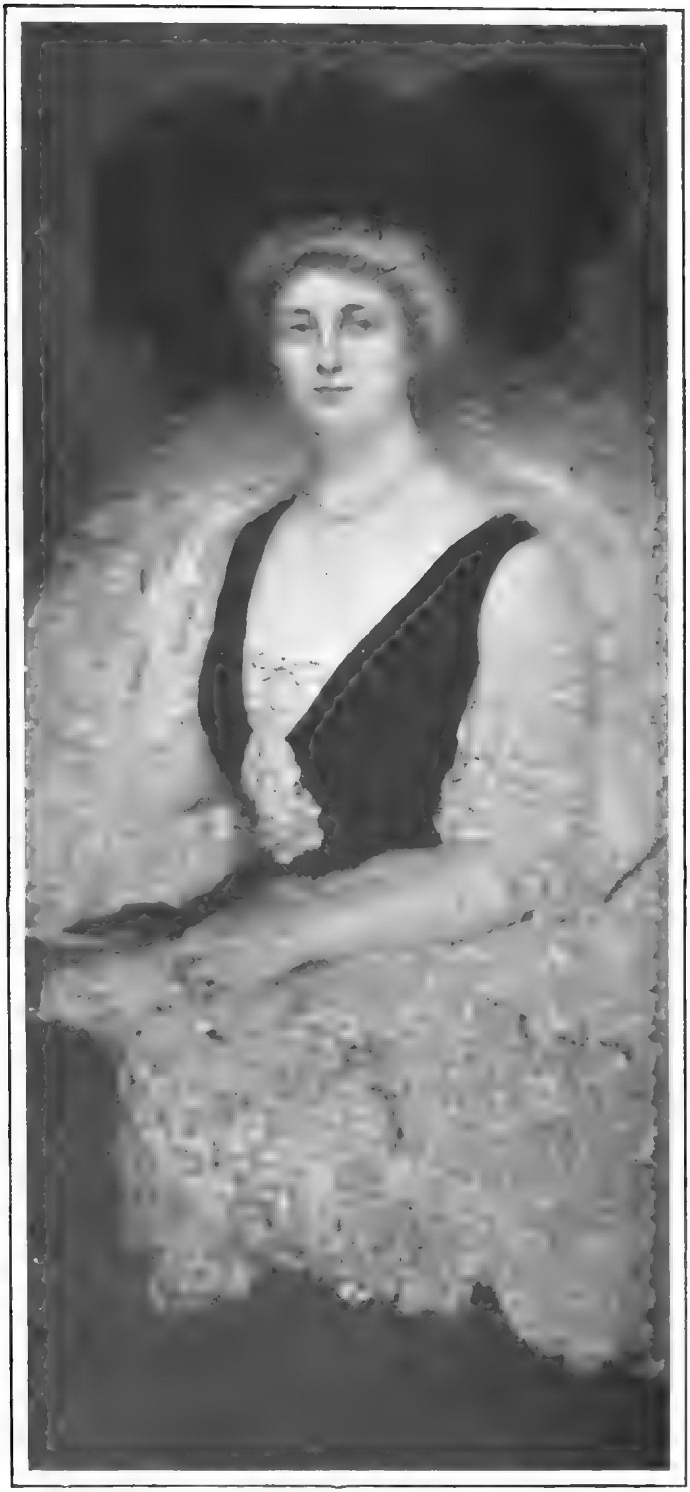
Painted by Boldini

MRS. ADOLPH LADENBURG



Painted by Ferraris

MRS. HILDA SPONG FLOWER



Painted by Bertier

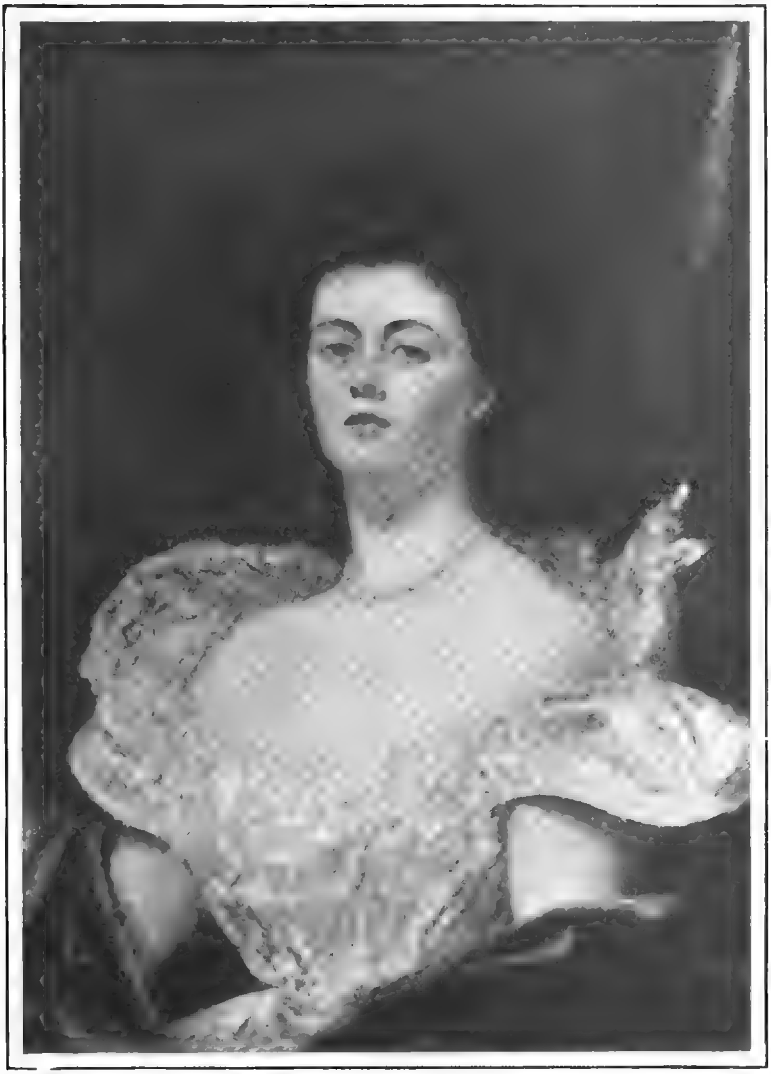
MRS. FRANK GOULD

flowers or bulldogs to distract attention from the lack of character shown in the sitters' heads.

Theobald Chartran, who made repeated visits until his death last year, was perhaps the greatest money-maker. Altogether he had taken from the United States close to a million dollars, his annual receipts being about eighty thousand dollars. Of this amount a commission of fifteen or twenty per cent. to the dealer who exploited him, the rent for his studio, and the cost of his living was all the money he expended in this country. In return for this generosity Chartran left a trail of superficial, sugary portraits from which it will take us a long time to recover. Year after year he gave us numerous florid portraits, all in the same manner — a style fully crystallized into a hard, superficial brilliancy, and always with a porcelain-like finish, which made a strong appeal to the uneducated, who so often mistake mere prettiness for beauty.

Through official and other influences Chartran painted portraits of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Longworth, Secretary Root, Admiral and Mrs. Dewey, Mrs. Paul Morton, P. C. Knox, and others in official circles and hundreds in private life.

Raimund de Madrazo, the Spanish-Parisian, during his four visits here, has been paid nearly four hundred thousand dollars. After deducting the dealer's commission, Madrazo

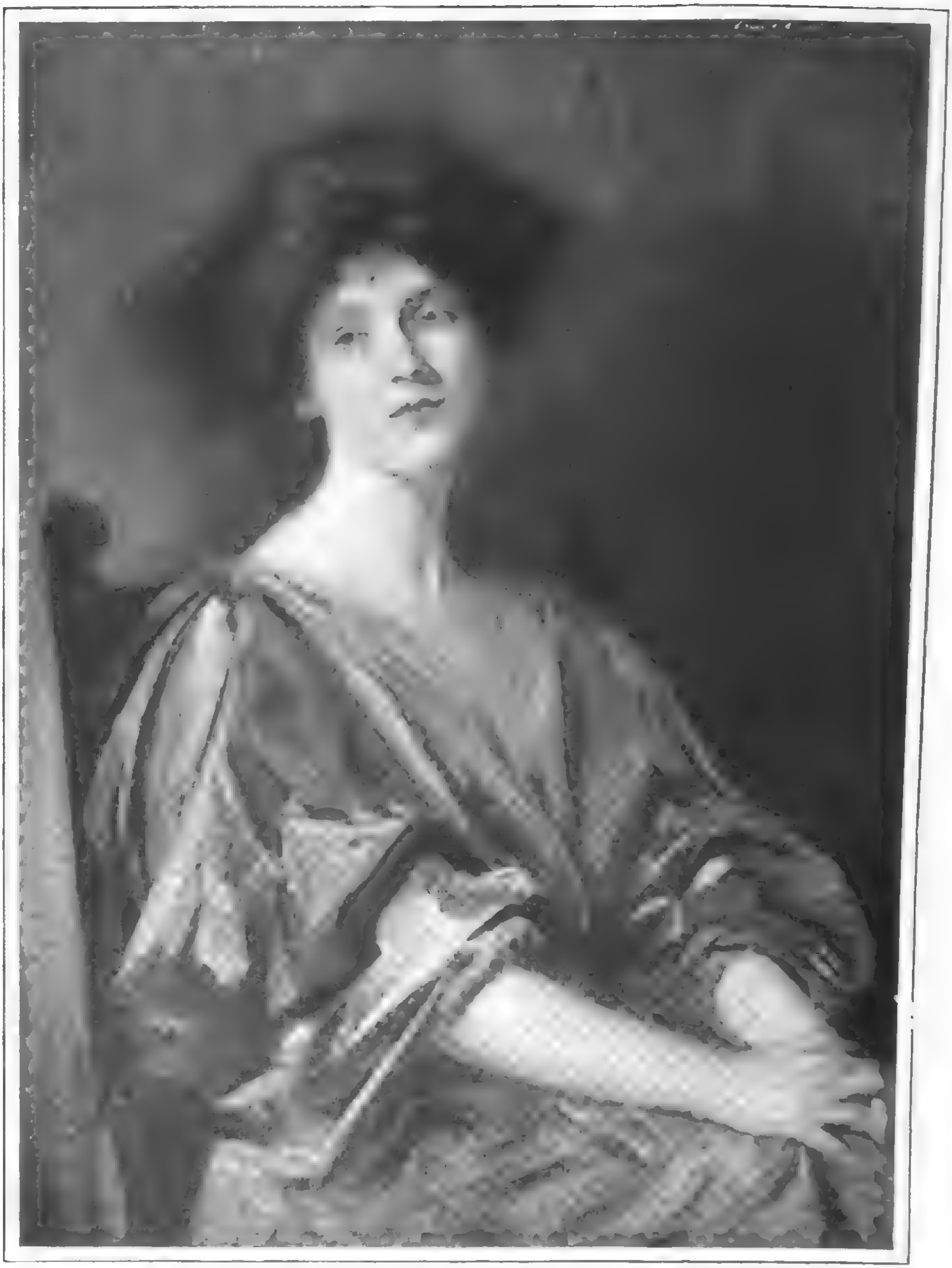


Painted by Carolus-Duran

MRS. JOSEPH WIDENER

has had a net return of sixty-five thousand dollars for each visit. In his portraits one will always find the pictorial effort shown in the pose of the figure, the disposition of the hands, the fall of the gown. He paints silk, lace and chiffon as well as they can be painted, and even good flesh, but one will look in vain for those emotional qualities that are more lasting. All his sitters seem to have a family look with a self-conscious note, and in the haste of production there is no effort to bring out individual character. In recent visits there has been a falling off in the painting of brilliant accessories, many of his portraits showing bare backgrounds of dry, unpleasant color. He found his sitters would pay as much for less work, so has turned out many canvases with nothing to relieve their artificiality.

A decade or so ago Carolus-Duran was at the height of his popularity in Paris and made a large income by painting French women. Nearly all who sat to him were painted against a crimson curtain which pleased the faded aristocratic dames, as well as the rich *bourgeois,* because it suggested youth, health and wealth. He became

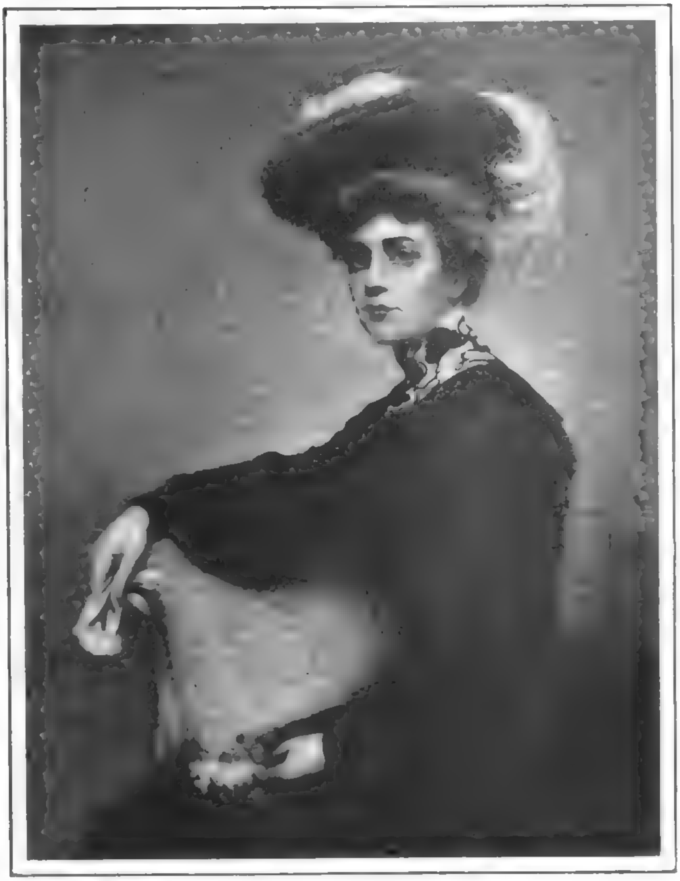


Painted by Emil Fuchs

MRS. PHIL BENKARD

known among painters as the man with the red background. But new tastes and new fashions came about, so when his vogue at home was gone, he consented to come over to us for two visits. He remained but two months, and took away as a tribute sixty thousand dollars. Being a Frenchman, of course he said a number of flattering things to his hosts at Newport and Lenox, then departed wearing the bracelets of which he was so fond, and when he reached Paris he laughed over how easily it was done. "*Mon Dieu!*" he is reported to have said, "I only charged six thousand dollars for a head, and fifteen thousand dollars for a full length. Why didn't I ask those foolish rich Americans more!"

As a painter, Duran was abler than most of the others. He had the facility which comes from long practice, but his old-time dash and brilliancy were gone, and the portraits he left of the Sloans and Vanderbilts and Astors, in return for the one hundred and twenty thousand dollars he obtained, are mere perfunctory performances born of habit, and show no inspiration, no intuition.



Painted by Thaddeus

MRS. LORILLARD SPENCER

While Madrazo, Duran and Chartran were each taking away from the United States their thousands of dollars, Boldini, the Italian; Gandara, the Spaniard; Wilhelm Funk, the German; Ferraris, the Austrian, and as many more were also harvesting.

Mr. Benjamin-Constant during his two visits executed a large number of unsatisfactory portraits at large prices. As a teacher in several Paris academies, he had come in contact with numerous American students who held him in high esteem, but the portraits painted here greatly lessened his reputation, although largely increasing his bank account. For a portrait he received from seven to fifteen thousand dollars, and his two visits brought him over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He too, failed to understand American women, whom he painted without character or distinction.

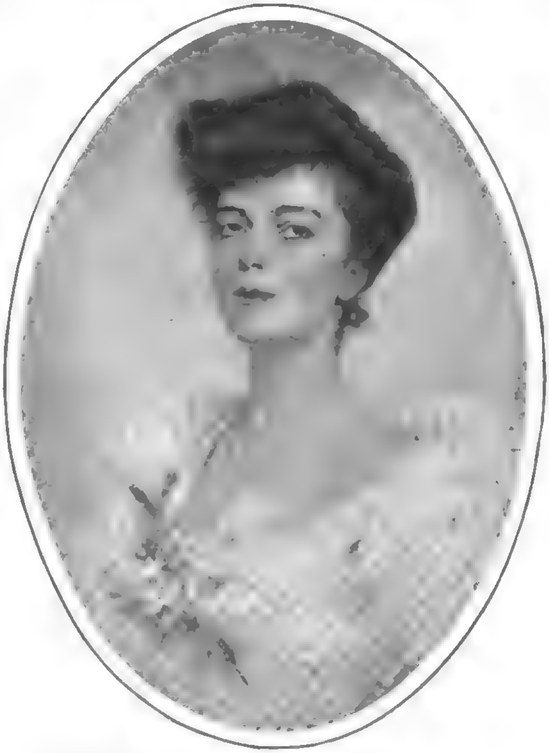
Richard Hall, who comes to us annually, is Finnish by birth, but Parisian by training, and has produced many portraits, among his sitters being the Vanderbilt, Sloan, Mills and Harriman families. His diligence as a harvester may be inferred from the fact that at a single exhibition he showed seventy-six of his portraits. Though his prices are lower, it is estimated that his takings amount to fifty thousand a year.

Arthur de Ferraris, who is an annual visitor, comes from Vienna. At the first his portraits did not take very well, but there is something to be said in his favor in that his work has showed improvement from season to season, and that he has secured better artistic results with his men sitters than from his women. He has shown some effort at understanding us, but, like most of the Germanic painters, his color is hot and unpleasant and his backgrounds lack atmospheric quality. He reaps some fifty thousand each winter.

Mr. J. J. Shannon's first visit occurred two years ago and proved so successful that it was repeated. His entire time was crowded with orders at from five to ten thousand dollars per canvas, so his harvest was large, without interfering with his regular work in his London studio.

Fedor Encke, a Berlin painter, came for two seasons to do American portraits at prices unobtainable at home, as did also Emil Fuchs and Wilhelm Funk, the last named showing perhaps the best ability that Germany has sent us, since his Saxon force was tempered by restraint and elegance. They have all taken a share of American money back to the Fatherland.

It is frankly conceded that the work of most of these visitors is skilful, with all the conscious cleverness of the Paris studios; it has a knowing-all-the-tricks attitude which arrests attention, but none of the vitality, the simplicity, which characterizes great art. There is little of the charm of beauty that distinguishes many of the fine portraits of the past. But there is apparent a desire to do the odd, the unusual, in order to attract the attention of the passer-by, rather than to perpetuate the character of the sitter. In fact the sitter, as a rule, is not shown to have had much, if any, character—only clothes. One need only to compare the portraits of men with those of our women to see how true this is. In the women's portraits there is always greater opportunity for contrasting textures, with more brilliant color schemes and accessories to hold the attention. Furthermore, women, by nature, make slighter demands on the painter. Again, few of the foreign painters seek to paint normal flesh coloring; when not too pink and waxy, they are either blackish or greenish, as if painted from dead models. With Boldini, Constant, Zorn, Madrazo, Chartran, Bertier and others of the same rank, there is pronounced artificiality. They see all women with the same complexions, the same characteristics.



Painted by Chartran

MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH

When Mr. Sargent came over to paint President Roosevelt's portrait a couple of years ago he found time to cover twenty-five canvases during his five weeks' stay in the country, receiving from five to fifteen thousand dollars, according to size. Many of these canvases are interesting as examples of Sargent, rather than as convincing evidence of any deep knowledge of the characters of the sitters.

Aside from the work of Mr. Sargent the work of no visiting painter can equal, in perception of character, humanness and sentiment, the work of a dozen of our own painters.

Paul Morton: Westerner

By C. P. Greneker

Illustration from Photograph

WHEN, a few years ago, Thomas Fortune Ryan disagreed with August Belmont over the building of the New York subways and the management of the surface lines, he declared: "I want the best man in the United States to handle this fight for me." His eye fell upon Paul Morton, then Secretary of the Navy.

Soon afterward the two men met in New York for the first time. There had been little or no correspondence, no introduction, no intermediary. It was Morton's reputation for ability and his career out West; nothing else.

"I took a liking to him and he took a liking to me," said Mr. Morton, guilelessly. The position, or at least the salary that Mr. Ryan offered, was too tempting.

"I'll take it," Morton told him, "but I have promised when I resign from the Cabinet to return to the Santa Fe Railroad. If you will get Mr. Ripley to release me I will accept." The release was granted and Mr. Morton resigned from the Cabinet.

He was about to take up his Ryan subway duties when the Alexander-Hyde family quarrel in the Equitable Life Assurance Society assumed such proportions as to cause investigation.

One of the members of the board of directors of the Equitable was David H. Moffat. In the early days he had crossed the Missouri headed west, penniless. J. Sterling Morton, Paul Morton's father, who became Secretary of Agriculture in the Cleveland cabinet, had given him a letter of introduction. In after years he and the son had met in Chicago; they met again during the insurance upheaval when Moffat said:

"Will you become chairman of the board of the Equitable?" Morton told him of his subway agreement with Ryan and said that if again a release could be secured he would accept the third new proposal.

Moffat saw Ryan. He asked for Morton's release, explaining the purpose for which he was wanted. It then became known that Hyde's stock could be bought. Ryan had not considered the purchase of it until Moffat made known the fact that Morton was the man selected to head the Equitable board.

The board—the old board of directors—met one night; Moffat proposed the name of Paul Morton, as chairman of the board, and he was unanimously elected. Several hours later, or, to be exact, at one o'clock in the morning, Thomas Fortune Ryan affixed his name to the papers by which he came into control of the Hyde stock for $2,500,000. The board knew nothing of the transaction and not a single member, not even Moffat, was aware of the fact that Ryan had been negotiating for the stock. This is the true story of how Paul Morton, Westerner, came to head the Equitable. It was Morton's introduction to the East. It was also the Equitable's introduction to its first real master—a plainsman of potentiality.

Mr. Morton's whole nature has been fashioned after the manner of a Western pioneer. He was born in Detroit, Michigan, fifty-one years ago, but while he was still a lad, the family moved to Nebraska. Tall and very broad shouldered, even in appearance he suggests the West. His arms are long and strong. His eyes are of that type so often described as steel gray. They are keen and curiously penetrating.

From the very outset of his career, when he was hardly more than errand boy in the general store at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, he was imbued with the idea that the railroad business was the best and most dignified career he could select, and his early ambition was to become president of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. Then he wished to top off his career by representing Nebraska in the United States Senate.

BECOMES A POWER IN THE SANTA FE

His next step took him to Chicago as a clerk in the office of the general freight agent of the Burlington, proper. In 1878, although just past his twenty-first birthday, Paul Morton was made assistant general freight agent of the Burlington system. His rise was rapid. The authority of an assistant general freight agent then was far greater than is the case to-day and Morton proceeded to make a name for himself.

Two years before the memorable engineer's strike on the Burlington, in 1888, he was made general passenger agent of that system. He accepted reluctantly, however, with the understanding that when a vacancy in the freight traffic department arose he would be given it.

Just after the strike the position of general freight agent became vacant. Vice-President Stone sent for Morton.

"I have here the names of three men," said he, indicating a sheet of paper. "Look at them and tell me which man to appoint general freight agent." Taking the paper, but without looking at it, Morton touched his breast and said: "Here's the man for the place."

"Whom do you mean?" asked Stone.

"Paul Morton," was the quiet reply. Then Morton reminded him of the promise he had received from an official, higher in authority than Stone, to the effect that when a vacancy occurred in the freight traffic department he should have it. Morton got the job.

It was while serving the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company as vice-president, which office he accepted after he retired from the Burlington in 1890, that Morton began his fight against that Goliath of the Western railroads, J. C. Stubbs, traffic head of the Southern Pacific, to compel that line to lower the rate on steel rails from Pueblo (the location of the steel company) to San Francisco. He finally accomplished his purpose. Soon afterwards he became third vice-president of the Santa Fe.

His greatest fight was his fight against the rebate evil. He was the first railroad official to come into the open and tell the truth. Thereupon the large shippers, more particularly the elevator and grain men and the Beef Trust, loaded their blunderbusses with the kind of ammunition that lies are made of and began a campaign for the official life of the Santa Fe's vice-president.

Mr. Morton, of course, did not grow up with the Santa Fe. The line was pretty well established when he took service with it. So was the practice of giving rebates. But when Morton became second vice-president of the Santa Fe he had the authority to take the initiative. He appealed to the competing lines to abolish the system. Once, twice, three times they agreed. To make good his position and prove his sincerity Morton, with one sweep, wiped the custom from the Santa Fe lines. But each time the agreements were broken. When he broached "reform" for the fourth time one of the trunk line traffic men hurled at him: "To h—— with reform. They've been crucifying reformers long enough."

"If this is your ultimatum, gentlemen," said Morton, addressing one of the traffic associations at Chicago, "I'll fight you by using your own weapons."

MORTON AND THE REBATES

Next day the Santa Fe resumed the rerebating practice, and it became general. Morton's "weapon," however, was not yet understood. As strange as it may seem, the giving of rebates on the wholesale lessened the evil. This, bear in mind, is in accordance with the strictest ethics of secret rate-making. He lessened the evil by giving rebates to great and small alike. Even then competing railroads refused to give up rebating and Morton, of the Santa Fe, adopted the only alternative—that of arming the Interstate Commerce Commission with a plan aimed to abolish the practice.

His first move was to call on President Roosevelt.

"I will not only give you the information necessary to form the foundation for a case," said Mr. Morton, "but I will take the stand and tell the Interstate Commerce Commission the same thing. The Santa Fe has been guilty along with the rest of the roads. We must either give rebates

PAUL MORTON—HEAD OF THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

or sacrifice our stockholders. I have decided that our stockholders must be protected."

His plan, as outlined, was to institute injunction proceedings against the trunk lines. After the conference at the White House Mr. Morton gave the same information to the Interstate Commerce Commission. But, in the meantime, he had made some powerful enemies out West as a result of his "pernicious activity." These men, all big shippers, were wont to walk into the railroad offices and actually dictate their own rates. They couldn't do it with Morton.

In giving information, in secret, to the

Interstate Commerce Commission, the Santa Fe's vice-president unconsciously played into the hands of his enemies. In short, there was a "leak." Consequently when the Commission met, in 1902—several months after the White House conference—there was a unanimous, undignified rush to cover on the part of traffic officials of many railroads, who confessed to paying rebates but promised to discontinue the practice at once. Morton made good his promise to President Roosevelt and it was then that the effete East, but more particularly the bushwhackers of Wall Street, asked: "Who is this fellow Morton?" The Beef Trust saw to it that there was but one answer: "He's a rebater." It sounded well. It gave the newspapers the opportunity to roast somebody.

HIS SWEEPING NAVAL REFORMS

Leaving the Santa Fe in June, 1904, at a salary said to have been thirty-six thousand dollars a year, he entered the Cabinet at a salary of eight thousand dollars. He held this post until June, 1905, when he came to New York.

As Secretary of the Navy Mr. Morton did nothing to particularly distinguish himself. He found his work well mapped out but, in spite of the precedents, customs, traditions and red tape of the department, he instituted a number of innovations. He consolidated the power plants at the naval stations, reorganized the navy into fleets, concentrating the Atlantic and Pacific fleets into squadrons, thus doing away with desultory cruising, and made sweeping changes in the accounting of expenses of the manufacturing department as well as reducing the expenditures.

While a member of the Cabinet he gave valuable advice to the President as to rate legislation, advice, by the way, which was acknowledged. Likewise, at the instance of the President, he issued a lengthy statement giving his views as to Federal supervision of railroads. During this period he was severely criticized. Those who know the man best assert that his greatest mistake—perhaps the gravest of his career—was his refusal to explain his rebating acts while he was under Congressional fire.

CLEANING OUT THE EQUITABLE

Mr. Morton, first as chairman of the board and later president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, has instituted reforms regardless of the feelings of others. High salaries have been reduced and a most rigid form of supervision begun. He found the cash deposit something like forty million dollars, which was drawing, in favored banks, only two per cent. He cut the amount to ten million (investing the remainder) and said to the banks: "I want two and one-half per cent. on this." They demurred, but finally agreed. Then Morton said: "Now give me three per cent. on this." He got it. In one year he decreased the running expenses of the Equitable by one million two hundred and fifty-one thousand and thirty-two dollars and pulled the assets up nearly fifteen millions.

As a financier Paul Morton now takes rank with many of the patriarchs of the Street. Few men know railroad stocks and bonds as well as he and this knowledge is being turned to good account for the Equitable and the four banks (in New York) which he serves as a member of the board.

Morton is not a speculator, but a level-headed, conservative investor. He is a man of independent fortune, owning an oatmeal mill and a packing house in Nebraska City and a cold storage warehouse in Chicago. Twenty-eight years ago he married in Chicago Charlotte Goodridge. His married life has been very happy. He has two charming daughters, Caroline Morton and Pauline, and with his wife and family lives at 733 Park Avenue, New York City. Had he begun life on Wall Street instead of at Burlington, Iowa, he would have been a very rich man. But that odium of immense riches, which Andrew Carnegie hopes to escape, will never burden the name of Paul Morton, product of the West.

Patsy Moran and the Closet Doors

By Arthur S. Hoffman

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

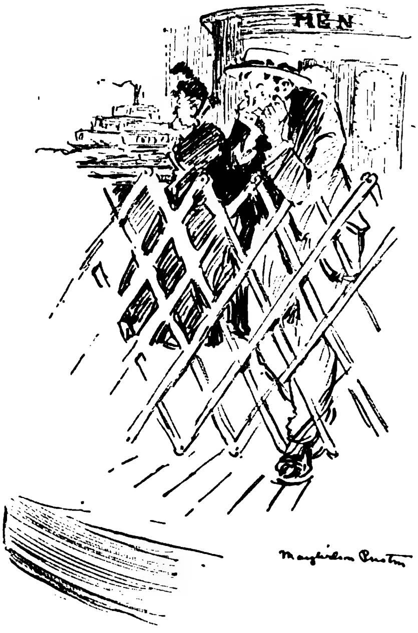
"YE'RE in foine feather," grunted Tim. "Phwat have yez done now?"

Moran drew to him the glass of beer a seedy waiter had just deposited on the table between him and his surly friend.

"I will tell ye," said Moran, pride speaking in his voice. He laid down his glass.

"I've been after dimonstratin' to Lucy that whin it comes to plannin' a good haul I'm as good a man as she is. It waz this way. There's a fine big country house out near Somerton, over in Jersey. 'Twaz me that found it on wan of me suburban rambles, but it wazn't no time afore Lucy up an' announced, as usual, that she had the makin's of a imposin' plan for removin' of the loot. Divil the word of it would she tell me, yis or no.

"Annyhow, while she waz concoctin' of her plans, it came to us that 'Slippy' Johnson had piked the same lay an' waz like to lave nothing for us excipt the burglar alarms people put in after their house is robbed. It's the grand wan 'Slippy' is for feelin' proud of himsilf, he bein' what he calls a gintlemin crackster an' doin' his graft be means of a dress-suit an' keepin' shaved all the time, but he'd come to be quite sociable-like with me, goin' so far as to git boilin' drunk togither an' him takin' me to his own room an' puttin' me to bed in pink pajamies.



"ME MOTHER-WIT DID NOTHIN'!"

"'Patsy,' says Lucy, whin the report come to her, 'ye've been talkin' agin!'

"'Now look here,' says I, 'ye say your plans is spiled. It may be they're better spiled than workin'. Annyway I'm goin' to take a hand mesilf,' says I, 'an' plan plans of me own.'

"With that I wint out the door haughty-like, with pride in me heart an' divil a plan in me head, but trustin' to me mother-wit an' crazy to put the comether on Lucy an' beat 'Slippy' Johnson at his own nefarious game while he waz home sleepin' in thim pink pajamies.

"Me mother-wit did nothin' for me goin' over on the ferry, though I leaned over the side of the boat an' fair looked holes in the Hudson River, thinkin'. I took a train to Somerton an' rode out inconspicuous, wishin' I knew waz there two people livin' in that big house or two hundred. I dropped off the train wan station this side of Somerton, still inconspicuous. Thim as can calls it Kinnekennek.

"Whin I come near the house I took to hedges an' such, an' sat around in the shrubberies. The lights began to go out towards midnight. 'Twaz either a big family, or ilse they waz wan of thim house-parties, but at the last all the windies waz dark, an' after waitin' a reasonable time I crep' up.

"It's years it's been since I broke a house like a tramp instid of workin' things out careful like a artist, but I waz still trustin' to me brains, hopin' they would begin workin' wanct I waz inside an' they had to. An' whiniver I remimbered 'Slippy' Johnson an' thim pink pajamies, an' how Lucy waz always talkin' about me depindin' on her plannin' things, I'd 'a' broke into hell itself.

"I had chose the windies openin on a big porch to wan side. I got to thim with niver the creak of a board, an' the first wan I tried at come open like a saloon door. Plans is all right in their place, but what counts is nerve an' quick thinkin' whin the time comes for thinkin'.

"It waz a ordinary house enough on the outside, but so hilp me God! the man that thought up the insides of it must 'a' had a high wind in his brains. There wazn't nothin' but what waz up three steps, or down two an' six to the right on a Tuesday, not comin' back till Wednesday whin ye turned to the lift an' clumb a ladder. An' I niver seen so manny doors—he must 'a' been collectin' doors.

"I had wint about twinty feet an' turned sivin corners whin me stummick wint away an' me feet begun pressin' down on the floor, for whin I made the last corner they waz a square of light shinin' on a wall. The light come from a transom, an', praise be, the door waz shut. But they waz voices talkin' inside.

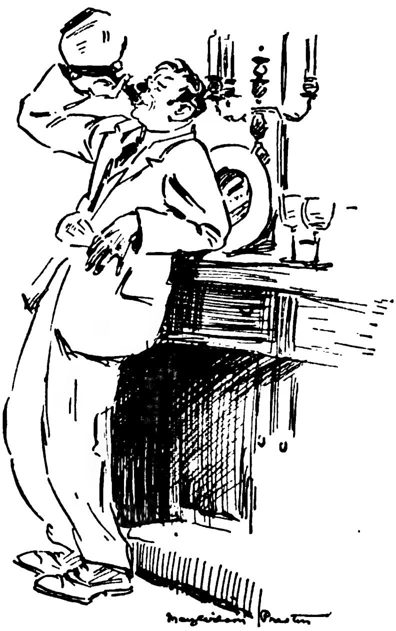
" 'Here is where me mother-wit comes in,' thinks I, an' crep' up an' put me ear aginst the door.

"A man's voice waz speakin', an' there waz no happiness in it.

" 'Yes,' he says, an' there was nothing more for so long I ached with the waitin'.

" 'Yes, it's true,' he says, very quiet-like. 'I would niver have signed thim if I had been sober. But I did it.'

"Thin he stopped an' there waz no answer.



" I SHUT ME EYES AT IT AGIN "

" 'I do not mean that for a excuse,' says he sort of sudden, but his voice had a kind o' break.

" 'No,' says another voice, an' it waz a woman's—a low voice sendin' little feelin's down me, 'no, ye were not yoursilf. It ain't the thing you did. It's only that you gave yoursilf up to drink agan, knowin' what it might mean to you. You could not be strong, an' you broke your word — you that waz to marry me. I waz not enough to you for that.'

" 'Yes,' says the man agin, the same as he did at first. 'Even if I had done nothing in me cups, I know you too well to ask for another chance. I am not bitter, dear. I will give mesilf up tomorrow, but I will not be took in your house to bring more disgrace on you. I will go up to me room now an' make him think I've gone to bed unsuspicious. Thin I will slip out an' go away.'

" 'Are ye sure he is a detective?' says she. 'He come as a guest.' (Me blood run cold.)

" 'I have seen him manny times at the bank,' he says. Thin, 'Good-bye, dear,' an' his voice waz not joyful to listen to.

" 'I will go to the front of the house,' waz all she said, 'an' lock the door after ye.'

"He wint out so quiet I heard niver a sound till the door closed after him soft. The saints be praised, it waz another door.

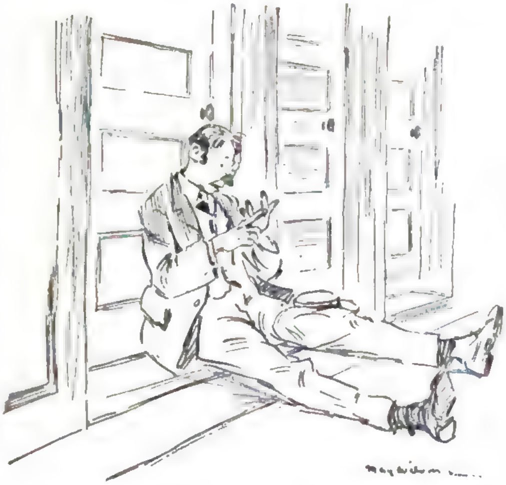
"Thin there was a swishin' of skirts comin' down the hall. I wint into wan of the dark places an' she passed by in the shadow.

"Right there it came to me all to wanct they waz but three people wakeful in that house, an' they would all be after locatin' near the front. So I slipped back to the room thim two had been conversin' in. That's what genyiss is—takin' the right chances. I took this wan. See what come of it.

"It waz a fine, comfortable room, waz that. Ye wanted to take your shoes off at wanct an' settle down. There waz nothin' but sofies an' easy-chairs and stacks of pillows. Thin I noticed wan of thim big bottles with a glass cork in thim sittin' to wan side an' lookin' red round the bottom of it. 'I wonder does he drink that himself or have his man do it for him?' thinks I. 'I'll take service with him,' says I.

"'It steadied me fine—they waz fine large glasses—an' I waz quick to see that another drop of the same would steady me some more. I have tasted many liquors, but niver none like that. It tasted still finer right out of the bottle itself, an' thin I shut me eyes at it again for a bit more to take home.

"'Twas a short time whin I heard a noise, an' havin' disremembered agin which waz the front of that house—a map of it would have looked like a picture of somewan's brains, God hilp him—I started easy-like for what I thought waz the front, because I knew most likely it wazn't. I don't know yit which it waz, but I hadn't fair passed through the door afore I run plump into a man! I had no more than time to stick me gun into the face of him, but he stuck up his hands with no argymint—like he'd had long practice.



"THERE WASN'T NOTHIN' IN THE WORLD BUT CLOSET DOORS"

"Thin the air come back in me an' I saw there waz a suit-case on the floor beside him. It come to me who he waz, of course, that waz prowlin' the house at that hour tryin' to get out of it. An' right on top of that some wan stumbled over a step down the hall or somewheres — it's only God that knows —an' I knew it waz the detective after him.

"I tried the nearest door mesilf. It come open quiet an' I kicked around inside with me leg, findin' it waz a closet.

"'Git in,' says I whisperin'. 'It's the plain-clothes man. If ye foot it like as not ye'll run into his arms. Let him go by. Git in.'

"Which he done, with his grip, me helpin'. I turned the key on him an' jammed it in me pocket. Me hand waz no more than out whin the other come round some corner an' I stuck me gun in *his* face, usin' me left hand for lack of time. 'Twas lucky he waz slow on the draw—as it waz, he staggered back, an' whin I said 'Hands up!' he ups, limp-like.

"'Ye dirty, sneakin' low-lived blackguard,' says I, niver havin' scolded a detective afore, an' thinkin' of nothin' ilse to say.

"Niver a word from him in the dark.

"'Ye sneakin' blackguard,' says I wanct more, wonderin' would we stand there till marnin'. An' still he said nothin'. Thin, all of a sudden it come to me.

"'Keep your hands where they are and walk backwards,' I tells him, not raisin' me voice, 'an' if ye fall over annything or down annything I'll blow your clumsy head off,' says I, 'bad scran to ye!' Which he done, an' me followin' with the gun against his face be way of seein' him in the dark.

"It wazn't fast we wint, an' I had time to feel along the wall with me free hand till we passed wan door an' come to another, leaving wan atween us an' the first gint's cage.

"It come open quiet, I will say that for thim doors—they waz none of thim noisy. Thin I reached in with me foot, havin' invited him close enough to keep him covered, an' it waz another closet, all fine and wholesome. Thin I felt him all over, careful, findin' he had no gun after all.

"'Git in,' says I.

"In he wint, an' I turned the lock on him, tellin' him I'd shoot through the door if he so much as cracked a joint. Thin I sat down on the floor an' caught a bit of me breath in the dark. It waz needin' it I waz.

"I had got about wan lung full whin there waz a bit of a noise down the hall. Thin it come agin, a sort of creepin', rustlin' noise it waz. I waited no more, but got up soft-like an' begun creepin' mesilf.

"'It has become a habit with me,' says I to mesilf, 'an' I might as well be spindin' the night at it. I will just be after takin' wan of these little corners an' git him whin he goes by.'

"An' so it waz, for he come by all right, an' he put up his hands quick like he knew how. He waz a little bit of a man, while the others waz sizeable.

"'I don't know who the divil ye are,' whispers I, pleasant, 'but it's me business in life to hold people up in this hall an' I mean no harm. It's only after amusin' mesilf I am, but I'm goin' to blow a fine, large hole in ye if ye don't keep thim hands up,' says I, easy-like.

"He kept thim up, but he niver opened his mouth.

"'We will just be walkin' down the hall,' I wint on, 'me an' you an' this gun, till we find a closet door. I lift wan for ye,' says I, still pleasant-like.

"He begun walkin', me indicatin' with the gun.

"'An' for God's sake say something!' I says to him. 'Am I in a deaf-an'-dumb asylum, or are all of ye scared past talkin'? Ye'd think the gun waz down your throat instid of nestlin' in your ear.'

"But he said nothin' whativer, an' whin we come to the door atween the other two I put him in expeditious, bein' in practice, first tryin' it with me foot. An' I took a gun off this wan. What they had thim three closets for three in a row I don't know, but there they waz, an' I begun feelin' kinder to the dotty man what built the house. So I set down wanct more to think it over. Be this time there wazn't nothin' in the world but closet doors.

"'In wan of thim is the nice young man what is goin' to state's prison,' thinks I to mesilf, goin' over the ground. 'In wan of thim is plain-clothes, what is goin' to stay there, bad cess to the blackguard, an' divil a wan of me knows what I've got in the other wan. I wonder what they made thim closet doors for annyways. Well,' says I, still to mesilf, 'there don't seem to be no wan ilse snoopin' down the hall for a minute or two an' I think I'll just be after havin' a bit more of that liquor to clear me head up. It's a great help to wan. An' it will be well to locate a few more of thim closet doors on the way, for I may be needin' thim soon.'

"It took just wan drink to see me first step, an' without settin' in a wan of thim easy-chairs I wint back an' after some tryin' of the keys, I pulls open the first closet door an' sticks me gun in be way of formality.

"'Come out,' says I to the young man inside, 'an' do it quiet!'

"He come.

"'Be glad,' says I, 'an' exceedin' rejoiceful. I have the plain-clothes an' some wan ilse locked up in closets borderin' on your own, an' I have done this to befrind ye. Git away, an' waste no time. There ain't no thanks,' says I concludin'.

"An' there wazn't none. All he said waz, 'Me grip.'

"'Sure,' says I, grateful, for anny wan to say annything, an' he reached in an' got it. An' thin he waz gone.

"'Be the powers,' thinks I, 'it's no time he's losin'!'

"An' with that I closed the door gintly an' wint back to the library-room to clear me head some more. Thin I crawled into wan of thim easy-chairs about four feet an' begun thinkin' hard.

"All to wanct something cold and hard pressed up against me head an' some wan whispered:

"'Don't move!'

"Whin me blood stopped feelin' like a elictric current in me I got me voice:

"'I'm not movin', says I. 'Which of thim are ye?'

"'What are ye doin' in this house?' says the voice agin from behind me, an', Mother of Hiven, it waz a woman's! But I answers up polite:

"'Settin' very still,' says I.

"She didn't say a word, but that gun-barrel pressed into me head about wan inch. But I done more real thinkin' right thin than I had done all night. An' I saw me way.

"'If so be you're the young lady what waz talkin' with the despairful young man a bit gone, wan thing I've been doin' waz to git him out safe. The gintlemin who waz pursuin' of him is locked up in wan of thim closets an' the key is in me pocket,' I says, humble-like.

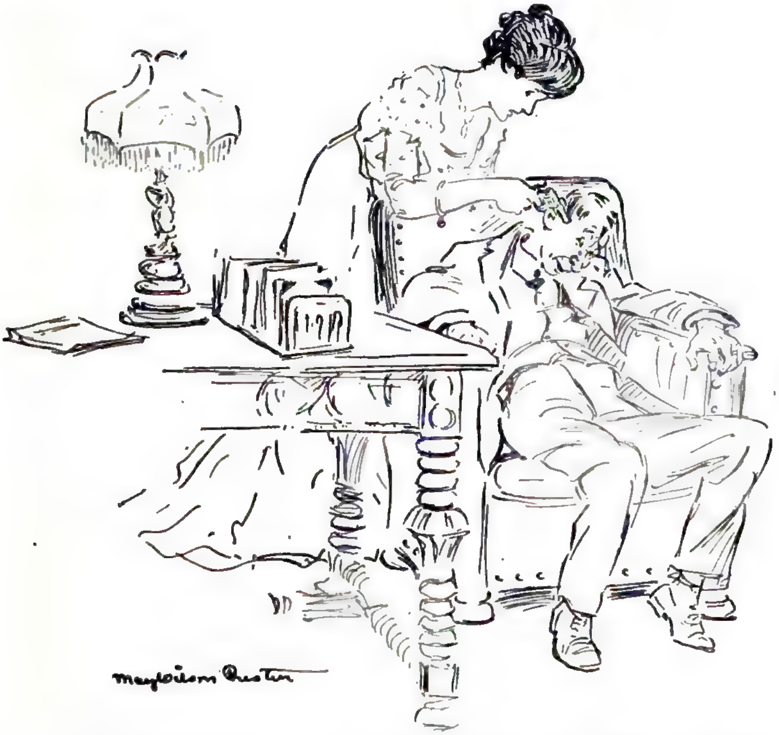
"She didn't say nothin' for a minute, thin:

"'Sit right still, for I'm going to keep this pointed at your head. I'm comin' round where I can see your face," says she.

"I niver moved a muscle, turnin' me eyes to wan side for me first glimpse of her. An' thin I saw her. I disremimber what it was I thought I waz goin' to do afore that, but from that minute I knew it waz like to be whativer she wanted of me. She moved like the lady she waz, keepin' her eyes on mine, till she sat down across the table her feet, the gun hangin' ready in her hand, facin' the door.

"'It wuz only wan of thim stirrin' round in his closet,' I says, 'an' the doors is thick. I will raymonstrate with him, if ye say the word.'

"She wheeled round at the sound of me voice an' put the gun on me agin. Thin she looked at me settin' quiet an' harmonious in the chair and she lowered her gun a bit.



"ALL TO WANCT SOMETHING COLD AND HARD PRESSED AGINST ME HEAD"

from me, ristin' the gun on it so I could see the round black hole in the ind. An' thin she sat there, me feelin' me face git red.

"'Why did ye do it?' says she at last.

"'Ye can search me,' says I. 'But I'd do it again, if 'twaz to do over.'

"'Thin ye heard what we talked of in this room?' says she.

"'I take shame I did,' says I. 'But I waz not intindin' that same, only I couldn't quit list'nin'.

"There waz a little chokin' sound in her throat, an' just thin come a noise—belike from wan of thim closets. She sprung to

"'What were ye doin' here?' says she.

"'I waz a burglar,' says I, 'but I'm that no more in this house,' I says.

"She niver winced. Mayhap a burglar waz a small thing be the side of her trouble that night.

"Thin she says: 'What did ye mean whin ye said ye'd locked the detective in a closet?'

"'Just that, ma'am,' I says. 'I waz niver drunk to the ixtint of puttin' anny extra closets in this house.'

"'But he can't stay there,' she answers, quick-like. 'He'll get out or alarm the house—they mustn't know.' Thin, 'Take me to him,' she says. 'I must keep him quiet—an' keep him *here*—must keep him here!'

"'He's doin' fine where he is,' says I, for me brain waz workin' great be this time, 'askin' your pardon,' says I.

"'No,' she says. 'No, I can't risk that!' An' she started for the door—wan I had not been through yit. 'An' give me that light, please,' pointin' to wan of thim pocket sticks with a elictric light in thim whin ye press it.

"As I waz sayin', me head waz clear as a bell, but it waz no good the liquor had done me legs, so I begun tryin' to see me feet instid of arguin', an' stepped out afore her in the dark, feelin' reasonable sure of findin' thim closets be reason of their bein' somewheres nixt the library-room itsilf. Which I did, the light showin' thim three in a row. I had been tellin' it over to mesilf in me mind all the way—'In the first wan the man what is gone, in the middle wan I don't know, an' the plain-clothes in the wan at the ind.'

"Whin we come to the wan at the ind I give a gintle rap on the door:

"'Come out whin it opens,' says I, 'but come easy, for there's two of us an' we have ye covered.'

"The door opened an' he come out, with the light in his face.

"'Jack!' says she.

"'Holy Mother!' says I.

"But there she waz with her arms round his neck, an' it seemed like she ought to tell him from a plain-clothes. 'Wirra, wirra, it's the wrong ind I begun countin' from,' thinks I, 'bein' confused from startin' from that new library-room door!' Thin I speaks up:

"'I waz after makin' a bit of a mistake,' I says to her. 'This is the wan I let out. I didn't know him, niver havin' seen him in the dark afore. I thought he was the other wan.'

"'What?' says she, lettin' go of him.

"Thin I see I waz wrong, what I'd been sayin' not makin' anny sinse to speak of, but right thin it come clear just what I *had* done—I'd mixed thim in the start of things an'——'

"'*You let out the detective!*' says she, sort of gaspin' it, the light makin' a little round trembly spot on the floor of the hall.

"'Jack,' says she, brave-like, 'it's not too late yet! This man is goin' to help us. An' forgive me, Jack, dear!' The light wint up along the wall quick, an' he said something too low for me ears, long as they waz. Thin she agin:

"'There's no time to——What waz that?'

"For there waz a gintle knockin' on the inside of the middle door.

"'It's only the other wan,' says I.

"'The other wan?' she says. 'Thin you didn't let him out after all?'

"'They waz three of thim, ma'am,' says I, modest. 'I forgot to tell ye.'

"'Three of thim? *Three* of thim?' An' for wanct she lost hold on hersilf.

"But I kept me head. 'It's not the plain-clothes,' says I, 'but divil the wan of me knows who it is if it ain't! He come pryin' down the hall like the rist of thim an' I locked him up without askin' him anny questions as to why I waz doin' it.' The knockin' wint right on.

"'It doesn't make anny difference,' says the man, speakin' for the first time. 'I'm sick of this! Whoiver it is will wake the whole house. Open it!'

"'Jack——'

"'What does it matter,' says he, 'if he is goin' to bring the others down to tell thim after I'm gone? Annyways, there's some wan ilse that knows loose in the house.'

"'That last don't mean much,' thinks I, me wits niver leavin' me, 'ixciptin' he's a human compass or built the blamed thing.'

"'Give me the light, dear,' says he. An' thin to me: 'Open it!'

"I wint to the middle door.

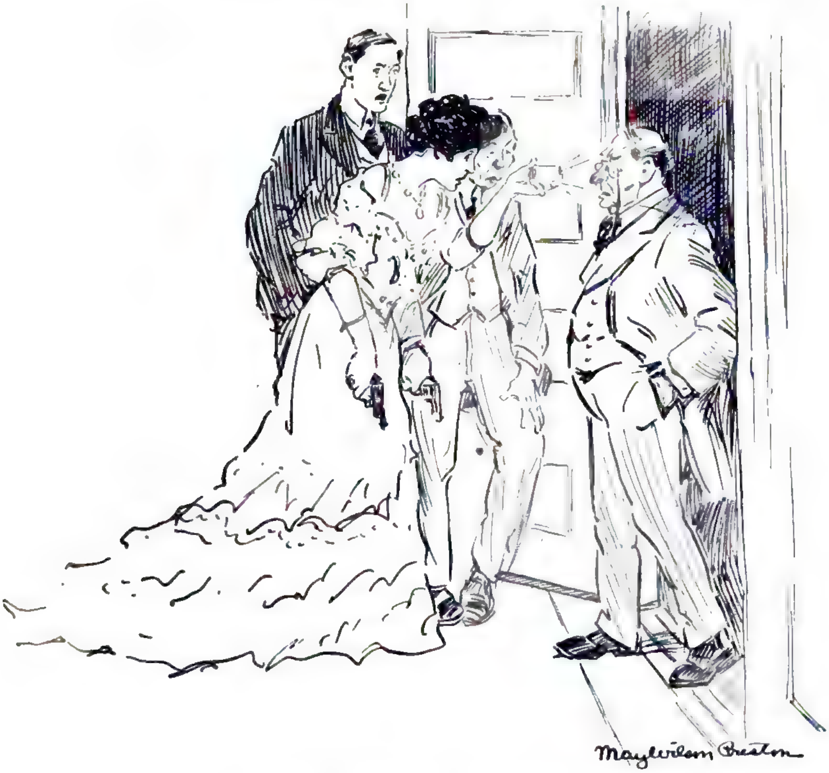
"'Whin I open it, come out. But do it quiet. There's three of us an' we all have guns. An' for Hiven's sake stop that knockin'!' I says, wonderin' why I hadn't told him afore.

"I steps back an' he comes out with the light on him—a dried up little man with a head belongin' to a bigger wan, an' red hair, not lookin' pleased at things.

"'*Mr. Duncan!*' It waz the girl that spoke, whisperin' it so it wint cold down me spine.

"'Harris,' says the man, 'of the private force!'

"The cold come up me spine agin an' wint back to me stummick an' got warm-like. Thin me knees begun tryin' to walk an' I leaned up aginst the wall in the dark, wishin' I hadn't caught the last of thim three. Yit I was the first of thim all to come to.



“HARRIS,” SAYS HE, “OF THE PRIVATE FORCE”

“ ‘What does all this foolishness mean?’ says the plain-clothes, snappy. ‘Did he git away?’

“ ‘Yes,’ says I. ‘Who waz it that wint?’

“ ‘Here I am,’ says Jack. ‘Give me till to-morrow an’——’

“ ‘You?’ says the plain-clothes, knowin’ him by his voice, for it waz not a voice for two men to have. ‘What do I want with you? Where is he?’

“An’ just thin he grabs the light from Jack an’ turns it in me face.

“ ‘Oh,’ he says, not much interisted. ‘An’ waz it you hild me up in the dark?’ says he.

“ ‘Not knowin’ ye,’ says I, ‘or I——’

“ ‘Likely not,’ says he, not waitin’ for me to finish. Thin to the girl: ‘Who is this man?’

“ ‘I’ll be responsible for him,’ says she, speakin’ out of the dark, the saints bliss her.

“ ‘He’s my frind an’ workin’ under my orders.’

“Thin he turned on me agin:

“ ‘Who waz thim locked in nixt to me?’ he says.

“ ‘This gintlemin,’ says I, ‘an’ the other wan I thought waz you, only he waz this gentlemin an’ you waz him till just now, only I thought you waz in the other closet,’ says I, explainin’.

“ ‘Oh, Lord!’ says he, impolite. ‘It waz a man, thin? An’ it waz you let him out agin? Waz you ass enough to do that, or are you his pal?’

“ ‘Pal, is it?’ says I, not likin’ him annyhow. ‘I niver laid me eyes on him till this night whin I saw him in the dark whin I couldn’t see me hand afore me! An’ waz you after knowin’ me whin ye’d had the same kind of a look at me?’

“ ‘Here,’ says Jack to him, impatient. Don’t you know me—Jack Hibbard?’

“ ‘Of course, Mr. Hibbard. What is it?’ says plain clothes, short-like.

“ ‘Thin let that man alone an’ ind this! Only I ask you, for the sake of this house, wait till to-morrow an’ I give my word to go with you quiet!’

“ ‘Oh, says the little plain-clothes to Jack, after a sicond. ‘Oh, I see. You mean thim papers?’

"'What did ye think I meant? Do ye mean——'

"'Forgit it!' says the little wan, an' I could 'a' kissed him for it. 'There's nothin' the matter with you! You waz too drunk to know. Your friend Dalton hunted me up that night, you bein' so unmanageable with the drink, an' we found you in the Beaumont café signin' papers for a queer wan what had ye in tow. I tore thim up an' run him in. Forgit it. I waz here watchin' wan of your guests who is a professional burglar,' says he.

"'Jack!' come the girl's voice in the dark, an' though I couldn't see annything, I knew they waz something goin' on there besides her cryin' as if her heart would break.

"The plain-clothes turned his back, though there waz no need, an' pointed the little light my way.

"'Thin,' says I, friendly, 'it waz just a burglar I turned loose?'

"'Yes,' says he. 'An' he's clean gone be this time, with his grip loaded with swag!'

"Thin he handed me the light an' wint up after his things, there bein' nothin' ilse lift to do.

"I stood there a minute playin' with the lamp, an' thin thim two come over to me, him with his arms around her.

"'He told me to be tellin' you,' says I, thankin' the saints I had something to say to thim quick, 'that you waz to sind a list of what waz took in the marnin'.'

"'Oh, we don't care about that,' says she, happy—ye'd think there waz nothin' pleased her so much as havin' all the silver stole—'but we want to thank you for bringin' things out all right.'

"Thin I begun to feel like goin', not likin' thim kind of scenes, an' they both of thim wanted to do something for me, an' made me tell how they could be reachin' me, because of me savin' their whole world for thim. 'Isn't there annything?' says she agin.

"'Well,' says I, hesitatin', 'who waz it built this house?'

"'Why, my father,' says she, surprised. Why do ye ask?'

"'Oh,' says I. An' just thin the plain-clothes come up sayin' he waz goin' to the city an' would sind some wires from the station, an' I said I would be goin' with him if it waz agreeable to him, which it waz. An' sure it waz a great feelin' to be pals with a plain-clothes.

"On the way I says to him:

"'If ye don't mind tellin' it, who waz the gint what smuggled the swag?'

"'Not a bit,' says he. 'There'll be notices out for him in the marnin' annyhow. He answers to the name of Johnson. Know him?'

"'Niver heard of him,' says I, but I begun feelin' weak.

"Pretty soon, whin we had talked of other things, I says to him agin:

"'Do you be after knowin' does that Johnson wear pink pajamies?'

"'What?' says he. 'Why, yes, come to think of it,' he says. 'Dropped in on him the other night whin he waz turnin' in, be way of a surprise to him, an' they waz certainly pink. They certainly waz!'

"An' to think, Tim, that I had that sneakin' spalpeen walkin' round at the ind of me gun with the swag hangin' in his hand, niver knowin' him! That waz a queer house, Tim, a queer house!

"But it was a great night for me for all of that. It wazn't two days afore a letter come to me with a hundred dollars in it from Mr. Jack, an' a little note sayin' hers waz yit to come. But the biggest thing I done that night, Tim, waz gettin' in that house an' gittin' out again without growin' old afore I did it! It waz like wanderin' round in a omelette!"

Tim had lost no word that fell from Moran's lips, but he seemed to absorb none of the latter's enthusiasm.

"An' are yez to do the plannin' for yersilf an' Lucy?" he asked, with no trace of interest in his voice.

"Did ye iver convince a woman?" said Moran scornfully, "of annything?"

"An' did yez git the swag yersilf, which it waz ye went afther?"

"I had give up huntin' the swag," snapped Patsy, now thoroughly on the defensive.

"An' didn't yez turn loose the thief they waz all wantin', not aven knowin' yez waz doin' it?"

"There is some people," said Moran with deep disgust, "what can see just wan thing whin they're lookin' at a million!"

"Um," said Tim.

Miracles of Modern Surgery

By Robert Sloss.

Illustrations from Photographs

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The old parable about bringing the dead back to life is practically being accomplished by modern surgery; and many marvelous operations that our grandfathers would have deemed impossible are being performed as a matter of course by the surgeons of to-day. Mr. Sloss, in a vivid, terse, popular article has related below some of the "miracles" which are actual matters of record. Professional phraseology has been eliminated, wherever possible, and several of the operations have been combined into one case.

THE muffled clang of the returning ambulance, penetrating to the emergency operating room, has spurred on the preparations of the house surgeon and his assistant and the white-robed nurses. It is a late night scene, met with frequently in the up-to-date hospitals of New York. The telephone call for the ambulance has included the warning that it is a desperate case with which they should be prepared to cope.

Scarcely has the vibration of the gong died away, when the stretcher is borne in, preceded by the young ambulance surgeon visibly agitated. It is the most desperate case in his experience. The victim is a man who has been struck by a trolley car. One leg has been cut off above the knee, and his skull is badly fractured. He has been lying, bleeding for some time, on a sidewalk without surgical attention.

"I did my best," whispers the young surgeon, with a significant shake of the head, "but he'd lost too much blood. There's hardly any pulse left."

"Saline transfusion!" orders the house surgeon, but his assistant has anticipated the order. They do not stop to further control the hemorrhage of the leg, which continues despite the torniquet hurriedly applied in the ambulance. There will be no use of that, unless they manage to lay hold of the flicker of life that remains.

In a trice a vein in the man's arm has been opened and the tube inserted. Then they watch anxiously while the solution of ordinary warm water and salt flows into the victim's circulation to take the place of the life blood that has been lost. And as they watch, that strange white, greenish hue of oncoming death gives way to a faint flush. The measure has been in time by a hair's breadth.

And now that the pulse and respiration have regained, there is immediate need to take up actual surgical measures. While the assistant confines his attention solely to watching the pulse and administering the anæsthetic, the house surgeon goes to work on that cruelly injured limb. The rapid technique of the cool operator seems marvelous, as he picks up the cleaved veins and arteries with little tweezers, known technically as hemostats, and ligates, or ties them one by one, thus shutting off the terrifying loss of blood.

It does not take long; and now attention turns to the more deliberate operation on the fractured skull. The injury is easily located, and trephining is begun. This simply consists in cutting out the injured bone which presses upon the brain. Only once is there a halt, when the assistant speaks a warning word, and more saline solution is transfused.

The last of the neat stitches are being taken in the scalp now. But meanwhile the patient's symptoms have been closely observed, and these are ominous. Undoubtedly a vein or artery in the brain has

DR. LOUIS PASTEUR,
ON WHOSE GERM EXPERIMENTS ANTISEPSIS IS BASED

been ruptured and caused a clot. Unless that clot is located and removed, the man will never regain consciousness; nothing can save him. But how may this be accomplished? The clot may be anywhere; the patient himself could not help locate it, even if he were conscious.

Surgical science has evolved a method of diagnosis that is practically definitive in such cases. It depends upon knowledge of the "motor area" of the human brain. Comparatively recent exhaustive investigation has shown that different portions, or areas, of every brain invariably control certain portions of the body; one area impels the right foot, another the left arm, another the knee, and so on through the body. And this motor area of the brain with all its subdivisions has been duly charted, much like the map of a continent. When one of these local areas is depressed by a blood clot or other cause, paralysis fastens upon that part of the body which it controls. It remains, then, to discern where paralysis exists in order to decide where the blood clot is.

Quickly an electric battery is produced, and the electrodes passed over the man's body. From time to time as the shock is given, there is a decided reflex twitching, proving that the part is not paralyzed. Then they reach the left forearm, and there is scarcely any twitching. Consequently it is upon its corresponding motor area that the blood clot presses. Most of the work is done now. It remains simply to drill through the skull and remove the clot.

BRINGING THE DEAD TO LIFE

They have accomplished this, and the house surgeon straightens up with a sigh of relief, for it has been exhausting work. The man is breathing well and the immediate danger seems over. The anæsthetizer bends down to have one more reassuring feel of the pulse. He straightens up with a start.

"The heart has collapsed!" he ejaculates.

Instantly the house surgeon places his ear to the man's chest to make sure. The heart has absolutely stopped beating. There is no respiration. The man is apparently dead.

But wait! The modern surgeon does not give up so easily. There is a chance, though it rests upon an expedient as desperate as it is dangerous. And though these extreme heart collapses do not occur once in a thousand cases, they are prepared.

"Adrenalin salt!" commands the house surgeon; and a hypodermic syringe full of the powerful solution is thrust into his hand. Perhaps four minutes has elapsed between the time death was apparent and the time of the injection into the carotid artery. The surgeon gives the plunger a push and immediately they fall to massaging the heart by depressing the chest directly above it very rapidly. And then, wonder!—this man who has been dead four minutes begins to breathe fitfully and his heart to beat anew. He has actually been brought back to life, and the man is today alive and well, barring the lost limb.

Is this fiction, you may ask; or a miracle? It is neither, except that the achievements of modern surgery have duplicated nearly all the miracles of biblical record. In fact, this has been only a rather difficult emergency operation, which, compared with other more marvelous surgery, is commonplace.

And yet had this man been so injured but the span of a child's life ago he must surely have died on at least three different counts. First, without the saline solution he must surely have died from loss of blood. Second, unless the clot on the brain had been found he would never have regained consciousness. Third, death would never have relinquished its grasp but for the science which has discovered the restorative use of adrenalin salts.

Potent as is this miracle-working saline solution, it is too rapidly absorbed to sustain a patient who has lost so much blood that his system cannot produce a new supply before its effect is exhausted.

BLOOD TRANSFUSION

But even this drawback has been overcome by a wonderful new system of direct blood transfusion based by Dr. G. Crile, of Cleveland, upon the method of blood vessel suture established by Dr. Alexis Carrel, who is now doing experimental work in the Rockefeller Institute, New York.

This new system allows the transfusion of blood directly by connecting an artery of a healthy human being to an artery or vein in the patient, thus supplying the life fluid quickly and without the danger which formerly existed, of forming blood clots in the circulation of the patient and so causing death. The great value of the discovery is that it not only immediately restores the blood lost in hemorrhage, but in addition retains its value for several days, thus affording the depleted system time to reproduce the lost blood corpuscles.

The new method of suture, or tying together of the blood vessels, perfected by Dr. Carrel, has worked a great advance in operations for aneurism of the great arteries. These aneurisms, formerly certain death, are really due to a thinning of the walls of the artery. The only hope lies in ligating or tying off the blood circulation until nature repairs the damage. Carrel's suture has minimized the danger of sudden death and made ultimate recovery possible.

The public hears little of these accomplishments because the ethics of the surgeon forbid publicity, and the triumphs of modern surgery are so vast in their entirety as to make it impossible to give the layman more than a glimpse of a few of the authentic achievements of approved practice. There are a hundred intricate marvelous operations in every part of the human body now where there were a few obvious and dangerous ones occasionally attempted by the daring surgeon of the past. And this has come about largely because the profession at last found means to work intelligently toward finding out what is really the matter with the patient.

DR. WILLIAM T. G. MORTON,
DISCOVERER OF ETHER AS AN ANÆSTHETIC

Wonderful are the means already assembled toward this end. Not more than fifty years back a decent microscope could not be found at St. Bartholemew's, the great hospital of London. Now the practitioner trusts no longer to his unaided senses. He has the stethoscope and thermometer constantly in his pocket and on his table are myriad devices for examining every part of the body. Electricity has furnished many helps. Its uses in the study of the nervous system are incalculable. The old surgeons used all kinds of painful devices in searching for stone. Now a tiny electric bulb attached to a

DR. WILLARD PARKER,
WHO FIRST OPERATED FOR APPENDICITIS

small telescope enables the surgeon to see for himself just what is present. Likewise, an electric bulb let down into the stomach, makes it possible to study the shadows and thus determine the presence of abnormal growths.

BEGINNINGS OF PAINLESS SURGERY

Yet all this modern miracle-working was only made possible by principles that have been discovered in less than a lifetime. Modern surgery had its first real impetus only in 1846, when ether, as an anæsthetic, was brought to the attention of the world by Dr. W. T. G. Morton, a dentist of Boston, whose son is at present practising in New York. What this discovery meant to mankind is beyond computation. Anæsthesia had been despaired of, in fact the steamboat which bore news of the discovery to Europe, passed another vessel bringing to America reports of a statement just made by Sir Benjamin Brodie, the acknowledged leader of English surgeons, that it was his deliberate though regrettable opinion that "the surgeon's knife would ever remain the synonym for slow and indescribable torture."

Many of the operations attempted before this discovery were what we would consider trivial and yet they were wonderful considering the speed at which the surgeon had to proceed in order to spare the patient. Ether, with its temporary oblivion, spared patient and surgeon alike and allowed the operation to proceed without undue haste. More extensive operations became the order of the day, and in addition many humane surgeons began to practise vivisection now that it could be done without pain to the animals, thus adding to the knowledge of what might safely be attempted on the human body.

But there was a limit to this operative progress due to the after development of gangrene and blood poisoning, which killed so many. Antiseptics were unknown and surgeons learned not to attempt extensive operations.

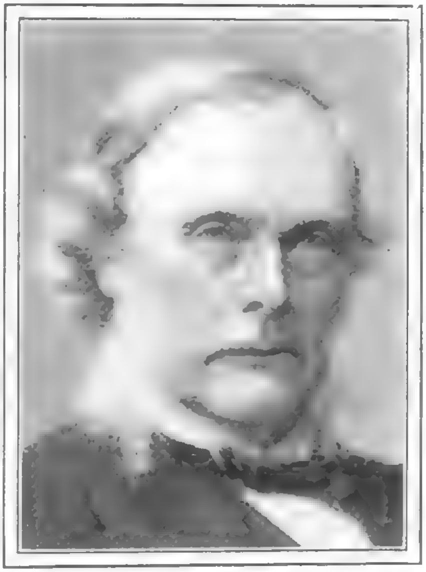
SIR JOSEPH LISTER'S DISCOVERY

Then, about 1860, Sir Joseph Lister, of Glasgow, set about the application of his theory of antisepsis, based on Pasteur's revelations regarding bacteria.

By 1867 he had proved his theory, though at first he was bitterly derided. Even in 1870 French soldiers were dying of hospital gangrene, the cause of so many unnecessary deaths during our own Civil War. Gradually Lister's discovery was ac-

DR. CHARLES MCBURNEY,
WHO FIRST ADVOCATED THE REMOVAL OF THE VERMIFORM APPENDIX

cepted; with it had been growing increased knowledge of the control of hemorrhage; the new era of surgery was established.



SIR JOSEPH LISTER,
ORIGINATOR OF ANTISEPTIC SURGERY

MASSAGING THE HEART

It was in 1896 that the world was startled by the report of a case of successful stitching of a wound in a man's heart. By 1902 the operation had been frequently attempted, and of the known cases there were nearly forty per cent. of recoveries. The percentage is slightly higher in the latest tabulation. So rooted is our belief that the heart is the most vulnerable organ of the body that we find it hard to believe that it can be operated on successfully. Yet the percentage of recoveries almost equals that of recoveries for bullet wounds in the abdomen. An injury to the most vital organ is, with modern surgery, no longer necessarily fatal.

Perhaps the most marvelous case on record is that of a patient brought in with a bullet wound in such a place that the missile must have reached the heart. The man still breathed, but there was scarcely any pulse. He was operated upon at once and as soon as the heart was exposed a jet of blood twenty inches high spurted from the wound. This was immediately stitched up, stopping the loss of blood. But where was the bullet? Cautiously the heart was lifted up. There was no sign that the bullet had gone through it. It must have lodged in the heart itself. Ah, the surgeon can feel it plainly in the wall opposite the wound. To leave it there means death. Quickly the heart is trussed up half out of the body and with infinite caution an incision is made. But how to get out the bullet? The surgeon dare not use forceps for fear of pushing the bullet back into the cavity of the heart. Very gently and carefully he pinches the heart between his thumb and forefinger and in a moment the missile drops out. The wound was stitched up and the cavity closed and the patient made a complete recovery.

Handling the beating heart does not seem so wonderful as causing it to beat again after it has actually stopped. This was done in several cases where a wound in the heart was being stitched, and only after prolonged massage was the organ induced to beat again. But the modern surgeon has gone even further. In cases where the heart has collapsed from chloroform during an operation, he will not hesitate to make an opening to reach the organ by one of three routes and apply direct massage to it with his hand.

Handling and cutting and stitching such a tough muscle as the heart is miraculous enough, but how shall we characterize the skill that can poke about the soft and sensitive brain, pry it up to examine its surface and the inside of the skull, and lift it to one side to perform delicate operations within the cranial cavity?

THE MARVELOUS MAYO BROTHERS

Yet this is exactly what is done in the surgeon's last resort to cure an acute form of neuralgia which attacks the nerves of the face, and, unless these nerves are removed in time, works its way up to a nerve centre within the skull, called the Gasserian ganglia. This operation was first successfully performed by Dr. Rose in 1890; since then this has frequently been accomplished by such experts as Dr. Robert Abbe of New York and the Mayo brothers, William and Charles, whose father, William Warrel Mayo, a pioneer surgeon, settled in Minnesota when it was a wilderness. From him the sons gained their first training. The wonderful skill which has made them "America's most distinguished surgeons," is indicated by their latest report of three thousand serious operations in which the mortality rate was as low as three per cent. They have made of St. Mary's Hospital, in the little town of Rochester, Minn., a Mecca for sufferers the world over.

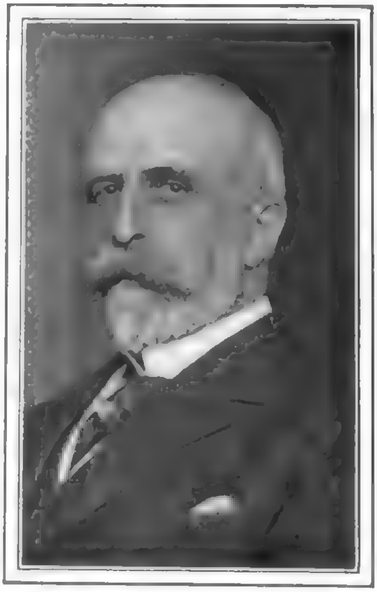
To keep the skull open and the brain propped aside long enough to cut away just the right portion of the intricate network of nerves and then fix in position a plate of metal or rubber to prevent nerve tissue from again growing down through the old aperture into the cheek, is really no more wonderful than the knowledge and delicate skill required to transplant healthy nerves to take the place and perform the functions of diseased ones. It is only necessary to point out that the science of neurology was in its infancy in 1860 to show how recently that knowledge has been acquired. Yet it is now within the power of the surgeon to connect up nerves and have them take up their functions "as uniformly as fractures unite under favorable conditions."

The operator selects an unimportant nerve which can be spared from a system near that of the one to be removed. He connects this to the nerve centre of the removed nerve, in accordance with a carefully calculated plan. The nerve reunites and transmits the messages of the brain, just as when in transmission of electricity, a new wire is substituted.

Working along this line, Drs. W. G. Spiller and C. H. Frazier have restored partial motion to a paralyzed arm.

SURGERY OF THE EYE

Delicate as is the brain, its still more fragile and sensitive neighbor, the eye, has become the field where the acme of operative skill and accuracy are exemplified. Ophthalmic surgery is more complete to-day than any other branch of the business of mending the human body. The long list of remarkably ingenious instruments devised for accurate diagnosis, has helped to make this possible. At the head of these stands the ophthalmoscope, before the invention of which it was impossible for one human eye to see the inside of another. The discovery of local anæsthesia by cocaine in 1884 likewise did much to advance surgery of the eye.



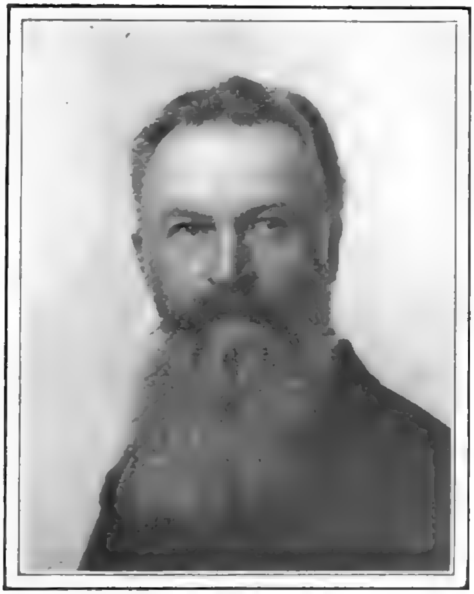
DR. V. P. GIBNEY,
WHO HAS DEVELOPED A SYSTEM FOR
THE CURE OF HUNCHBACK

The familiar, centuries-old operation for the removal of cataract is wonderful enough, but it becomes commonplace beside the delicate skill required to cut out a diseased cornea—the thin transparent membrane forming the lens of a man's eye—and graft in its place the healthy cornea of a rabbit. Yet, if the laymen could see Dr. Francis Valk, of the New York Post-Graduate Hospital, perform this modern miracle, it would appear no more than a bit of every-day practice.

The patient is strapped in position to preclude the slightest movement of the head, the parts are cocainized, and a marvelous little instrument is adjusted, which, controlled by clock work, cuts automatically to just the thousandth of an inch required to remove the affected cornea. The sound membrane from the rabbit is then, with infinite care, placed in position and held there by a special device till the tissues unite, restoring perfect sight.

Apparently simple is iridectomy—the cutting of a new opening in the iris to admit light to the optic nerve, restoring sight when a non-removable growth has obscured the normal pupil of the eye.

Surgery of the two great cavities of the body, in its infancy fifty years ago, is now exemplified by many achievements. The draining of poisonous pus, through specially devised apparatus, from the chest, in pneumonia and other affections, and from the abdomen in peritonitis, are two of these. Not many years ago this



DR. ADOLPH LORENZ,
THE FAMOUS "BLOODLESS SURGEON"

pus meant death, because the absorptive linings of these cavities sucked up the poison into the blood too rapidly for the physician to counteract it by anything within his power.

Now this condition in the abdomen is almost always anticipated and prevented by one of the real marvels of surgery, the operation for appendicitis. Although it was only brought to its present high efficiency in 1889, the public has already relegated it to the commonplace. And the reason for this is that danger has been reduced to a minimum far below that of the no longer ominous typhoid fever. Yet it was due to the achievements of three New York surgeons that peritonitis from appendicitis ceased to be one of the certainly fatal diseases.

APPENDICITIS MADE POPULAR

The cause, recognized for many years, was an abscess on the vermiform appendix, which finally perforated and discharged the death-laden pus into the abdominal cavity. This was almost immediately absorbed by the peritonem, or lining of the cavity, and general blood poisoning was the certain result. But the trouble was that what should have been discovered in diagnosis usually became known only in post-mortems. It is impossible to estimate how many actually died from appendicitis, when the trouble was attributed to other causes.

No advance of any importance was made till 1867, when Willard Parker urged early operation and was the first to treat the abscessed appendix by incision. The great trouble lay in the inability of the surgeons to definitely recognize the symptoms in less than seven or eight days, with the result that many persons died in whom peritonitis had progressed too far before operation was resorted to. Then, in 1886, Dr. William T. Bull, of New York, perfected a method of diagnosis by which he advanced the time of operation to two or three days after the beginning of the trouble. Three years later, Dr. Charles McBurney, of New York, completed the work of advancement by advocating the removal of the appendix before perforation actually took place, thus preventing general peritonitis altogether. So skillful has the technique of the operation become that it is almost fashionable now to have the useless mischief-making appendix taken out at the slightest suspicion of trouble.

Obviously marvelous is the barest statement of what surgery has been able to do with the digestive tract. Should the upper

DR. FRANCIS VALK,
DISTINGUISHED FOR HIS REMARKABLE OPERATIONS ON THE EYE

opening of the stomach become permanently closed, precluding swallowing, it is a simple matter to cut an opening into it, through which food may be introduced. Such cases live on indefinitely; for years one such used to be a periodical guest of the alcoholic ward in Bellevue after attaining a spree through his funnel.

Sections of perforated or diseased intestines a foot long have been removed and the ends reunited perfectly.

No less wonderful are the hundreds of operative cases on the stomach alone reported by the world-famed Mayo brothers. Chronic ulcer of the stomach or duodenum—the twelve-inch intestine leading directly from it—entails years of invalidism, and in a large proportion of cases is the direct cause of death. The Mayos now operate to overcome this by removing the cause and in some cases making, on the storage side of the stomach, a new outlet to which the intestine is connected. This diverts the food and gastric juices from the diseased part, allowing it to rest and recover its normal health.

BLOODLESS SURGERY

Equally wonderful, though not so spectacular, perhaps, have been the recent advances in orthopædic surgery, by which countless children who would have dragged out lives as cripples have been made whole. The so-called bloodless surgery, or operation solely by manipulation, first excited public interest about five years ago, when Adolph Lorenz, the famous Viennese surgeon, came to America to operate on little Lolita Armour for the congenital dislocation popularly known as hip disease.

And now comes announcement of an even more marvelous operation for the cure of hunchbacks. Dr. V. P. Gibney, a New York surgeon, is the American who has perfected the method, the principles of which were first discovered by a French surgeon. The treatment is very simple and painless to the little patient. The novelty of the treatment consists largely in the manner of applying the cast. The child is suspended by the head in a sling which passes under the chin. In this position, with muscles and joints relaxed, the body is incased up to the neck in a plaster of Paris cast. Openings are cut in this to permit the application of pressure pads, which are changed and shifted for several months, until the spine straightens.

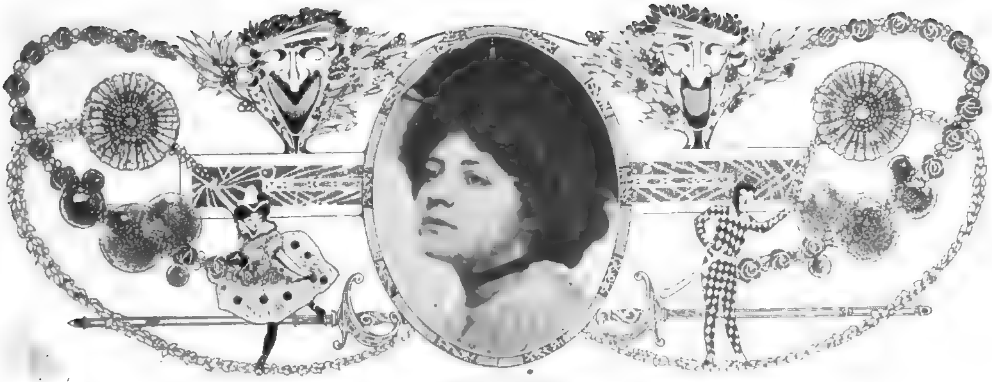
With the usual conservatism of reputable surgeons, Dr. Gibney will not assert positively as yet that the operation always effects a cure.

TRANSPLANTING BONES

It is to the X-ray, discovered less than a decade ago, that the orthopædic surgeon is largely indebted for his recent achievements. With its aid, photographs can be made of abnormalities of the bones, and the surgeon thus can know in advance exactly what he must contend with.

Transplantation of bone to replace parts eaten away by necrosis—a decay similar to that which attacks the teeth—is another accomplishment of the surgeon. The cavity in the diseased bone is scraped out clean and filled with ground animal bone, and in some instances whole sections of bone are fitted in. Where this cannot be done successfully, parafine and iodoform are melted and moulded to replace the missing portion till new bone can be grown by nature to replace that which was lost. Leg bones half destroyed have been successfully repaired by this means.

Such are a few of the miracles within the power of the present day surgery, and the patient has come to submit himself more readily to modern practice as he learns its safety and accuracy. No one in his senses would allow himself to be dosed for recurrent appendicitis. He would himself insist on operative treatment. Likewise, it is only a question of time when sufferers from cancer of the stomach, for which there is no recorded medical cure, will realize, what the surgeons have already proved, that it can be removed nearly as favorably as external cancer. Thus it is, through popular education, that the surgical miracles of to-day become the ordinary commonplace practice of to-morrow.



MARGUERITE SNOW

The Girl Who Goes on the Stage

By Harris Merton Lyon

Illustrations from Photographs

THE young girl, it seems, for one reason and another still continues to go "on the stage." It is hardly necessary to state why. For she is not thinking of Maude Adams's thousand dollars a week nor of Edna May's millionaire husband. She is thinking of some such thing as Mansfield pointed out in his argument that "all human beings are actors." She is thinking of the hundreds of thousands of admiring eyes of men that shall be fixed upon her as she sweeps across the stage, as she throws up her chin so, as she turns her bare shoulder so, as she lifts her arm so. I think we are pretty well agreed that she wishes to go upon the stage because she wishes to be admired.

THE TOWN GOSSIP IN "FIFTY MILES FROM BOSTON"—EMMA JANVIER

And now a great star has announced that she intends to devote her time to teaching young girls the art of acting. This is an excellent announcement, except for two words. One word is "art." The other word is "acting." Why art? Why acting? Especially why address them to a young girl, whose sole and mordant wish is to be envied and admired? You might as well, from her point of view, take a blushing, unseen rose, tear it apart, reassemble each petal into its place by a tiny wire, and then teach the rose how to work the wires, saying, "If you can work the wires right, all the world is at your feet!"—that is, if roses had feet.

Her point of view on this procedure is, "How absurd! I want to be just my own sweet self! I have a way of my own that is charming. Rats on art!"

And (again from her point of view) she

A CRITICAL MOMENT IN "PAID IN FULL" AT THE ASTOR—A POWERFUL DRAMA OF HUMDRUM NEW YORK LIFE

is right. Art comes only with wrinkles. Is it necessary, among women, to say anything further?

By some such simple logic has the so-called "personality system" been installed among our players. The woman's personality is supposed to carry the part. But—and mark this well—the part is always carefully manicured to fit the lady, so that she need have very little to do with the "art of acting." She is her own sweet self with a vengeance.

Now that I have so indulgently outlined the philosophy of the personality system, I hasten to explain that this article has nothing to do with it, especially.

This article has to do with the tragedy of the girl who doesn't get the manicured part—who cannot act and who could not purchase art with a million wrinkles. She is doomed. She cannot carry a part and she cannot get a part that will carry her. In order to encourage any young lady readers, let me resort to statistics. There are some ten thousand women players in the United States, it is estimated. Of these ten thousand perhaps the general public by dint of press agencies and goodness knows what vaguely hears of one thousand. Nine thousand women of the stage are submerged. And here, I say, is the terrible tragedy of the thing. Think a moment. What did these nine thousand women go behind the footlights for? To be admired!

I said that sometimes the girl does not get the manicured part. I will go further and say that sometimes she does not get any part at all. This happened a great many times this past winter. Of what use to the rose is the rose's ambition if somebody throws a gunnysack over the flower?

To put it more bluntly, what is the use of going on the stage if you are not going to get a job?

The girl who dreams of a career-after-

"THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY" AT THE HUDSON—SCENE BETWEEN FLORA (PERCY HASWELL) AND ROUGET (A. G. ANDREWS)

admiration, I shall call it, does so in a vague, general way. She has a vast young notion that she will get onto Broadway somehow and play some sort of a leading rôle somewhere. Some day there will be glory and she will come back and show the dubious home folks what a talented girl she is.

She does not know the ignominy and insult which most New York booking agents and many New York managers will thrust upon her. She does not know that there will be nights when she will go back to her room and cry her eyes out at the base proposals of some of these "business men of the stage." Is this the glory she dreamed of? Where is the theatre-magic that she thought to walk in, gathering glances? Later on, she finds that even if she had accepted insidious invitations, had dried her eyes and gone to "dinners" it would have done her no good. She would be just as far as ever from getting the job.

Suppose she gets on. What happens to "art" and "acting"? Alas, she is among men-folk who are harassing her with her own little feminine weapons—ambitious jealousy, pettishness, and insincerity. She has a scene with the leading man. It is going too well; she is getting too much applause. So the leading man cuts in on her lines, turns her around and makes her speak with her back to the audience! The stage manager tells her how to say her lines; the star tells her how to say her lines; the manager of the company tells her how to say her lines. Oh, the wild joy of acting!

The average girl who goes on the stage can figure on working something like four years before she gets anywhere. During that time her salary probably will never exceed fifty dollars a week, when she is working. Some years she may get one or two weeks' work; in a full season she may get thirty-five weeks' work out of a year.

Fifty dollars a week sounds like a great

WM. H. CRANE DEMONSTRATING THE GAME OF ROULETTE IN THE NEW ADE COMEDY "FATHER AND THE BOYS"

LAURA NELSON HALL, STARRING IN CLYDE FITCH'S "GIRLS"

deal of money; but out of it comes the money for dresses, hats, shoes —and these bills, in spite of one's cleverness, are never small. Out of it also comes living expenses, as high in New York as on the road, and possibly higher. At best there is only a choice between medium and second-class hotels for the fifty-dollar actress. A one-night stand existence is hardly what the girl-who-wants-to-be admired thinks it is. In the South the trains are always late, and it is a delirium of riding on accommodation trains in hot, sticky weather and sitting on trunks at 2 a. m. waiting for a broken down engine. In the North the one-night stands are frozen mausoleums of indifference, and Art assuredly gets the cold shoulder there. Four and five hours' sleep, night after night, is the usual routine; and it often requires bromide of potassium to get that. Nerves are broken and jangled; general health goes down hill. These are the early years in the "art of acting."

Of the nine thousand submerged women I

spoke of, I suppose half of them never get, relatively, beyond these early years. Their career-after-admiration turns out a dog's life.

One woman I know came out of a mid-Western stock company, battered at the gates, got into a small part, played small parts for three seasons, starved last season, and is now a seamstress in Brooklyn. A girl of twenty-four who—oh, the glory of it!—"played with Mansfield," and also with Sothern, and also with Hackett, worried along through moderate salaries and the bullyragging of these eminent heroes and at last gave it all up as a bad job. The shade of Thespis smiles indulgently. She is now a "spotter" on a street railway. Another worked up through a stock company to a good place with Nat Goodwin, thence to leading lady of a good "road show"—at no time did she get more than fifty dollars a week—and she is now writing light-headed interviews for a daily newspaper. Two others I know who are on newspapers; a hundred others scattered here, there, and nowhere in a hundred different businesses save "the" business, as the actor's profession is always called. They will never go back—that is, they say they never will. The stage robbed them of their young years, their best years. It taught them a great deal, it is true, but it robbed them and robbed them unmercifully.

A sensible girl who reads this will find a moral: Don't go on the stage. If you merely wish to sing and dance, it does not matter much one way or the other whether you get behind the footlights or not.

But if you think you have a "personality," if you think you are (1) ambitious, (2) talented, or (3) magnetic, then marry the boy who comes around to the front parlor four times a week and all day Sunday, and learn how to cook. It is better to look back at forty and say, "I know I would have made an excellent actress," than to look back at forty upon a career-after-admiration which has turned out to be a career-after-wormwood.

"THE EASTERNER"—THE GARRICK

Every advantage in the way of instruction and tutoring in "the art of acting" cannot make a good actress of a girl who is merely good-looking. If it were otherwise, Miss Edna Goodrich, under the tutelage of

SALLIE FISHER
AS MURIEL IN "A KNIGHT FOR A DAY"

MAX DILL PLAYING IN "LONESOME TOWN" WITH

that excellent actor, Nat Goodwin, would by this time hold an enviable stage position. That she does not is not a disappointment. It is simply a lesson.

Nat Goodwin himself, as the Easterner who becomes sheriff of a Western town at a trying time, runs the whole scale from light comedy to very light tragedy with cleverness, insight, and precision. That George Broadhurst has furnished him with a rather inconsequential play is not his blame; he gets a great deal out of it. It may be added that he gets a great deal more out of the play than he does out of his supporting company.

Sam Johnson (Hale Hamilton) is killed by a pistol-shot on his wedding day. Sheriff Ike Robbins (Neil O'Brien), father-in-law of the murdered man, swears to get the murderer and lynch him. Two men testify that the guilty man is a lad named Bruce Morton, alias Roy Stewart. Stewart has been courting the sheriff's second daughter against her father's permission, and that, coupled with a threat the boy has made to marry her in spite of all, is enough to start the man-hunt after him. Here steps in the Easterner (Nat Goodwin) who hitherto has been simply a deputy. Upon Ike Robbins' resignation of the job of sheriff, the Easterner takes it and swears to protect the boy from the lynchers.

Stewart is really innocent of the murder. A very harmless-looking villain, a most weak and spindly-looking villain by the villainous name of Morley Crawford, is the man behind the gun. He was caught in the act by a Spaniard, and the Spaniard, by means of hush-money, is made to testify that he saw Stewart do the killing. Comes Stewart's sister, Grace Morton (Edna Goodrich) upon the scene, catches Nat Goodwin in a number of falsehoods, and, of course, gives her hand, money, and support right away to the villainous Crawford, who is her lawyer and would have got it all anyway. After these things are established, there is some good dramatic dialogue and some clever love-making between Nat Goodwin and Miss Goodrich.

"FATHER AND THE BOYS"—THE EMPIRE

Another favorite comedy star, William H. Crane, has been fitted out with a fairly

CLARENCE KOLB: A MUSICAL BURLESQUE AT THE "NEW CIRCLE"

"AND HE WAS A HERO, TOO"—SAM BERNARD SINGING IN HIS NEW CASINO HIT, "NEARLY A HERO"

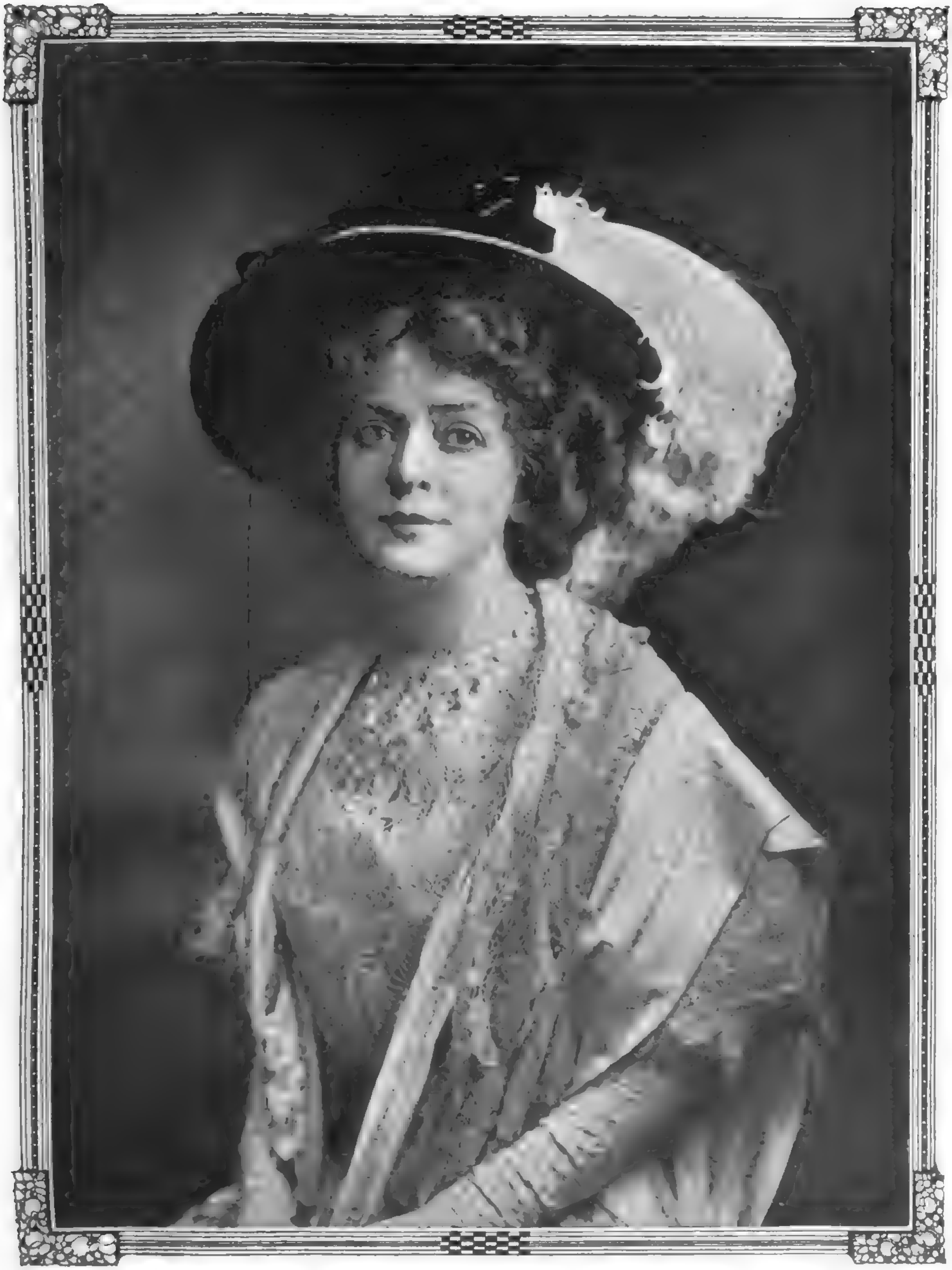
PAULINE FREDERICK
PLAYING IN "TODDLES" AT THE GARRICK

successful play, a proper Crane play of the lively-old-dad type, a new George Ade play full of brisk humor and languid dramatic action, at the Empire. Father is Lemuel Morewood, a rustic old lawyer who has made good in New York. One of the boys is Billy, who goes in for society and never shows up at the office. The other boy is Tommy, who goes in for athletics and never shows up at the office. They both consider the old man a dead slow piece of machinery. Then he livens up, turns the tables, and becomes, in his own phrase, "the six-cylinder Kid." Margaret Dale is Bessie Brayton, Father's stimulant, a Western girl who makes her living as a society entertainer and who, when she requests a drink of water asks for some of "the stuff they put under bridges." She takes him to the lobster halls, the races, and finally to Goldfield, Nevada. But he does not marry her. Oh, no! Everybody on the stage and in front of it thinks he may, but there is a Tough Young Mug in Goldfield, a long-lost fiancé, to whom she is delivered in the last act. Again three weddings—or at least three engagements—close the show, and Father has the job of blessing the children.

"PAID IN FULL"—THE ASTOR

This remarkable drama of humdrum New York life by a new writer, Eugene Walter, is further remarkable for the fact that it is excellently handled by an all-non-star cast. A rather powerful version of the basic theme in "A Doll's House," it is a distinct success, and both author and actors deserve the good things which the city at large is saying about them.

It is the story of a defaulting eighteen-dollar-a-week collector and the domestic tragedy which engulfs him. Joseph Brooks (Tully Marshall) and his wife Emma (Lillian Albertson) are living meanly in a Harlem flat, until he steals over sixteen thousand dollars from his employer, Captain Williams (Frank Sheridan), head of a steamship company. Brooks tells his wife that his salary has been trebled and that he has been given six months' back pay. Then they move into a semi-fashionable hotel and Brooks begins playing the races. All this happens while Captain Williams and "Jimsey" Smith (Ben Johnson) are away



GRAYCE SCOTT, WHO PLAYS INGENUE PARTS WITH KEITH & PROCTOR'S HARLEM OPERA HOUSE STOCK COMPANY

on a four weeks' trip. When they return, Jimsey, who is a friend of the Brooks' family and a former suitor of Emma's, discover the defalcation, tells Brooks that he has been found out, and manages to keep the knowledge from Brooks' wife. Cap-

BROA

tain Williams then calls in person and requests Brooks to come down to the office early in the morning. Brooks breaks down after they have left and confesses to his wife. She is overcome with disgust and dismay. He persuades her that she can influence the captain favorably in his behalf and over the telephone makes an immediate engagement for her at the captain's rooms. Emma goes to see the captain, first insisting to her husband that she alone is concerned in whatever bargain she makes.

The captain has a rather bad reputation, and Emma comes to his rooms "alone at night." The captain, however, is not as bad as he is said to be, and he merely intends to test the virtue of Mrs. Brooks. She passes through it successfully. The captain, thoroughly impressed with her goodness, gives her a note which states that Brooks' accounts have been audited and found correct, and with this she returns home.

There she finds her cad of a husband, gives him the captain's statement, puts on her hat again and bids him good-bye. He is amazed at this action. He infers from it that she must have succumbed to the captain's demands, and tells her so. Then it is that she sums up her husband's whole character for him in its weakness, its cruelty, and its selfishness. Overcome with sorrow, she goes away and, like another Nora, shuts the door behind her.

"NEARLY A HERO"—THE CASINO

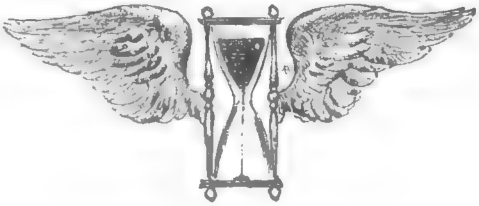
Sam Bernard, as Ludwig Knoedler, a ladies'-tailor, is making fun at the gilt-edged house on Thirty-ninth Street. In "Nearly a Hero" he has a frolicsome good show, set with corybantic choruses and Sybaritic scenery, a show which blazes and glitters around the tribulations of a tailor whose tongue twists when it tries to tell the truth. He is "nearly a hero" because he has nearly nothing to do with saving a man from drowning. The usual complications and the usual music are served up, but there is real wit in the lines and there is real fun in the work of Mr. Bernard and of Miss Ada Lewis. The verdict of the town is that the show will last till hot weather. It is rumored that, aside from the other players, Miss Ethel Levey also takes a modest part.

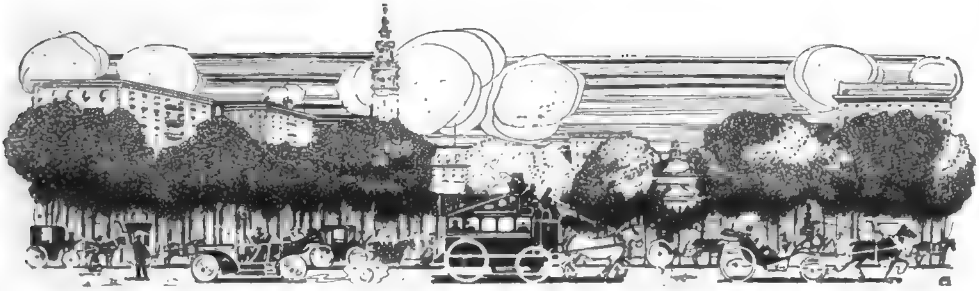
"THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY"—THE HUDSON

Otis Skinner has made a good impression on New York; but the same cannot be said of the play in which he appears. The part he plays is that of a swaggering French colonel, a bit of a rogue with a streak or two of generosity in him. The play takes place in a small French town in the year 1824, and centers around the attempts of a young girl to get a large sum of money out of a senile admirer so that she might run off to Paris with a commandant by the name of Max. The girl's name is Flora Brazier (Percy Haswell). That of the old miser is Jean-Jacques Roget (A. G. Andrews). Before the plan to rob Roget can be put through Col. Phillippe Bridan (Otis Skinner), his nephew, arrives on the scene and blocks the game. He fights a duel with the scheming Max, killing him. This duel, unlike the usual Skinner duel, happens off-stage. Then he himself tries to marry the girl, but she bribes a servant to assassinate him. Another killing. This time the servant. The curtain falls with the persistent lover-dueller telling Flora to "wait for him in Paris."

"LONESOME TOWN"—THE NEW CIRCLE

In a musical burlesque that is attracting favorable mention, Max Dill and Clarence Kobb, San Francisco favorites, are giving their Weber-Fieldsian turn to crowded houses. Their photographs are reproduced on another page.





Prominent People in Picture and Paragraph

FOR the past quarter of a century almost every important musical movement of broad popular appeal in New York has been associated with the name of Damrosch. Years ago, when popular concerts of classical music were unknown, Dr. Leopold Damrosch began a series of musical Sunday afternoons in his home, which later developed into the establishment of the New York Symphony Orchestra. That orchestra to-day, under the direction of Dr. Damrosch's younger son, Walter Damrosch, has become one of the interesting and successful concert organizations in the country.

For the last four years Mr. Damrosch has been the New York Symphony's conductor, and under him what was before a good but not remarkable orchestra, has been brought to a high artistic standing. The task of an orchestra conductor is one to appal even the stoutest musical heart; it is the creation of a human musical instrument, infinitely varied and intricate in its component parts, complex in individual temperaments, made one and harmonious by his personal influence, upon which he must play with extraordinary subtlety. In this task Mr. Damrosch has achieved wonders in his four years of labor. For it he has been most thoroughly prepared by a life devoted to his art. He was born in Breslau, Germany, some forty-eight years ago; a few years after his birth, the Damroschs came to America and with his brother, Dr. Frank Damrosch, Mr. Damrosch received his early education in the New York public schools. From his earliest years he was under the musical tuition of his father. Later he studied in Germany, becoming one of the favorite piano pupils of Hans Von Bulow. When he was twenty-three years old he succeeded his father as conductor of German operas at the Metropolitan Opera House and as leader of the Symphony Society and the New York Oratorio Society. In 1890 he married Margaret Blaine, daughter of the late James G. Blaine. In 1894 he established the Walter Damrosch Opera Company, and produced in the United States the Nibelungen Trilogy. During the same season he produced his opera "The Scarlet Letter," the first American grand opera to attract intelligent musical approval. The Damrosch Opera Company was not a financial success and, after a few seasons, was disbanded. In 1902, Mr. Damrosch became conductor of the New York Philharmonic, resigning that post the following year to take his present chair. Mr. Damrosch, with his brother, is interested in many musical organizations; he has composed, in addition to "The Scarlet Letter," another opera called "Cyrano," and innumerable choral and orchestra numbers. He is a pianist of brilliancy and power, and as a leader has not only made a great orchestra but has

WALTER DAMROSCH, CONDUCTOR OF THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PRINCESS LWOFF-PARLAGHY,
DISTINGUISHED EUROPEAN ARTIST AND SOCIAL LEADER

created a big musical audience. He has understood the art of making his programs broadly interesting; the two weekly performances of the Symphony—Friday evening and Sunday afternoon—attract great audiences. Personally he is a man of much charm, a delightful conversationalist, of a constant kindliness. His married life has been most happy and his chief relaxation is to spend an hour romping with his four little daughters.

A NOBLE PORTRAIT PAINTER

IN the person of Madame la Princesse Lwoff-Parlaghy American society has been entertaining this winter one of the most remarkable and brilliant women of the day and a portrait painter whose work has created a distinct sensation in European art circles. By birth the Princess is a Hungarian; her title she gained through marriage with a Russian prince. She occupies a distinguished position in European diplomatic circles and is a woman of wonderful charm whose home, a magnificent villa at Nice, is a promonotory in the social geography of Europe. Her menagerie of animals and pets there is one of the most complete private collections on the Continent

The Princess brought with her to America, in addition to servants and trunks, two of these pets, a small fluffy white dog and a smaller, fluffier Angora guinea pig. Her trunks, by the way, are as remarkable as her pets. She brought a drayful and every one of them is painted in broad stripes of red, white and green—the Hungarian colors—with a coronet emblazened on one corner. She travels in almost royal state, with a French maid, a German secretary, and an imposing entourage in vari-colored uniforms.

As an artist the Princess is probably the most "decorated" woman in Europe. She has, it seems, painted more persons of distinction than any other living artist. Seven times the Kaiser Wilhelm has sat for her and she has painted the Crown Prince and other members of the imperial family. Among her sitters have been the King and Queen of Saxony, the King and Queen of Wurttemburg, Mirza Ali Khan, grand vizier of Persia, the Bahadur of Jhalawar, Bismark, Von Moltke and Caprivi, together with many men eminent in statecraft, diplomacy, arts and letters. She is now on her way to Japan, where she has been summoned to paint the Mikado.

THE NEW TELEPHONE KING

RECENTLY to the presidency of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which practically controls telephonic communication in the United States, was elected the man who established the first long distance telephone in America, Theodore Morton Vail. By inheritance, birth and lifelong affiliation Mr. Vail is the logical man for his present place. His grandfather and father were both men

THEODORE MORTON VAIL,
PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN TELEPHONE CO.

of practical scientific pursuits and his uncles were closely affiliated with Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, in financing the telegraphic system. Vail himself left his home in Morristown, N. J., when he was a youth and made his way West, eventually getting his start for his subsequent career at Pine Bluff, Wyoming. Here he became telegraphic operator for the Union Pacific Railroad. He held various positions in the telegraphic department of the railroad; in 1873 he became general superintendent of the Government Railway Mail Service. When the American Bell Telephone Company was incorporated, Mr. Vail became general manager, and to his extraordinary business ability, his quickness to see opportunities for development and his tireless energy in promoting improvements of the system and extensions of the service, the success of the telephone company is largely due. In the great struggle between the Western Union and the Bell Telephone Company, Mr. Vail conducted the Bell system's victorious campaign. Mr. Vail is today a man over sixty but hale and hearty, with an enormous capacity for work and a disposition of unimpaired geniality.

MRS. BENJAMIN GUINNESS

FOR the benefit of the poor whites of her native South, Mrs. Waldorf Astor, one of the beautiful Langhorne sisters of Virginia, gave recently a series of tableaux vivants in New York which were remarkable for their beauty and their magnificence. Associated with Mrs. Astor in organizing this now famous entertainment was Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, a popular society matron whose stage management contributed to make it a success. As Semiramis she was a striking figure, gowned in gold colored silk heavily embossed with gold and multi-colored sequins, a superb jeweled belt gathering the drapery about the waist. On her head she wore a jeweled helmet-shaped headpiece from which was suspended innumerable strands of pearls, most strikingly setting off her features. It was estimated that Mrs. Guinness wore as Semiramis nearly a million dollars' worth of precious stones. It was here that Mrs. James B. Eustis, posing as Salambo, startled New York by draping herself with a live snake, whose writhing body she handled with the cool assurance of absolute fearlessness.

STEPHANE LAUZANNE, EDITOR OF THE PARIS "MATIN"

MRS. BENJAMIN GUINNESS, SOCIETY LEADER, REMARKABLE FOR HER ENTERTAINMENTS

The success of the function was largely due to Mrs. Guinness. She is young, clever, witty and resourceful, and a hostess noted for her original entertainments. Before her marriage, Mrs. Guinness, whose home is in the old Washington Square district, was a noted Southern beauty. Her maiden name was Bridget W. Bulkeley.

EDITOR OF LE MATIN

THE New York to Paris automobile race has excited much more attention abroad than in this country and its progress is being followed with extraordinary interest by

META VAUX WARWICK, AMERICAN SCULPTOR, PROTEGE OF RODIN

the European papers, notably the Paris journals. So great has been this interest that the managing editor of *Le Matin,* one of the most popular papers in the French capital, came to America to arrange for full news transmission. M. Stephane Lauzanne intends to remain in America for several months studying American journalistic methods. For editor of *Le Matin*—which has a circulation of eight hundred thousand, quite phenomenal for Paris—M. Lauzanne is an exceedingly youthful looking man. As a matter of fact he is about thirty-five years of age and has been engaged in journalism for many years. He is of medium height, with well-knit frame. His dark eyes sparkle, and his smile is suggestive of congenial camaraderie. His voice is pleasing, and his action full of vitality. He instils into the commonplace the vivid reality of alert human interest. His wife is an American girl, with twelve years of Paris to disguise the fact. He bubbles over with delight at the novelty he finds in this new world. The chief thing that struck him was the marvelous rapidity with which events are transformed into picture and story in the newspapers, his arrival and portrait, taken on the *Lorraine,* on her entering New York harbor, welcoming him in the pages of the papers when he reached his hotel. His surprise was great also at the universal employment of women in all business ranks. This struck him particularly as he remarked that in France women, when employed, were found only in menial positions. He loves to rub up against the man in the street, where people congregate, to meet the worker, the loiterer, the hustler, the strange people and the queer things of life—everything that is different: those evidences of teeming life appeal to his journalistic sense as part of the present. The immensity of things here impresses him—the harbor, the river, the buildings. He finds we here have little time to stop to talk—it interferes with our doing things. This, perhaps, he thought, explains why Paris journalists are slower than American—the Parisian stops to talk with the editors over his assignment.

M. Lauzanne's adoption by Blowitz determined his career. He was for some years on the staff of *The Times,* London, and from 1896 to 1901 was London correspondent of *Le Matin,* when he was called to the chief editorial chair. *Le Matin* is a six-page daily and is to be increased to eight. It was the first to establish a special wire from London and has now correspondents in all the world's capitals. It has installed linotype machines and an American rotary press. M. Lauzanne will undoubtedly incorporate some of the rapid-action methods of New York journals on his return.

AN AMERICAN NEGRO SCULPTOR

QUITE recently the keenly appreciative art public of two continents has been awakened to the genius as a sculptor of Mrs. Meta Vaux Warwick, an American woman whose work was brought to its proper recognition by the most original and impressive of modern artists of the chisel, Rodin. His attention was first attracted to her by a photograph of her group, "The Wretched," a study of grief-stricken figures dramatic in conception, original in treatment, of compelling human appeal. So strongly did

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REV. CHAS. LE ROY GOODELL, PASTOR OF CALVARY M. E. CHURCH

this impress Rodin that he sought out Mrs. Warwick, examined with growing interest other examples of her work and eventually secured for her an exhibition at the Salon. This was some years ago, and since then the art world has watched with closest attention her development. This recognition has given her the opportunity for free expression of her inspiration under most favorable conditions and she is now acknowledged as one of the foremost sculptors of the day. Examples of her work were secured by the French and German governments and by connoisseurs throughout the world. Her figures and groups demand a thoughtful consideration; they are not pretty and they do not attract by any superficial aspect of fineness or beauty. Rather are they frequently unappealing to the uncritical by a certain roughness, a certain crudeness that impresses but does not win. Her themes are always tragic and handled with a bigness of view, daring and vivid in execution, that gives them, after study, an unforgetable sense of pain.

This is, on the whole, the native expression of her mind. Her life has been tragic, hard and pitiless in actual experience, unhappy in its inheritance. Mrs. Warwick is a mulatto, and has worked her way up from slavery. As a young girl she was very beautiful and this, together with an evident intellectual power of high order, won the attention of a wealthy Philadelphia woman who secured freedom for her and brought her to her home. She was educated by her benefactress and married a young white Philadelphian. Shortly after her marriage she went to Paris and there, for a number of years, struggled and studied, poor, unknown but always hopeful. During these years the petty bitterness of her life and her inheritance stamped her mind and imbued her work, but ever with the recognition that in the final summing up of things this bitterness was petty and that real tragedy was bigger, broader, deeper. This conception she has depicted most eloquently in her greatest work, the single figure of "Silent Sorrow." Standing before it with bared head, Rodin, at the Salon exhibition in the presence of a group of artists and critics, turned to Mrs. Warwick and taking her hands in his, exclaimed in a low, almost reverential tone, "My child, you are a great sculptor!"

HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN, PRESIDENT AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

HARRIETT CULLEN BRYANT, LANDSCAPE ARTIST DESCENDANT OF THE POET

A GREAT NEW YORK EVANGELIST

ELSEWHERE in this magazine Reverend Thomas Dixon, Jr., calls attention to the decline of church influence in New York, basing his article on the statistics of membership furnished by governmental experts. These reports show a steadily decreasing number of communicants. A striking exception to this rule is offered by the Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church which has gained, in the last two years, over one thousand members and is to-day the largest church of its denomination in the world. The gain during these last two years has been nearly one hundred per cent. and is due to the work of its pastor, Reverend Charles Le Roy Goodell, one of the most energetic, most eloquent and most broad-minded ministers of New York. Mr. Goodell is not only a great preacher from the scriptures: with a broad, spiritual force and keen, intellectual discrimination

MELVA BEATRICE WILSON,
ARCHITECTURAL ARTIST

he approaches the everyday problems of everyday existence and offers a simple, practical solution of them that appeals alike to the ever-present basic religious instinct and the hard common sense of the man of the street. That his ministry should have been successful with this equipment was not to be doubted, but its very extraordinary success deserves the careful consideration of the thoughtful. Outside the pulpit Mr. Goodell's energies have taken a practical form and Calvary maintains to-day many philanthropic and sociological enterprises.

Mr. Goodell is in the prime of life. He was born fifty-four years ago in Massachusetts and was educated for the ministry at Boston University; for nine years he served in Providence and for the eight subsequent years at Boston. He then became pastor of the Hanson Place Methodist Episcopal Church of Brooklyn and was called to Calvary about four years ago. He has received degrees from New York University and from Wesleyan University. He has traveled extensively in Europe and in Egypt and Palestine and has lectured throughout the country. Busy as his life has been he has found time to write a number of volumes on religious subjects and to contribute frequently to magazines. He is trustee of various educational institutions and president of the Evangelistic Committee of One Hundred and takes active part in its work.

PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

DR. HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN, recently elected president of the American Museum of Natural History, which is, next to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, the most important institution of its kind, not only in America but in the world, is a scientist of international reputation. He has won distinction by his work in a field of investigation which demands the most absolute scientific accuracy of study combined with practical constructive imagination, the field of paleontology—the science of the animal life of the earth and of fossils which are the remains of that life. For many years he has carried on investigations of this nature in the Western states and has reconstructed for us the life and the world of prehistoric times in that region. He is almost equally well known to scientific circles for his studies in zoölogy and psychology. He has reconstructed from fossilized bones many of the animals that in remote ages roamed over this continent, and in numerous pamphlets and articles has described, with the vividness of a transcription of life seen and known intimately, the life of this continent before the glacial period and even ages earlier.

Dr. Osborn has occupied the chair of zoölogy at Columbia University and has served the United States and Canadian governments as special investigator of fossil remains. To his present position he brings not only preëminent scientific attainments but great executive ability.

JAMES W. WADSWORTH, JR.,
SPEAKER OF NEW YORK
ASSEMBLY

With the purpose to make the Museum of broad popular appeal he is in sympathy.

HARRIETT CULLEN BRYANT

HARRIETT CULLEN BRYANT, who, as her name suggests, is a descendant of the great American poet, is gaining more and more distinction in a usually unnoticed art, landscape gardening. She is almost the only woman who has followed, with any conspicuous achievement, a profession which requires all the instincts of an artist combined with all the practical capacities of the common or garden digger; and her success, therefore, has gained for her the literally correct title of "artist to the finger-tips." Not only has she equipped herself in every way for the carrying out of her chosen life work, but many of her best results have been in expressing her ideas through a more minute handicraft than would seem possible in this out-of-door form of art. She has in many instances turned small gardens into miniature fairylands of symmetrical beauty with a Japanese dexterity and imagination in utilizing ugly little spaces for big and beautiful ideas; and she takes positive delight in transforming old, abandoned farms into fascinating homes.

Miss Bryant began with a two years' course at the Royal Botanical Gardens in Kew, London, afterward spending three years in actual service for a practical gardener on the Isle of Wight.

PROFESSOR ROBERT KOCH, THE DISCOVERER OF THE TUBERCULOSIS GERM

MELVA BEATRICE WILSON

THE name of Melva Beatrice Wilson has suddenly become of intense interest to those who watch the rising and falling of the tides of Art History, and weigh the comparative values of wave and wave, as one generation succeeds another—or fails to succeed. Miss Wilson is the young American woman whose work is rapidly gaining so noteworthy a place in modern architectural carving. It has become conspicuous largely through its peculiar quality of adaptiveness to massive architecture, an art extraneous to itself.

BARONESS TAKAHIRA, WIFE OF THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR

The latest and most flattering recognition of Miss Wilson's genius has been the placing with her of a contract to supply the sculptural work for the new mortuary chapel under construction at Long Island City for the Roman Catholic clergy.

JAMES W. WADSWORTH, JR.

THE youngest presiding officer of an important legislative body in this country is James W. Wadsworth, Jr., speaker of the New York State Assembly, farmer, millionaire and politician of national influence. Mr. Wadsworth is in his thirty-first year and has been Speaker since 1906. His election was a surprise, not only to the assembly, but to the state; his conduct of office, however, has shown him to be in every way thoroughly qualified to hold one of the most important legislative posts in the country. The amount and importance of the business annually disposed of by the assembly exceeds the transactions of any other similar body in the country and that this business is handled easily and expeditiously is due to Mr. Wadsworth. That Mr. Wadsworth will play a large part in national politics is the prediction of those of experience in political affairs. He is a young man to be reckoned with.

Mr. Wadsworth is a man of great wealth and a landed proprietor. He is one of the most popular men in Albany. Manly, frank and open, he wins the friendship of every one with whom he comes in contact. He married Alice Hay, daughter of the late Secretary of State, and has two children, a boy and a girl.

THE MICROBE HUNTER

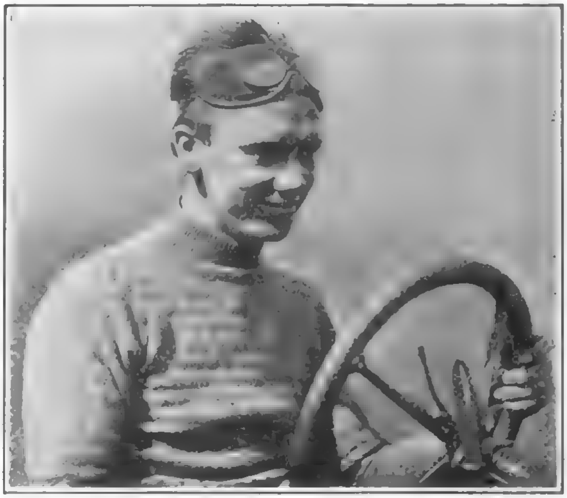
IN the early Summer, Professor Robert Koch, the famous German scientist who discovered the germ of tuberculosis and subsequently the germs of cholera and of the fatal African "sleeping sickness," will come to America for a year's rest. For the last thirty years, Professor Koch has been unremitting in his hunt for the wily and secretive bacilli; the chase has been arduous, profitable beyond estimate to the human race and the professor is well entitled to his year of relaxation.

Professor Koch was born in Germany sixty years ago, and after his graduation from the University of Göttingen took up general medical practice, meantime devoting himself to a study of the germ theory. In 1882 he announced his discovery of the germ of tuberculosis and two years later of the germ of cholera. His work has done more for modern medicine than that of almost any other scientist. To his theories, investigations and discoveries, the scientific treatment of tuberculosis is due and the successful combating of the "white plague" possible to-day is feasible only with the weapons Professor Koch has forged. He is a German privy councillor, and has received numerous decorations.

MME. TAKAHIRA

THE shifting of the diplomatic corps at Washington meant the return to the national capital this spring of Mme. Takahira and her two sons, who, as the wife of Baron Kogoro Takahira, has been rewelcomed there as a familiar figure.

It was through her devotion to her sons that Mme. Takahira, at the time of the Russo-Japanese war, returned to the Orient, making the long journey without her husband in order to be near the boys, who had been left in Japan to complete their education. Washington society manifested great interest in her abrupt departure, for the picturesque little Japanese noblewoman, with her quaint, broken English speech, had taken a real place in the city's affections. She is a woman of advanced ideas and enjoys fully American life.

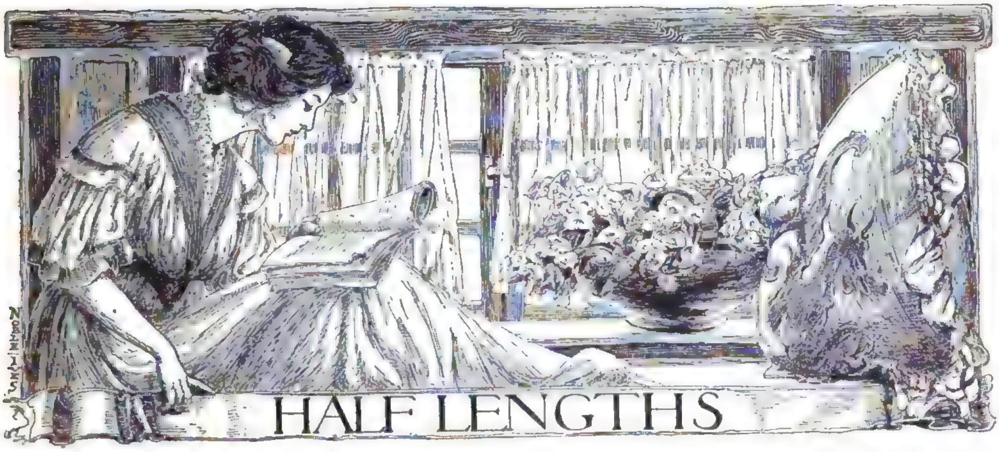


MONTAGUE ROBERTS,
AMERICAN DRIVER IN NEW YORK-PARIS AUTO RACE

NEW YORK TO PARIS BY AUTOMOBILE

AMERICA'S hopes for success in the New York-Paris automobile race lie in the hands of Montague Roberts, who will guide the American car across the continent and, after the car reaches the Asiatic starting point, across Asia and Europe.

Roberts is young, barely twenty-five years old, of excellent physique, over six feet in height, and inured to hard work and hard living. He was one of the mechanics in the experiment work of the Ordinance Department of the United States Army, and had charge of the building and operating of the first gasoline artillery trucks used by the Government.



A Vagrant Fortune

By Elliott Flower

TOM GRETT had made the trip from an outlying bank to its down-town correspondent every day, Sundays and holidays excepted, for more than a year, and nothing ever had happened to disturb the routine. So Tom Grett became careless. The satchel that he carried always contained a considerable sum in cash and much more in checks, but the fact that he was custodian of so much money had ceased to worry him. The fact had lost its significance.

There came into the car one day, when he was making his regular trip to the down-town bank, another man with another satchel, and the other man deposited the other satchel beside Grett's. They were very similar in appearance — the satchels, not the men — and Grett, if he had not been entirely oblivious, could hardly have failed to notice that the stranger's partly displaced the other. But Grett was deep in an account of the latest murder or scandal or war scare, and he remained thus absorbed until his station was reached, when he hastily picked up the stranger's satchel and left the car.

The stranger was busy with the "Help Wanted" advertisements of his own paper and did not even look up when Brett left; but, at the next station, he shoved the paper into his coat pocket, grabbed the remaining satchel, and hurried out.

Grett went directly to the Third National Bank, nodded to the teller, deposited the satchel on the window-shelf for convenience in opening, and gave an exclamation of surprise and alarm. This satchel, while a duplicate of his in other respects, was newer and cleaner. He opened it with trembling hands, disclosing a seersucker coat and a cigar-box containing penholders and pencils and a number of newspaper clippings.

"My God!" he cried, "I've been robbed!"

"How?" asked the teller.

"This isn't my satchel," he said in bewilderment.

His face was white, his eyes almost popping out of his head, and he seemed to have lost the power of connected thought; he stared at the satchel, as if expecting the contents to change under his gaze to banknotes and checks.

The cashier, seeing that something was wrong, hurried up, and Grett was taken behind the railing. Sensations are not popular in banking circles; the emotional public misunderstands and exaggerates them, so it is advisable to keep them from the public.

"A case of deliberate substitution," declared the cashier, when Grett had told his story. "Telephone your bank. They will want to put the police on it at once."

Grett seemed almost at the point of collapse, but the sharp, vigorous tone and manner of the cashier had a bracing effect, and he recovered his nerve in some measure. Unquestionably the bank should be notified immediately, in order that everything possible might be done to recover the satchel.

The North Trust and Savings Bank was not a large institution, and the loss of sixteen thousand dollars in currency could not be accepted philosophically by its officers. It followed, therefore, that President Andrew Farwell was excited and distressed by the message that came to him over the telephone. Nevertheless, being a man of quick decision, he planned and acted promptly.

All the usual precautions were taken—the police notified, and an advertisement written, "$500 reward for the return of the satchel and its contents," and sent to the evening papers.

There was some debate over the advertisement, Cashier Aiken holding that it was unwise to make their loss thus public, but President Farwell maintained that they should overlook nothing that gave the least promise of lessening the loss.

The railroad company reported that no such satchel had been turned in to the lost and found department, and the guard, when questioned, declared that he had seen none.

"That *proves* it to be a premeditated theft," asserted Aiken. "An honest finder would have turned it in.

"And we have about one chance in a thousand of recovering the money," he added.

"Just about that," agreed Farwell ruefully. "A vagrant fortune—even a small one—hasn't much chance in this city. We're probably out sixteen thousand dollars in cash, and we can't tell how much on the checks."

They faced it for two hours in ever-deepening gloom. The satchel had been lost a little after ten o'clock in the morning, and it was nearly one when a shabby stranger entered the bank. The shabby stranger carried the missing satchel. Officers and employees seemed to rise as one man, when they saw it, but the shabby stranger ambled along wearily and unconcernedly. The stranger paused and looked about him doubtfully; the office force waited breathlessly, hoping it was not a dream. It seemed almost impossible that so shabby a man should be in possession of the mislaid fortune.

The stranger broke the spell by advancing to the cashier's desk. "Lose anything?" he asked.

Aiken drew a long breath. "Sixteen thousand dollars and some checks," he said.

"Whew!" exclaimed the stranger, "I'm glad I didn't know I had so much." He handed the satchel to Aiken. "I guess it's all there."

It was. Aiken and Farwell went over the cash together, and there was not a banknote missing. The checks they took on faith.

"Where did you find it?" asked Farwell.

"In my hand," was the reply. "The first I knew, I was carrying the wrong grip, and the papers showed that it belonged to you."

"How long ago was that?"

"Two hours, I guess. I was tired and I walked slow."

"Walked!" exclaimed Farwell. "Why didn't you ride?"

"Spent my last nickel going down-town for a job. Had one half promised, but this looked more important."

"You had sixteen thousand dollars, and you walked!" Farwell found this incomprehensible.

"Sure. It wasn't mine. Anyhow, I didn't know how much there was."

"Didn't you count it?'

"No."

"Why not?"

"I was afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Of myself. They say every man has his price, and I was afraid I might find mine."

"I guess old Diogenes was looking for you," remarked Farwell with a smile.

"Who's he?" asked the stranger.

"He's the fellow who was looking for a man who could do what you have just done. It takes a *man* to be honest when he's so desperately hard up."

"That's all," returned the stranger simply; "just a man."

"I suppose you want the reward," said Farwell.

"Well," admitted the stranger, "I thought there might be some reward, and I don't see how I could back away from it."

"The reward," said Farwell, "is five hundred dollars, and we shall further make it a point to see that you get a satisfactory position. I rather think we know enough about your honesty to vouch for it. Don't we, Mr. Aiken?"

"I'd go on Mr. ——"

"Hawkins," said the stranger; "Robert Hawkins."

"I'd go on Mr. Hawkins' bond unhesitatingly," declared Aiken.

"Thank you," returned Hawkins gratefully, "but I think I have a job. It was half promised, and I was on my way to report when this happened. If I could get my own satchel——"

"Grett, our messenger, has it," explained Farwell. "We ordered him to report to the police and give them all the information he could before coming back here. Perhaps," thoughtfully, "we might give you his job."

"Oh, no," protested Hawkins; "I wouldn't want to take another man's job that way. He was a bit careless, but the fellow who has been caught once is the safest afterward. I don't want anybody discharged for me. Besides, I'm a bookkeeper."

"That's all right," said Farwell. "We'll make a place for you."

Hawkins hesitated. "No," he said resolutely, "I promised to show up at the other place to-day, and my word is sacred. I must report there anyhow; they may be waiting for me."

"Mr. Hawkins," said Farwell earnestly, "I think you carry your conception of good faith a little too far, but it is a commendable and unusual failing. If you do not get a satisfactory position there, come back."

Hawkins, the honest, seemed to be relieved and encouraged. He thanked them, told a little more of his pathetic struggle for work, arranged to have his satchel sent to him, and then left.

But once outside he heaved a deep sigh of relief, after which he laughed so heartily as to attract the attention of other pedestrians. "I thought they'd sure nail me to a job before I could break away," said Hawkins. Then, being out of sight of the bank, he entered a saloon and urged the bartender to make all haste in putting out a "man's size" drink of whisky. And, strangely enough, he paid for this drink without breaking any of the bills that had been given him at the bank. After that, with a good cigar in his mouth, he boarded the smoking-car of an "L" train and proceeded comfortably to his boarding-house.

He there discarded the shabby clothes and donned the rainment of a warm sport, after which he journeyed to a billiard-hall for relaxation. In the course of this relaxation he was the victim of occasional uncontrollable and inexplicable bursts of mirth.

Later—at seven o'clock that evening, to be exact—he sought a table in an obscure corner of an obscure restaurant. One seat at this table was already occupied by Tom Grett, bank messenger, but Hawkins seemed not at all disturbed by this. In fact, he gave Grett a wink and a jovial smile, took a seat beside him, and called for a drink.

"How about it?" inquired Hawkins.

"All right," answered Grett. "The old man read the riot act and shifted me to an inside job—said I was too careless for a messenger—but he didn't fire me. I knew he wouldn't."

"Thank *me*," laughed Hawkins. "He tried to give me your job, and I wouldn't take it. Say! he had me up a tree for a few minutes! When I backed away from that, he wanted to turn me loose on the books. Honest, he had me worried; I thought he was going to put me on a stool by main force. I had that satchel of mine rigged up right for the part, didn't I?"

"Great!"

"How do I stand with the frosted bunch?"

"Great!" exclaimed Grett enthusiastically. "They'll back you for a dime museum exhibit of the original honest man any day you want to pose for it; they'd turn you loose in the vault with the light out; they've got you down as the good young man who needs to be encouraged and helped; they're going to look you up."

"Oh, I'm not so poor," said Hawkins, swelling up with the pride of achievement; "I might make a few dollars on the vaudeville circuit if I had the heart to work steady. Say! my tongue was hanging out of my mouth when I was waiting for it to be time to go in and see the old billy-goat. Oh, I guess I'm fair."

"You're not the whole show," retorted Grett, with sudden jealousy. "Look at the little play I put on when I discovered I'd been robbed! I guess I'd qualify for the emotional drama all right."

"But there ought to have been more money in it," complained Hawkins, passing quickly from pleasure to business.

"I haven't seen any yet," hinted Grett.

Thus reminded, Hawkins counted out two hundred and fifty dollars and passed it to his companion. "But there ought to have been more," he insisted. "I thought he'd come up better for the bunch I gave back to him."

"Pretty fair for a job that's safe," argued Grett.

"Oh, it's a good enough scheme," conceded Hawkins, "but we can't work it but once, and it's got the art in it that ought to pay high. As an actor I think I'm worth more money; no dub could have played that scene at the bank the way I did."

"They paid five hundred dollars to see the show," said Grett. "Isn't that enough for any show?"

"Not for a special performance," answered Hawkins. "This was an awful good show."

"Well," said Grett, when the merriment had subsided, "we've got the money to invest; now how about the good thing?"

"Framed up for Saturday—Highboy at ten to one," replied Hawkins.

"Sure, is it?" persisted Grett.

"A cinch," asserted Hawkins. "I'm going to plunge on it for all I've got and can borrow."

"You slipped up on the last one," suggested Grett.

"That was a chance, but this is sure," explained Hawkins. "I'm next to the right people. The only way Highboy can lose that race is to lie down and die on the track."

"Ten to one," mused Grett. "Twenty-five hundred is worth having." He handed his two hundred and fifty dollars back to Hawkins. "Put me on," he instructed.

"I'll mail you the ticket," said Hawkins.

Saturday afternoon Grett slipped out and sought the nearest ticker.

"A fellow can do something with twenty-five hundred," he reflected.

The ticker informed him that Highboy "also ran." He thought it must be a mistake, but the telephone confirmed the news.

"Well," he decided, with regretful philosophy, "it isn't like losing real money, for this was 'velvet.'"

Nevertheless, he was not in high spirits when he presented himself at the little window through which the salaries were passed out.

"Nothing for you," said the man behind the grating.

"What!" cried Grett.

"Nothing for you," repeated the man.

"But I'm not discharged," expostulated Grett.

"No," was the reply, "but there's five hundred dollars charged up against you—the cost of your carelessness, you know. You'll be able to work it out in four or five months."

PITY'S ALIAS

By Cloutsham Combe

IT disturbed me that my sister Mehitabel had not gone at once to call on my bride-elect. I demanded the reason, or rather, her excuse.

"I'm too fond of Janet," was her pungent reply.

Of course I long had known that I never had come up to what Mehitabel believes a brother of hers should be.

"Janet is a half-orphan, and she's got a lot of riches to be taken care of, poor girl, and what would you know about that?"

"I?" answered I. "Well," I struggled on, thinking hard, "a crisis develops the man, you know."

"Another thing that bothers me," she followed up, "is that you never respect persons whom you get the better of in a horse trade, as you did of Janet. You at once consider them of inferior intelligence."

"Absurd," said I. I had thought that Mehitabel would have appreciated the humor of the ruse whereby I had gained Janet—insisting that if she wanted my cleverest pony she must take me, too.

"You admire only people who outdo you in your own devices," she insisted. "I know. I've grown up with you."

"But this transaction with Janet as to the pony and me was straight. Don't you see? I like her, Mehitabel, more than like her—you know what I mean. Now, please, as a good girl, go to Janet, throw your arms around her neck and say—say, with a little pathos: 'Janet, he's my brother!' Sadly, you know, just like that. You wouldn't be committing yourself a particle. I am to speak to Janet's mother today," I mentioned, earnestly. "Perhaps you will go afterwards?"

Since she made no response, I felt I had subjugated her, and so went forthwith to call on Mrs. Redingstone. I lacked assurance, because I had to ask her sanction of a quick betrothal, precipitated by a certain recent adventure in the Park.

A reflection from a window-pane across the street threw a light upon Mrs. Redingstone's silvered hair and into her clear and clever eyes.

"No doubt," I started at once, "you've been informed of that transaction yesterday between Janet and me?"

"Yes," she said quietly. "She wanted your pony badly and you insisted that she must, into the bargain, take you also—isn't that it? And," she remarked, smiling, "no warranty with either!"

"On the contrary," said I, much heartened at discerning her to be a woman of nice humor and understanding—city broken, so to speak. "I explicitly told your daughter that Pity had 'four white feet and a white nose,' and when she spoke about his going in a cart, I said, 'Oh, he'll go, but he's green in harness.' "

"And he is, perfectly. When we took him into the Park this morning he bolted into a ditch, then dragged himself free of the cart against a tree, and tumbled us frightfully!"

"Of course," I hurried to say, "I was regarding him as a tandem leader—Janet is thinking of a tandem—and you know in selling a horse, the ethics—well, and besides, I plead extreme provocation."

She arched her brows.

"Now, as for you—perhaps you don't go in harness, either?"

"I pledge you my word that any lady can drive——" I began, impressively. Then, all at once, I saw that that sentence need not, should not, be finished.

My hoped-for mother-in-law fixed me a moment with a keen stare; yet she appeared not really alarmed—and not hard or hostile; and presently laughed, forbearingly. I laughed, too, and looking her honestly in the eye, declared:

"I mean, simply, that we're really—the pony and I—not afraid of city sights, being well used to them, and that we're not hard to manage if we're properly bitted and the person at the reins has good hands——"

Mrs. Redingstone broke in with indulgent good feeling: "Oh, I am not worrying. My daughter has 'good hands' as you call it—she has instincts and, if my training has been of any use, some right standards. I don't fear for *her*. How can I, if I have confidence in myself?"

She was so charming about it all that I began to like Janet all the more. One may count quite safely on the quality of the daughter if the mother is a good mother: that's an axiom of breeding.

As I went down the steps I looked at the future with a different eye. There were some responsibilities abroad in the world. Life was going to be much more than it had been to me. I made so many excellent resolves, under the sense of my delight in Janet and her fine pointed mother, that it became imperative that

I should impress my sister Mehitabel with these new determinations. Which I did, quite eloquently, I am sure, describing also how pleasantly Mrs. Redingstone and I had hit it off together.

This had some effect, for when I saw Janet the next day she remarked: “Your sister, dear, is quite touching about our engagement.”

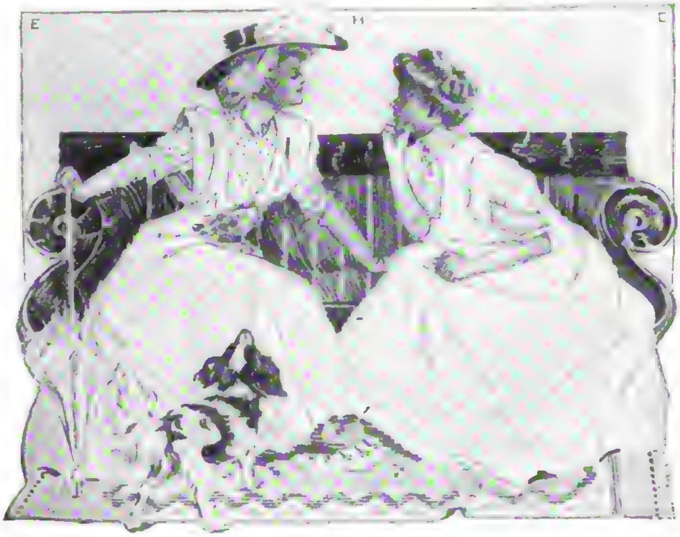
“Indeed?”

“Yes. She threw her arms about me and cried: ‘He's my brother, you know, Janet,’ as if she simply could not endure losing you!”

Something in the tone and something in the merry eyes put me on my guard; so I responded carelessly: “Mehitabel is all right. A little coltish, may be. But all she needs is some plunging about the ring.”

“I am glad to have her vouch for you. For, of course,” Janet slyly pursued, “you did, you know, trick me a little bit on that pony!”

“It's true,” I passed it off, “I drove rather a hard bargain. In stipulating that I must go with him, I was taking advantage of your great desire for the pony. Have you any regrets?”



THEY CAME TO HAVE SOME AMUSING SECRET

“Oh, no—I hope I'm a good sportsman; I hope I can take a beating. But you must admit that Pity has a splint and shies at his shadow.”

Some phases of spirit in Janet were still beyond me. In addition to not yet knowing her very well—our betrothal had come, literally, at a gallop—I felt at a disadvantage with her on account of Mehitabel, who, from having been at the same school a year before, knew Janet on close terms.

For days these girls seemed to find consuming delight in each other. They came to have some amusing secret which frequently caused them to break forth into preposterous merriment in my company. Two girls with confidences certainly can keep a man miserable.

Going into Janet's stable in Fifty-sixth Street to borrow a kicking strap, I found Pity under the hand of Janet's groom. There was a rustle of skirts, and the hurried patter of small heels around the end of the neat stalls. Pretending, for the sake of dignity, that I had noticed nothing, I asked for the strap, and went out. As I opened the door I saw, down the sidewalk, for an instant, the backs of Janet and Mehitabel. Next instant, before I had stepped over the threshold, they had whirled about and were coming toward me!

They were not smiling. Worse, they were trying to keep from smiling.

“You spoke once of wanting a tandem. Well, I've found a possible wheel horse to go with Pity,” I said. “Just borrowed a kicking strap of your groom to try him out in the Park.”

“But,” objected Janet, while Mehitabel turned aside, “Mit and I—up on the Grand Concourse—already have found a striking match for him. It's a sort of cross-match; he has blue dun points,” she said with twitching lips. “With the four white feet of Pity prancing in front, wouldn't the effect of these blue dun stockings on the wheel horse be sporty? I wish you would go with me tomorrow and look him over?”

I said I would, with this reservation: “You shall be the one to choose. I want him to please you.”

“Oh, I don't want to choose!” she protested, with alarm. “I've no faith in my judging abilities any more!”

When Janet stopped for me at the Riding Club, it was with a limousine motor.

“Why not drive Pity? I can manage him, and we'd see them together,” I questioned.

“Too long a distance for any of the horses,” said Janet.

I don't know what the silken silvery veiling is that Janet wears, but it just discloses profile and color and flaming lights under her lashes.

The ride, the keen air coming through the lowered windows, or possibly her own thoughts, caused her gray eyes to turn amethystine; they glistened as violet as snow of a sunny afternoon. Once or twice I fancied them, as they turned my way, half compassionate and half grave, but always an instant after mysteriously merry.

We neared Kinney's. I thought to show Janet the fighting cocks. In a burst of sentiment I said: "Janet, I'll show you a place Mehitabel never saw. Stop at Kinney's," I ordered.

She brightened. "Kinney's? Why, that's where we're going—that's where the pony is!"

"Kinney's? You're not thinking of buying from old Kinney? Why, child, Kinney would swindle a saint of his halo!"

"But, dear," she responded, "have you any such tangible asset?"

Kinney himself, ruddy and hearty, came out. When he saw me he stood agog for a moment. His ploughed brow rolled deep troubled furrows. I caught Janet passing a strange glance at him—as if to say—"Please be discreet." Aloud she said, "Where is the pony?"

Again Kinney turned on me sidewise the hesitant look with which he had met me. I interpreted it to mean that there was a word he would like to say out of hearing of Janet. I was about to ask him aside when Janet again emphasized: "We haven't much time, Mr. Kinney." At that he reluctantly went off to the stables.

"I like Mr. Kinney," remarked Janet; "he is very genuine."

"My dear," I expostulated, "hold up—he's about to attempt to sell a horse."

Light was bad in the yard where the pony appeared; the high fence threw a shadow over him. It was evident, however, that in size and conformation, Janet had found for Pity a mate which one might have searched years for. Save for the markings—the blue dun points—the correspondence was, to my memory, perfect; here was, except for the absence of white stockings, a flawless "ringer" for Pity!

When Kinney walked him, and when he trotted him, the lifting, dainty movements compelled me to inquire: "What's his price, Kinney?"

His price was steep. I went up to the pony's head. As in Pity, there was the same dent above the eye that comes from having a mother that is aged—the same pert ears—the deep chest. I was amazed at our luck. I said to Kinney: "Too bad he hasn't a spot of white on him." One has to exhibit some dissatisfaction.

"If you like the pony—he ain't mine, sir, you know—I might take off twenty-five from the price, as the lady ownin' him wants a good owner for him."

"What's his name, Mr. Kinney?" inquired Janet ingenuously.

"Let's see"—Kinney faltered—"some religious name—Contribution, I think, Miss."

"Retribution?" prompted Janet.

"Beg pardon, Miss; yes, Miss,—Retribution."

I stooped and ran thumb and finger down one cannon bone. Not a blemish. But the coat was sticky. I felt a tug, felt a breath on my cheek, and saw that the little rascal had the very trick of Pity; he was playfully pulling the handkerchief from my breast pocket! Janet, standing near Kinney, turned half away.

"Janet," I called, "look!"

She only answered, "Yes, I see!" her muff over her face. I bent and ran thumb and finger down the other cannon bone. What? Why, he had a splint precisely where——

Head down, tracing it, conscious of the odd stickiness of the blue dun coat, all of a sudden I was impelled to part the hairs.

Underneath, at the roots, the coat showed white!

"Kinney," I called to the ruddy-cheeked taverner. "Is this pony worth any more than the high dollar?"

He responded reticently: "I say, sir, you won't regret taking him at the price." I was sure he was aching to wink.

"Kinney," I pursued in a voice full of conviction, "he's well worth the money. Send him down in the morning. And," I added distinctly, "just as he is—mind—*don't clean him!*"

I felt Janet's eyes fasten upon me.

"Right you are, sir!" returned Kinney, immensely relieved and at last jovial.

We started; Janet, stealing furtive glances at me, appeared at first hopeful and easy. This gave way to a tender worry; and then she became utterly cast down. I kept silent and sober with enormous difficulty, noting how each succeeding arc light along the darkening road lit up the changing emotions in her sweet face.

"So the pony is called Retribution, is he, Janet?" I at last broke out.

"Don't!—don't!" she sighed. "*You*, at any rate, didn't doctor him up when you sold him to me!"

"But still, perhaps I did ask too much precious boot!"

After awhile I allowed myself to remind her, tentatively, of the new status of things which she and Mehitabel had brought about—for there was a new status:

"To-night, you understand, I am again by purchase the possessor of the matchless Pity, alias 'Retribution'? And besides, since the pony and I go together, I regain possession of myself."

She murmured something. I suppose it was the vibration of the car over the neglected city pavement which gave that jiggity-joggle to her voice; but the tremor moved me deeply.

One hand got into the muff where hers were. She took it firmly. So repentant was she that I weakly admitted, from my heart: "Dear one, I'm relieved to learn that you and Mehitabel are not very dangerous deceivers."

When she continued, it was more collectedly, and there was something dancing in the iris of her deep eyes as she answered:

"Would it be unsportsmanlike," she said, "to call it off? For you know, I am really rather attached to—Pity!"

HIS RIVAL

By Carrington Phelps

THE blue-gray of an approaching storm had settled coldly and ominously upon the city. Stray carriages hurried away through the growing gloom and pedestrians thinned to twos and threes. A whirling pillar of dust swooped down the avenue in the wake of a gust that tore hysterically at a hundred blinds, slammed myriad doors, chased a half frozen cat into an area and swept a great plant box crashing to earth. Then it whipped skyward, unloosing and throwing to the ground a legion of flakes which swung in the stark trees.

The young man who owned the shattered plant box smiled at the clamor of its downfall, and as the fire crackled cheerily behind him, settled with greater relaxation in the chair facing the window. The wind steadied to a heavy roar and the snow flakes began a tiny insistent ticking against the panes.

He was a young man of perhaps two and thirty, though he might have told you with some gravity that he was going on to middle age. He regarded the world in the amused, faintly cynical light of a man whose marriage has proved a negative failure. The match had elicited only the most enthusiastic prediction, There was every reason why it should prove the happiest of unions; and there was nothing (they both admitted that, even at the last) which should have prevented its perfecting, and yet it had failed.

It was now almost a year since she had gone away.

He lay back in the chair dozing and thinking of her. He remembered the frock she had worn the last morning he had seen her—the blithe youth of her laugh, the carelessness of her farewell. She had kissed him lightly and he had blushed with the curious feeling that he was kissing a woman he did not know. He had echoed banalities on the pleasures of the trip quite as fluently as any of the gay party who had gathered at the steamer; and the band had played and the whistle roared while the liner swung her nose out to sea. Then he had turned and found himself alone, with the great city before him. He went back into their house and lived in it for a week, but its insistent demand for the woman who had made it a home became more than he could endure, so he took a house across the avenue where, with his servant Okuro, he lived a solitary existence.

He arose and walked to the mantel where her portrait looked back at him. It was a beautiful portrait of a beautiful woman; it was canvas and oils, but it was not flesh; it was herself to the life, but as devoid of life as she herself had been of that mysterious flame which should have illumined her. That was wanting, and for the thousandth time he told himself the reason. He was not the man.

The hall clock began a ponderous tolling, and he returned to the window to gaze down the avenue. The air was lined with sweeping snow that as it fell formed little shoals and sharply defined ridges, like drifting sands in a brook bed. A belated wagon trundled down the gale, the horses half galloping, the driver whipping his hands together for warmth. As it took the corner the team swerved sharply to avoid a woman approaching in the opposite direction. She was walking straight into the gale, her body thrown forward, her head bowed against the buffeting elements. Once she slipped a little. As she drew opposite his window a gust so whipped against her that she wavered and caught at the heavy stone balustrade. The blast bruised and crushed her, increasing with almost animate ferocity as she strove to face it. Suddenly she turned, and with gathering of skirts, climbed up the steps and into the vestibule. There was an impatient rataplan from the bell, the quick tread of the servant, and then the perfect tones of a woman's voice.

"May I come in for a moment? My ankle is twisted. I am afraid I may faint."

The Oriental's impassivity was in no wise disturbed when he found his master at the window, trembling and pale, beckoning him silently. The servant listened with side tilted head, then swiftly lit a bronze lantern, built high above the fire, placed a great chair, and ushered her in to the hospitable warmth. From the shadow of a screen the master watched her as she made her slow way to the fire. Of all the women in the world it was She, in his house, before his eyes, there at the fire, warming her hands because they were cold. She loosened the stiff shoe and shook it off. Her pallor decreased with the relief.

He watched her as she leaned with delicate grace upon the arm of his chair, and with a quick glance around stretched her slender, silken ankle to the glow, fingering its hurt.

He walked softly out upon the heavy carpet and waited behind her, wondering what she would do, what she would say when she turned and saw him. Suddenly her eyes fell upon the portrait. With a smothered exclamation she leaned closer, staring. Then she turned slowly around.

He smiled assurance and held out his hand cordially.

"Yes—I. Aren't you a little glad to see me?"

She half rose, then sank into her seat again.

"I—my coachman blundered—I could get no carriage. I turned my ankle. You of all men—and in your house, too?"

"Yes, since you went away. The other was too—large."

"How very strange—it was the portrait warned me of you. I should never have known—and you were—how long were you behind me? Not long, else I should have felt it." He noticed that she was older, more gracious, and yet infinitely more beautiful.

"Yes," he found himself saying, "it is most extraordinary—yes I—I came behind you just now. But when did you arrive and why did you not cable me?"

"I arrived only yesterday. I was going to telephone you to-night, to surprise you—it would have surprised you, would it not?"

"Exceedingly. Forgive me. Let me take your furs. You see, it's so long since I have played the gallant I have forgotten how."

"How have you been?" he continued, leaning beside the mantel. "It is quite some time since I heard from you."

"Oh, I've been tremendously busy. Then, too, I have been ill—that was ages ago. I didn't write to you for fear you would worry. You would have worried, would you not? But," she said, "I came over to see you," his heart leaped, "about a matter of business." His heart sank, but he smiled.

"I shall be most happy, I am sure. What is it?"

"About our life."

"Our life," he repeated.

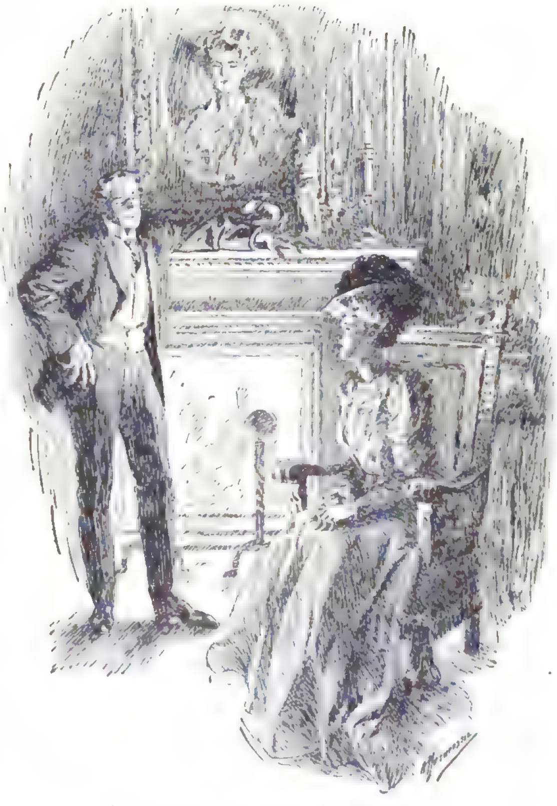
"Yes. It cannot go on like this. It could, I suppose, but—I don't quite fancy it, do you, Jim?"

"No, I don't."

"So I thought I would run over and see you." She stared into the fire. "I think it would be better—changed." For a moment he puzzled over this, and then swift enlightenment came, and for the life of him he could not control the wave of sick fear that swept him from head to foot. He selected with deliberation a cigarette from the box on the mantel and lighted it. Then he asked, "Is there—somebody else, Dolly?" There was a slight pause.

"Yes. There is somebody else."

This, then, he reflected, was the change in her, this the subtle alchemy that had quickened in her the real woman. She had found the right man. He had always known there was a tremendous potentiality there, awaiting the master touch. He told himself that the sacrifice of his pride and his happiness was very little to make her content. Yet he had not realized just how much such a thing could hurt him, even though he had constantly held himself in readiness for it. Now she belonged to another, she who had once been his, part of himself. When he spoke he was curiously collected and very cordial.



"IS THERE—SOMEBODY ELSE?"

"I'm tremendously glad, Dolly." She stole a quick glance at him. "Believe me when I say that, I am glad. Of course he's a good chap. I hope you will be very happy and contented and—and if he were here, I dare say I should bless you both."

"Thank you," she said gravely, "I believe you would, Jim."

"Of course," he continued, "this is rather unexpected. There must be arrangements made. They will be made as simply and as soon as possible, and I shall smile at you politely and felicitate you, but after you are gone—I shall not smile. I shall be sorry, very. Make the most of the lean admission." She looked up at him with quiet serenity.

"I might have known you would have made that sacrifice for me; yes, I might have known it. You have changed since I saw you at the boat that morning. You are older and nicer and—and more unselfish," she concluded.

"That is very nice of you," he said. "Might I ask if he is any one I know?" She went pink at this, and laughed.

"No, you have never seen him. He is an Englishman. His name is James—of London. He is very nice, almost as nice as you were at first," and again she laughed softly.

"We were rather young then. Tell me about Mr. James. Have you known him—long?"

"Not long—only a few months, but I fell in love with him at first sight. He is tremendously fond of me—more so than ever you were."

"He isn't. I was too fond of you——" but she interrupted him with:

"You will like him immensely, I am sure."

"'Like him?' Do you fancy I care to be taken into the family and—thank you, but if you don't mind, I think I would rather not meet him."

She regarded him deliberately without speaking, and then as the clock boomed she counted the strokes, her lips whispering the hours, her eyes smiling steadily upon him. "That late already? And I am to meet him in half an hour. I must hurry. May I telephone?" He led her silently back to his study, and left her there, closing the door gently. He returned to the fire. Her picture stared at him from the mantel. Suddenly he threw both arms up in rebellious protest, then dropped them inertly, shamed at the aching impulse of the moment. He was losing her; more irrevocably with every tick of the clock.

Suddenly the door clicked, and he straightened up with a brave smile as she entered.

"It is all right, Jim. There is a carriage coming, and I shall be going in a moment, and then I shall see him, and I've not seen him since morning. Think of *that.*" She dropped him a mischievous curtsey.

"And yet," he said, "I should not say you had exactly pined beneath the rigor of the strain."

"Ah, but I have missed him!"

Her glance turned toward a far corner, where a piano loomed largely. "You brought my old friend with you when you shifted your goods, didn't you?"

"Yes. It has not been opened since you went away," and with a little key that hung at his watch chain he unlocked the cover and threw it back.

"Will you play for me to-night; afterwards I shall lock it again and send it to you." Without a word she seated herself at the instrument and began to play one of their own favorites. She had always played well but with the colorless perfection of the technician. He had heard her called a clever pianist and had recognized the aptness of the phrase even while he had winced at it. But to-night at the first touch of her fingers he was conscious of a new passion and vibrance in her music. It was as though her personality, her very being, had subtilized and was caressing him with eloquent mysteries. As the last chord lingered there came the realization of the source of this vital transformation, and in the bitterness of it he laughed aloud.

"What is it?" she asked without turning to him.

He hesitated, and then because nothing could matter greatly now, he told her exactly how things were with him. She leaned forward, chin in hand, watching him with puckered brow.

"You love me as much as that, Jim? It is a great deal—it is more than any woman should ever hope for." Then she threw back her head with a quick change of mood. "It is more than he feels for me; bless him." She was interrupted by the clamor of the door bell. "It is he, come for me." He turned to her, stunned.

"You had him, Mr. James, come here——?" There was a rapid step in the hall, and he drew himself up to meet this unparalleled situation, but it was a nurse who entered, carrying in her arms a lusty and extremely wide-eyed infant. He turned in frozen amazement to find the woman of his heart leaning to him, her soul in her eyes, her breath catching piteously in her throat, as though she were about to laugh and sob together.

"Is this—this——?"

And then, seeing her as through a mist, he held open his arms.

And instantly he bethought himself with the old foolish fear that in his haste perhaps this gorgeous thing might not be true, but when he would have folded his arms again he could not because within them lay his wife.

The REPRIEVE

By Frederick Walworth Brown

IT was a warm, wet night on board the steamer *Augusta,* and young Moreton, last of the passengers on deck, flung his cigarette overside and walked forward to the bows where the fog came flowing in in dripping banks and the lookout stood like an oil-skinned statue silently peering into the impenetrable gloom.

After a moment he turned, walked rapidly back along the deck, and entered the stateroom. His face was haggard and white as he switched on the electric light. But his jaw was set firmly.

He sat down to perfect his plans. There must be no slip. He would wait till he was certain the last night-hawk among the passengers had retired. Then it was but a step to the rail. He could watch his chance when no deckhand or steward was near, and quietly slip over.

He glanced about his stateroom. Everything was as he chose to leave it. He was not trying to hide his identity. He had given his right name to the purser when he came aboard, and he had no doubt there were detectives already waiting for the boat's arrival.

Well, he would disappoint them. Outside the ship's bell struck the hour, and Moreton drew a deep breath and rose. This was the end. His heart hammered in his chest, and his hand shook as he opened his stateroom door, but he did not hesitate.

He reached the rail, placed his hands on the top and crouched to vault.

Then, like a reprieve to a man on the scaffold, came a wild yell from the bow of the boat, and with something like a sob Moreton let his hands fall. There were answering shouts from the bridge while he stood shaking in the shadow of the superstructure. He thought himself discovered.

The vibrant pulsations of the engines ceased, and began again reversed, but the great boat plowed forward still. On the bridge an officer blared profanely through a megaphone. Men began to appear on deck, stewards, deckhands, a passenger or two. Moreton, waking as from sleep, realized that disaster of some sort was imminent.

Then crashing, the ship struck, ground forward raspingly, careened to starboard, and stopped. Moreton, flung headlong by the shock, found himself clutching wildly with both hands, every instinct of self-preservation fiercely alert.

Singularly enough, the first collected thought he had was of the exact location of a rack full of life-preservers. He snatched one down and buckled it about his chest. Only when he had finished the job and stood encased in the saving cork did the facts of his situation come back.

Forty raving men had followed his example and were fighting viciously for the life-preservers. Here and there were women, for the most part calmer than the men, whether from sheer fright or better nerve it were hard to say. One stepped up to Moreton as he stood fingering the straps of the preserver.

"What is it?" she asked. "Are we in danger?"

"We're aground," answered Moreton. "They're lowering the boats."

He pointed to a group of men struggling frantically about an officer who was vainly trying to drive them back.

"Then there is danger," said the girl. "Can you tell me where I can get a life-preserver?" She spoke hurriedly but with perfect self-possession, and even in that moment of terrifying excitement Moreton found an instant to admire her steady command of herself.

"You may have this one," he said, pulling the thing off. "I—I don't need it myself."

"I don't like to take yours," said the girl; but he was already buckling it about her.

Perhaps five minutes had passed since the first shock of the catastrophe, five minutes of wild commotion, yells, orders, confusion, the rush of panic-stricken folk; then the steamer slid gently back from the rocks and instantly began to settle by the head. One boat was launched and swamped, before it could clear the side, by the crowd of men who leaped into it. Moreton turned to the girl, who stood looking anxiously about her.

"Do you swim?" he asked.

"Not well," she answered. "I can make out, though, with this"; and she indicated the life-preserver.

"Come on, then," he said. "There's no time to lose.

Already the water was lapping at the deck. He helped her mount the rail, and together they leaped into the sea and struck out from the wreck. The fog enveloped them instantly.

Moreton kept his left hand on the girl's shoulder lest they become separated; and even with the support given by the life-preserver, his right arm soon became wearied.

He was not a strong swimmer at best, and hampered with shoes and clothing he rapidly became exhausted. The time came when his arm felt numb and helpless, and they were making no progress whatever.

"I think you'll have to go on alone," he managed to gasp.

"Put your hands on my shoulders," she answered. "I can keep us both up for a while."

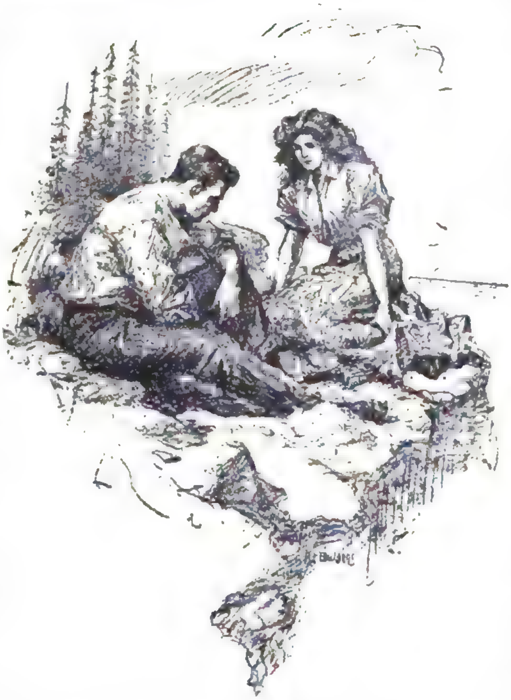
As his weight came on her back the girl began a steady paddling with both hands, and this, with the bouyancy of the preserver, kept both their heads above water till Moreton was somewhat rested.

He then had the girl take hold of his coat, and swimming with both hands towed her on till he tired once more. In this way, alternately swimming and resting, he made for the sound of breakers, which came intermittently to them through the fog. Ultimately they felt the life of a larger wave, which seemed to rise beneath them, carry them forward on its crest and pass on before them. Another followed, and another, and then Moreton's feet touched bottom, and a moment later he was dragging the exhausted girl up a rocky beach.

Shaking with cold, she leaned heavily on his arm, and when they had gained a point well above the reach of the waves, he told her to wait there while he tried to find a house. It proved a perfectly hopeless quest in the fog. He stumbled almost immediately among trees and brushwood, and after ten minutes' blind wandering, returned to the girl, where she crouched out of the wind in a crevice of the rocks. Protected from the wind, they began to feel more comfortable after a time, and Moreton finally induced the girl to lie down and try to sleep.

He, for his part, sat with his back against a rounded rock and thought cynically of his position. He wondered, with some sense of ignominy, what he should have done had he achieved his original intention and slipped overboard unseen in the fog. Would he have drowned, or would he cravenly have swam ashore?

And then suddenly, as he sat, came to him the full solution of his difficulty. It was simplicity itself. He had but to vanish now and his future was reasonably secure. If he were not found among the survivors, inquiry would cease.



"I CAN'T DO THAT, OF COURSE," SHE SAID, SIMPLY

With the swiftness of desperation, coupled with the liveliest hope, his mind wove a fabric of plans. He could hide in these woods behind till his beard was grown. It was summer, and he could find sufficient to eat one way or another. Then he would go west or south, it mattered little where. He could start fresh. He rose to his feet.

"What is it?" asked the girl's voice the instant he moved.

Moreton came back to the present and sat down again with the feeling that fate was playing with him. Of course he could not leave her here alone, miles, it might be, from a house. And yet if he stayed with her till daylight, her description would serve to identify him, and the pursuit would again be on.

The girl, unable to sleep, moved restlessly, and seemed inclined to talk.

They worried through the long hours till daylight, talking of the wreck and speculating on the loss of life, or sitting in silence watching the east for signs of day.

With the first glow of light he helped her rise, and they started along the shore. The fog continued thick, so that their surroundings were hidden, and they walked, as it were, in the center of a curtained room which traveled with them.

They had made perhaps two miles thus befor the increasing power of the sun began to dispel the fog and open out the land and sea before them.

On their right then they discovered a forest of pine coming down to the edge of the rocky shore. On the left lay the sea, undisturbed by any sign of the night's disaster.

"There's nothing for it but to push on," said Moreton. "We ought to strike a village before long."

The sun dried their clothing and warmed them through. They presently came upon a trickle of water, and followed it back to a spring high up among the rocks on the edge of the forest, and here rested a while. It was nearing noon when they ascended the crest of a wooded point and saw below them, and not half a mile away, a river and a cluster of houses on the bank.

The girl was weak with fatigue and hunger and leaned heavily on Moreton's arm as she stumbled along. At sight of the village he stopped short.

"I've something to tell you before we go any further," he said, as though this were part of a plan he had worked out in his own mind. "I'm in a very unfortunate position. I'm going to throw myself on your mercy."

She looked at him in wide-eyed surprise, apparently doubting his sanity for the instant.

"Hadn't we better go on to the village now?" she said. "We can talk afterward."

"I want you to know how I'm placed before we go on," he answered. "Sit down here. It won't take long.

"In the first place," he said, speaking with difficulty and in so low a tone she could scarcely hear, "I'm a thief. I embezzled bank funds and took passage on the steamer to—to escape. No. I'll tell you the truth. I meant to jump overboard. Then came the wreck and——"

He stopped abruptly, and after a moment the girl spoke.

"You helped me instead of what you intended to do."

"Partly that," he said. "If I go on with you now I shall be arrested sooner or later. But if you will help me I can escape."

"What shall I do?" she asked instantly.

"Just forget that you were ever with me."

"I can't do that, of course," she said simply; and he glanced quickly at her face and down again to the sand. "But I will say nothing about you if that is what you wish. It is the least I can do."

"That's all I ask," he said with eagerness. "I can disappear now and they'll think I drowned on the steamer. I can go away somewhere and start fresh. I'm not a thief by nature. I'd like you to believe that. I was caught, and slipped this once, but I can live straight now."

"I will go on alone and say nothing about you," said the girl. "But——" She hesitated, struggling apparently with her thoughts. "Perhaps the bank—— If you returned the money——"

"The money's gone," he interrupted. "I can't return it. My brother was sick, and his business became involved, and the doctors told me worry was killing him. I took the money and lent it to him."

"Well?"

"The doctors made a mistake. Jim died and the business went to smash, and the bank's money went with the rest."

"But surely if the bank knew——" she began.

"You don't know banks," he said bitterly. "They don't consider motives."

"My father is president of a bank," she answered. "I know he would give you another chance under those circumstances. I should think any man would."

He shook his head. "Thank you," he said. "But if you'll help me, I think I'll take this chance."

"Then I'll go on," she said, and rose.

"You don't mind," he asked, "now this village is in sight?"

"No," she answered, and held out her hand. He took it and held it.

"Good-bye," he said. "I'm glad I was there last night. And thank you for helping me."

"Good-bye," she answered. "I shall never forget."

He dropped her hand and turned abruptly toward the woods, while the girl, after an instant, turned also and began to pick her way down to the village.

Moreton went hurriedly, eager to gain the shelter of the trees. It was broad day now, and he feared to be seen. Yet when he reached the edge of the pines and had plunged into the underbrush he stopped suddenly and looked back. Screened himself, he saw the girl halt and turn, searching for a last look at her rescuer.

A great irresolution seized him. She was going out of his life for ever, and the thought moved him strangely. Even at that distance he could see the troubled look in her face. Why not be a man and go back? The thought struck him like a trumpet call. She would stand by him. He had known her less than a day, but he had no doubt of her. He had done this thing. Why not go back and take the consequences?

The girl, failing to see him, turned away and started on alone. For an instant longer he hesitated. Then, with a shout he sprang from the covering bushes and ran after her. The girl stopped at sound of his voice and waited till he came up.

"I've changed my mind," he said steadily. "I think I'll go back and face the music. If old Jimmy Warden wants to send me up I'll take my medicine."

"Warden!" cried the girl. "That's my name, and James Warden is my father."

Editorial Notes

ONE of the woes of the editor of a new magazine is that he never receives enough letters from his readers. On BROADWAY we have been rather a delightful exception to the rule, for every day brings us a basketful of what our readers think about us. Each letter is welcomed —even the brisk, snappy note from the man in Kansas who says, "I doubt if anything very good ever came out of New York City."

A large, sweeping remark that! One indicating a high state of reverse enthusiasm for a town which most of us regard with at least earnest curiosity. However, as publishers of BROADWAY MAGAZINE, we find ourselves attracted to New York City only because it is one of the big things of this big country, because one-twentieth of this country's living, breathing, toiling population is centered in New York, because the very stones and bones of this metropolis rise and declare the bigness of things American. In a general way, our readers know that BROADWAY goes out through the forty-six states in search of other giant themes, when opportunity occurs. Topics such as the Southwest's fight against the trusts, the problem of our railroads, the navy, the army—all these are within our scope. A Michigan man. by the way, will be pleased with the news that in June we shall publish another story about the army. Here is his letter:

> The article in your April number under the caption "Our Falstaffian Army" is both apropos and vitally important, and should serve to awaken a general interest in the subject treated that cannot fail to be greatly beneficial. The present condition of the American army is really deplorable, and the statements and arguments used in this article are only too true.
>
> What Congress is thinking about in stalling legislation relating to the army which is so imperatively and immediately needed is more than the average citizen can understand, and it is certain that this policy of indirection and delay is not in accordance with the desires of the public.
>
> A few strong articles of an educational character along the line of this one cannot fail to be of great consequence in their results, and it is devoutly hoped that BROADWAY will follow up the good work it has undertaken. H. B. GILLESPIE.

The following from "E. J. B." of Washington, D. C., was written at 3 o'clock in the morning. It swings its own shillelah and speaks for itself:

> It is rather early in the morning to register a kick, but as I am very much interested in your publication, and have watched the strides it is making, I hope you will take this criticism in the spirit in which it is given. In the current number there are several things that have given me sincere pleasure and instruction. I wish to call your attention, however, to a piece of fiction: "The Ghosts of Chartre's Mill," which falls very far behind the high standard you maintain. The author and the artist are both at fault. The author, or authoress, has laid the scene of her story in Tipperary, while the patois or brogue (whichever you choose to call it) which she puts into the mouths of her actors is distinctly that of Kerry. There is no similarity between the sharp, nasal tones of the Kerry man and the broad, vibrant outpouring of the man from Tipperary. Her tinker is not true to life either. The Irish acceptation of this character is of a wanderer and a vagabond on whom everybody looks with suspicion. He never can loiter in one place for a day, while Bill Donohue is treated after the manner of a permanent resident.
>
> Your artist draws an impossible Irish picture on page 15 and on page 19 he makes a slight *faux pas.* There are no bats in Ireland. The drawing which represents the tinker with a grinder is ridiculous to an Irishman. The only tools those hobos carry are the soldering iron and the little box of tin. In twenty-one years' residence in that little island I never saw a street grinder in city or in country.

It doesn't necessarily follow, as the old lady said when she whistled to the elephant, but here are a few interesting and valuable opinions by a Chicago man:

> Your invitation to readers tempts me to spend a moment not in criticism, but in thought suggested by matters that I have read in BROADWAY. "Trinity: Church of Mystery," is full of interest, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Russell may in later articles not only enlighten us as to the mystery, but will point out the fact that the thing that makes Trinity's enormous wealth is the same thing that lies at the bottom of all the great monopolies. He should go farther and say that the thing that gives the Trinity Corporation its great power to stifle investigation and control legislation is the same that gives all monopolies and trusts their power to oppress the people.
>
> To be more explicit, it should be said that the fundamental wrong that makes the trusts and monopolies an evil is the fact that our laws give to private individuals and to corporations the value that the people create, to wit: the value that inheres in all land in all civilized countries. Land values, irrespective of improvements, are the natural source of public revenue. They should be taken for public purposes and all other values should be exempt. This fundamental wrong—the giving to individuals that which belongs to the public—compels governments to tax the body of the people—the great producing forces of civilization—in devious and grievous ways to get revenue for public purposes. The result is private corruption. Double taxation of the forces that produce wealth makes the producers poor and piles up unearned wealth in corporate and private coffers,

where it is used to corrupt public opinion and to maintain existing institutions that are fundamentally wrong. There is an intimate connection between the slums and the immense revenue of Trinity. It is to be hoped Mr. Russell may not shrink from showing where it is. Wishing for long life and prosperity for BROADWAY, I remain, Yours sincerely,
GEORGE V. WELLS.

Here is a pre-digested thought for home consumption: the people and the railroads are working in a circle, not in a straight line. By this method they will never get together. And until they do get together there will be no security. And until there is security we must not boast of a very high degree of civilization; for civilization is only progress toward human security.

Juries are traditionally hostile to railroads; and thus it is always the highest priced cow that gets killed on the track. This attitude on the part of the jury breeds an attitude of self-protection on the part of the corporation, which in turn breeds such things as grafters in the legislature, tainted lucre, disgusted constituents, and war to the knife. We need our railroads mighty badly—more so than seems apparent to the offhand "argifier." We don't want to let them cheat us, but we also don't want to break their backs. Read Mr. Casson's article in this number and let us know your opinion of the situation.

OUR OFFERING OF STOCK

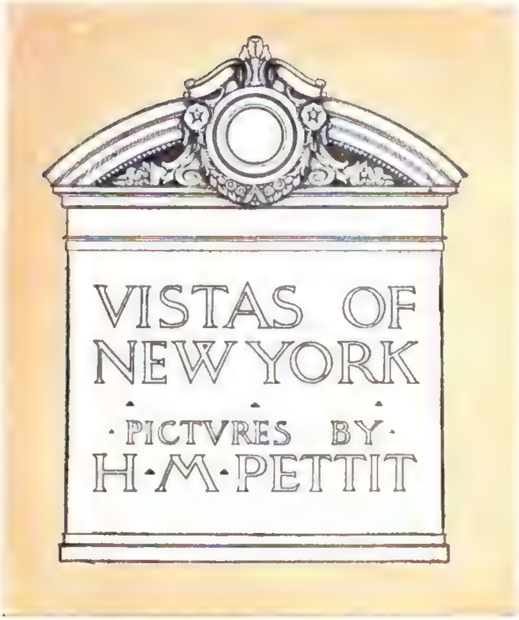
Two months ago we announced in the advertising pages of the magazine that we were offering to BROADWAY readers a certain block of treasury stock—seven per cent. cumulative preferred, with an attractive bonus of common. We will have to confess frankly that we have been surprised and deeply gratified by the reception given this announcement. At a time when Wall Street was in deepest gloom, when investors were most wary, we were not altogether certain that we would be able to place our securities without a lot of labor. We may as well say right here that we didn't go to Wall Street and never intended to. We went straight to the people. Our experience has convinced us that there is plenty of money for investment in enterprises in which the people have confidence. Also, that the readers of this magazine have confidence in the future.

At the time of this writing, three-fifths of the original allotment of shares has been sold. The subscriptions have come from all over the United States, from Panama and from England. Most of them are for $50 to $500—a few for $1,000. The very best of good citizens—college professors, ministers, doctors, bank directors, merchants, manufacturers and workingmen—are represented. We are pleased for more than one reason. The additional capital enables us to carry out plans to push BROADWAY's circulation; and more than that, every stockholder becomes an earnest friend and advocate of the magazine. We want a thousand or more stockholders. Undoubtedly we will get them, and when we have them we say in all seriousness and with the intensest sincerity that we will make this the greatest magazine property in the world.

If you have not written us yet for our booklet, "Profits in Magazine Publishing," we urge you to do so to-day. You will find it a mighty interesting document, well worth the time you spend in reading it, and then you may feel that you would like to become one of our partners. It may be worth while to move quickly—our present liberal offer of common stock as a bonus will be withdrawn as soon as the present allotment of stock is sold.

In the article entitled "In the Thick of the Anti-Trust Fight" by Herbert N. Casson in the April number there was a mistake which the editors of BROADWAY sincerely deplore. On pages 88 and 89 Messrs. E. B. Parker and H. M. Garwood were mentioned as being on the side of the *state* instead of on the side of the *corporations*.

We beg to say that this unfortunate blunder was made in our office without Mr. Casson's knowledge, and that he is in no way responsible for it. We regret this interpolation most sincerely both for the sake of Messrs. Parker and Garwood, who are in no wise connected with any anti-trust litigation instituted by the state of Texas, and for the sake of Mr. Casson, who is one of the most accurate and conscientious of magazine writers. On page 89 the photograph of Mr. Garwood, by reason of the previous error alluded to, also had an erroneous caption under it stating that he is "in the van of the fight *on* corporations."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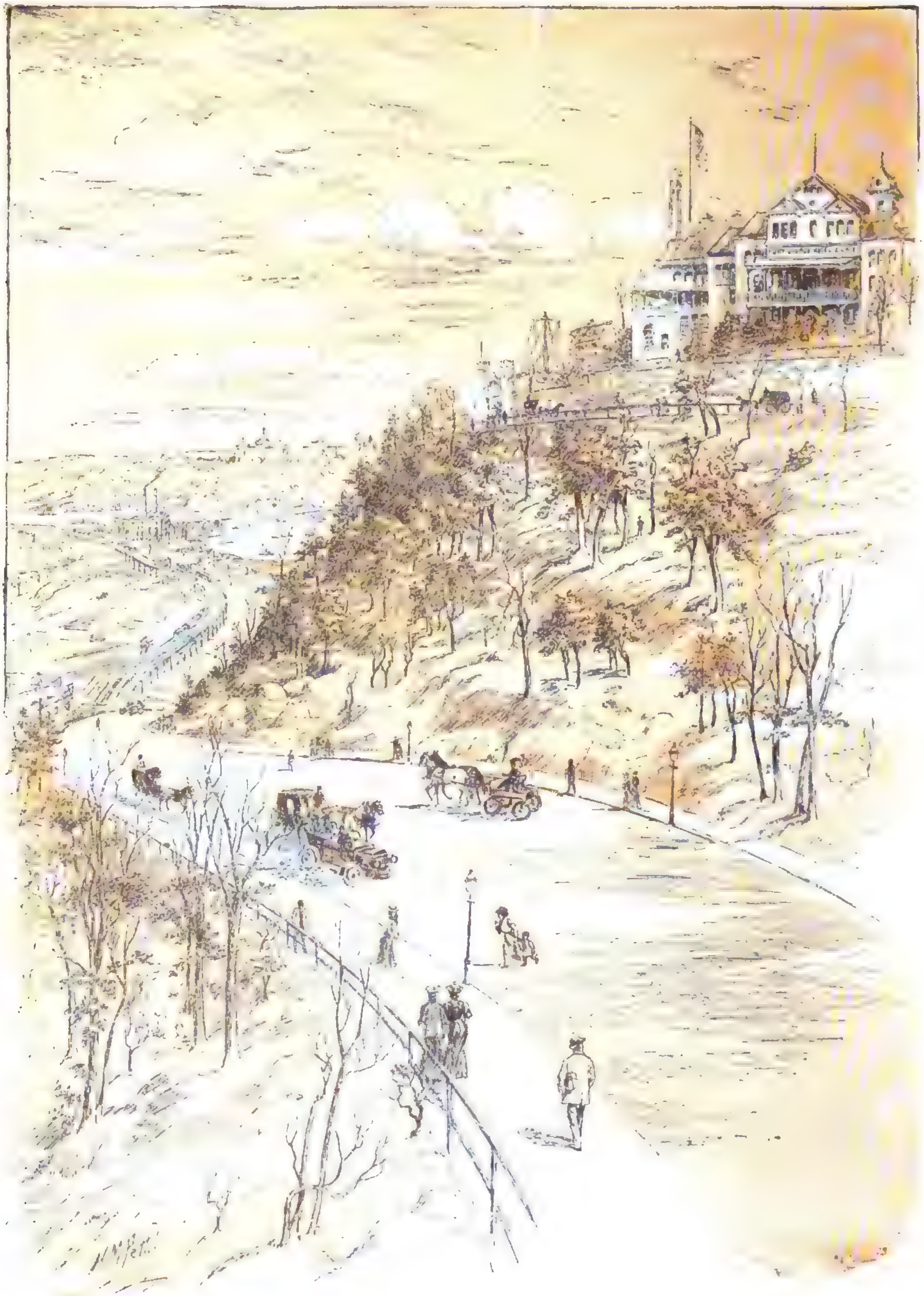
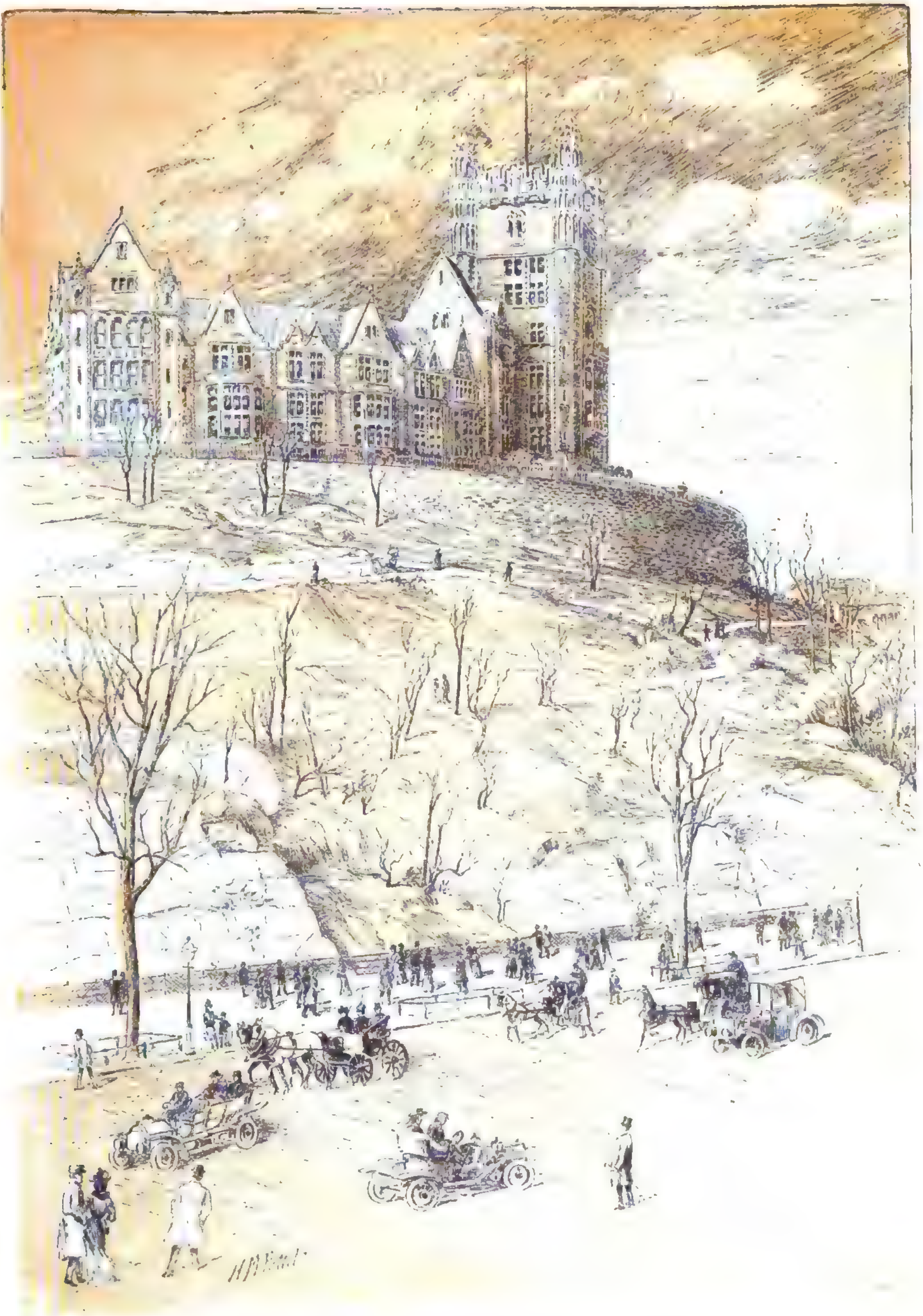
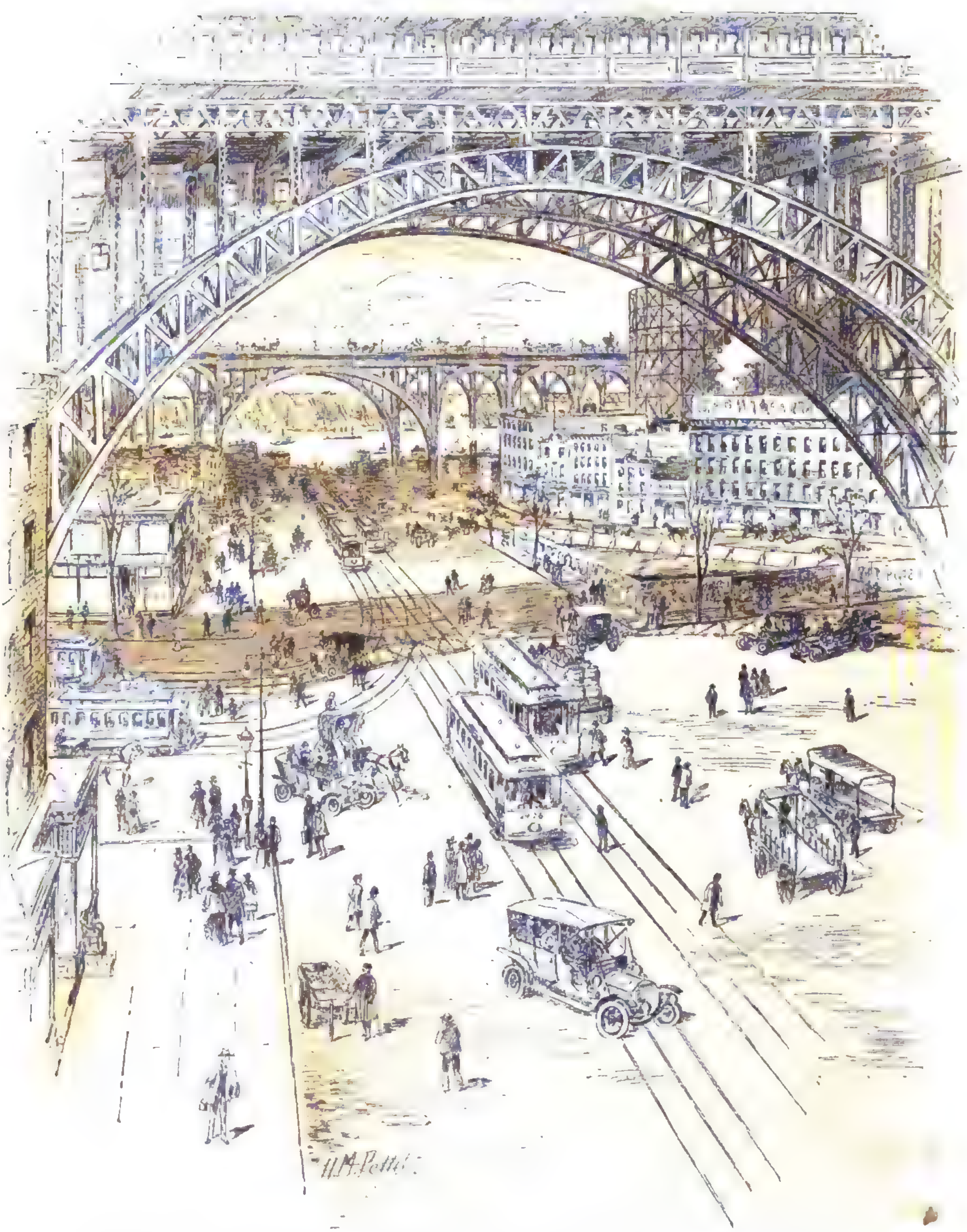


THE SPEEDWAY AT FORT GEORGE, WITH THE HARLEM RIVER AND UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS IN THE DISTANCE



THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK AT ST. NICHOLAS TERRACE AND ONE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH STREET



LOOKING THROUGH THE ELEVATED SUBWAY STRUCTURE AND RIVERSIDE VIADUCT TO THE HUDSON RIVER

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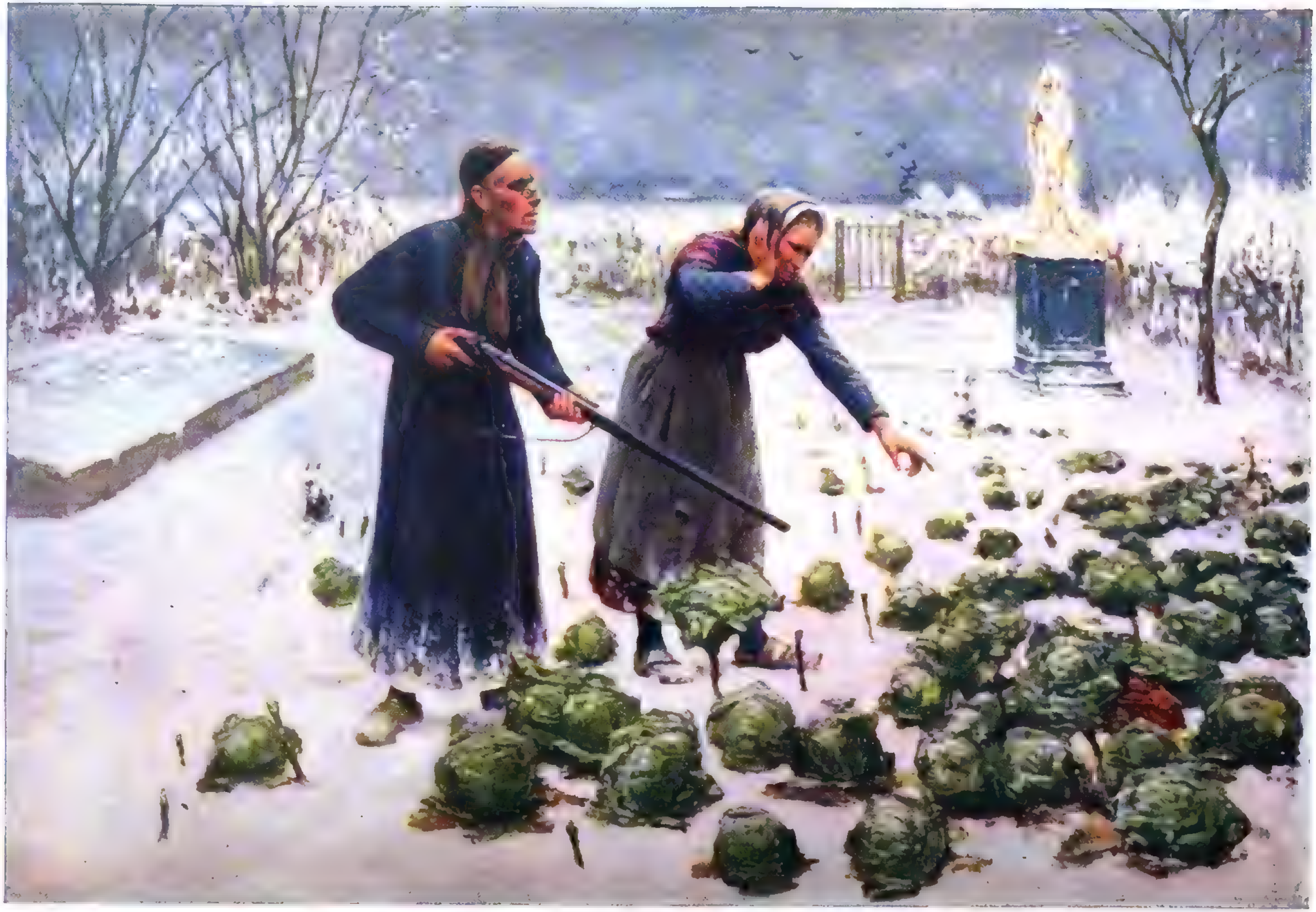
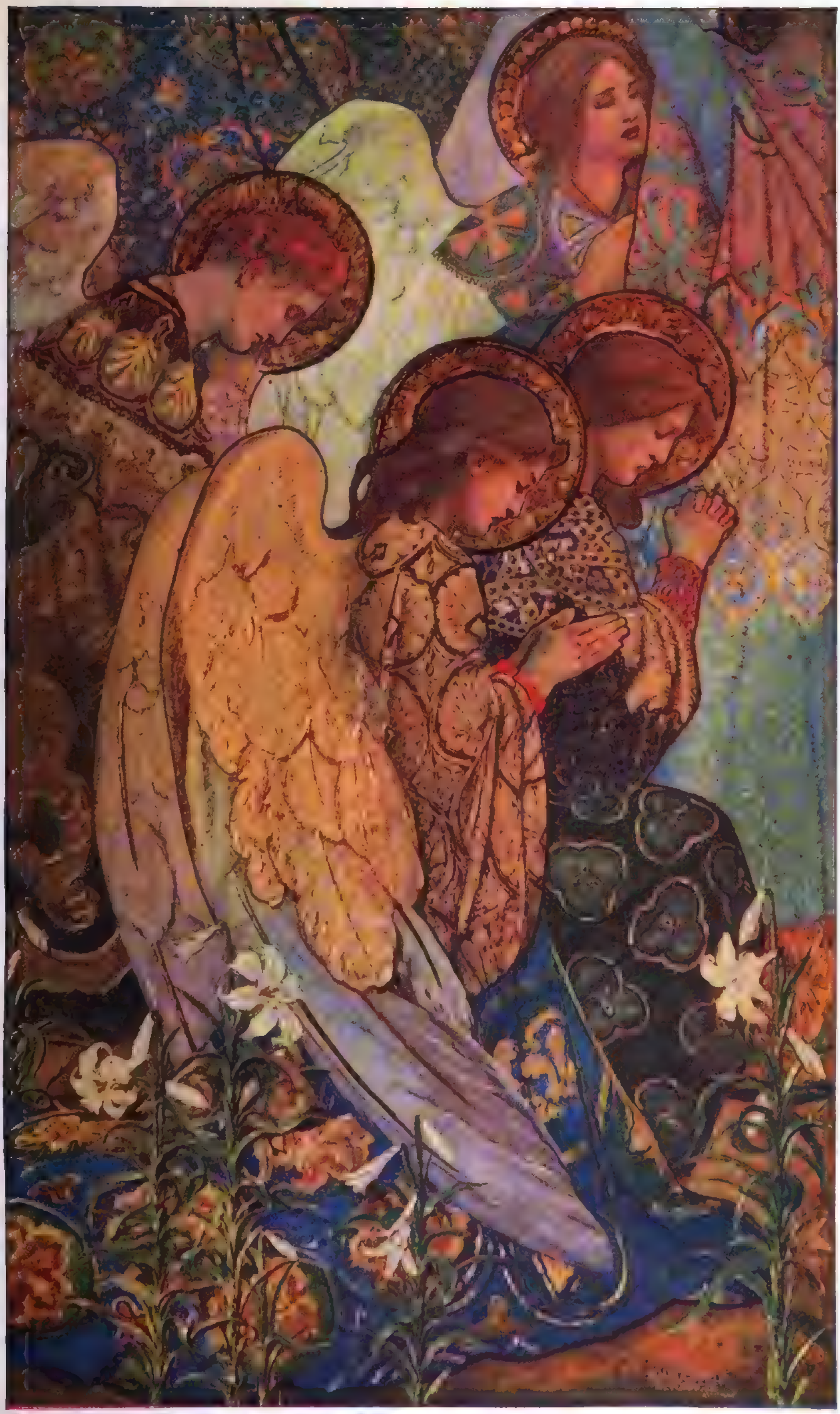
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



From painting by Jules Denneulin, by courtesy of the owners, M. Knoedler & Co.

"WHERE?—THERE!"

(See Editorial Notes, page 393)



Fragment of the Semi-Dome, Church of the Saviour, Phila.

ADORING ANGELS

(See "Edwin H. Blashfield, Mural Painter")

THE NEW
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The Menace of the Red Flag

By Broughton Brandenburg

President of the National Institute of Immigration

Illustrations from Photographs

> "Unquestionably, there should be further legislation by Congress in this matter. When compared with the suppression of anarchy, every other question sinks into insignificance. The anarchist is the enemy of humanity, the enemy of all mankind and his is a deeper degree of criminality than any other. No immigrant is allowed to come to our shores if he is an anarchist, and no paper published here or abroad should be permitted circulation in this country if it propagates anarchistic opinions."
> —*Theodore Roosevelt.*

Thus the president drives straight at the point of one of the gravest and most immediate problems. It is a cry meant to rouse not only Congress but the whole country to the fact that swarms of dangerous enemies of existing law and order, peace and good government, are taking advantage of the discontent among the ignorant masses to fire them to a revolt against the state. Henry Ward Beecher, John Sherman, William E. Gladstone, Cesare Lombroso, William McKinley and Marcus A. Hanna all prophesied that this revolt would come. McKinley proved its truth with his life. His assassination was one of the early outbreaks. Now, the signs of the times read by the wise men of the nation give warning that the crisis is close, that we must be up and doing to meet it *to-day.*

Anarchists and red revolutionists are nightly exhorting eager audiences all over the country, the mails and express carry inflammatory literature hither and yon every day, the dangerous conspirators of Europe smuggle themselves over our borders and into our ports constantly; the Marseillaise is often sung by columns of men and women under the red flag, marching boldly in our streets. The last few months have seen several outrages, including the attempt to kill Chief Shippy, of Chicago, the assassination of Father Heinrichs in Denver, and the Union Square outrage in New York. Over against this there is lack of authority due to insufficient laws, lack of police and secret service equipment, and of knowledge by the public. This article aims to supply that knowledge.

THE red revolution is not native. It is of foreign birth and the propaganda has been imported with our millions of immigrants. We have not only imported the agitators but we have imported the masses for them to work on. In America the movement is almost entirely confined to the cities because there are clustered the working people. Each has its alien branch or branches, and aliens coming from portions of Europe, where enormous military establishments alone repress revolt against notorious oppression, both political and economic, are ripe for foment. They know but vaguely what their changed conditions are. They are bewildered by the display of wealth, predatory or fairly earned, that they see about them, not realizing that here, as never in Europe, any one of them who has the ability can become a rich man. The local center of each dispersion of the leaven of revolt will thus be found among the aliens or among people who have caught it from the aliens, save as it has begun to permeate our colleges and universities and even there foreign professors and translations of foreign books have been the cause of inception.

The actual leaven of revolt was first imported into the United States among the German malcontents and it found lodgment in St. Louis and Milwaukee among the brewery colonies, in Cincinnati and Chicago among the stockyard employees and in New York among the brewerymen and dock laborers. This particular bit of leaven has never ceased to ferment though many thousands of men whom it then affected, as they got jobs and homes and began to prosper, forgot it and would now be ashamed of the ideas they once held.

There have been but three instances in which the original agitation has made serious trouble. In the Homestead strike the fiercest spirits among the strikers were the anarchists who had come from Germany or who were converts of such. Then in 1888 and 1889 a group of German refugees in Belgium came to New York and set up an American propaganda in which they were joined by Germans, Poles, Belgians, a few Italians, a few English and a few Irish in all parts of the United States. The headquarters were New York, for the police of Chicago following the Haymarket riot of May 4, 1886, had driven the German agitators out of Chicago and they had centered in New York to a great extent. A bomb factory was set up in Maspeth, Long Island. One of the workmen was an Italian named Calderone, who is still living, ostensibly a manufacturer of fireworks but really the first expert in the country in bomb making. This group called a meeting of the unemployed and dissatisfied and planned to hold it in Union Square. The police, however, through the cleverness of Inspector Byrnes' men, discovered the plot, confiscated two baskets of bombs in a tenement at First Avenue and Eleventh Street and prevented what would have been one of the bloodiest outrages

UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE TRAGEDY OF MARCH 28, 1908

The police had cleared park and square of spectators, except the group of reporters, doctors and detectives, about the dead body of Ignaz Hildebrant and the wounded anarchist, Silverstein, who hurled the bomb. This photograph was made immediately after the explosion

LUDOVICO CAMINITA
Editor of the suppressed *La Questione Socialé*

EMMA GOLDMAN
"Queen of the anarchists," preceptress of Czolgosz, companion of Alexander Berkman

BENJ. R. TUCKER
Leading philosophic anarchist and publicist

THE LEADING ANARCHISTS IN AMERICA

in the history of anarchy.

The gravest result of the three was the famous Haymarket tragedy. There were labor troubles in Chicago in 1885-86 and a few anarchists gathered there, as is their habit, prodding the mob, encouraging armed violence, making bombs, laying plots and uttering fiery speeches. A network for a great uprising was laid and on the night of May 4th as a platoon of police marched to break up a meeting where Albert Parsons, August Spies and others were speaking, a bomb was thrown killing and injuring twenty-two policemen. The maker of the bomb, Louis Lingg, nearly blew his head off in jail with a stick of dynamite. After due trial the principal leaders and speakers were hanged and many others imprisoned or driven from Chicago; and five years ago the chief of police of Chicago said to me, "If you were to offer me a thousand dollars to find an anarchist in Chicago and prove him such I do not believe I could do it." But times have changed; they are there now.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN
Treasurer of the "Federated Anarchists" and editor of *Mother Earth*

One effect of the Haymarket affair has been very bad for the country at large. Through it anarchy became American, with an American history, American martyrs and an American development of the creed. It proved to foreign anarchists that there was soil in America where they would flourish and to-day the great body of anarchists in America with the exception of the Jews and Italians are followers of the Chicago group. Emma Goldman, the preceptress of Czolgosz, Mrs. Lucy Parsons, the widow of Albert Parsons, a Haymarket "martyr," Abraham Isaak, Edward Carrol, Alexander Berkman, August Meyer, the late Johann Most and a score of others must be classed in the Chicago school. On every anniversary of the 11th of November, when the convicted men trod the scaffold in the Cook County jail, there are commemorative meetings in many cities of the United States, and their graves in Waldheim cemetery are heaped with masses of red flowers.

The next step was the importation of Italian anarchy a few years ago when the Paterson silk manufacturers and the late Senator Redfield Proctor were respectively importing Italian silk workers to Paterson and quarrymen to Barre, Vt. They have remained to spread anarchism like a contagion among the Italian population in America. Among them are Pietro Esteve, a man not unlike Bakounine in his forceful personality; Ludovico Caminita, the editor of the lately suppressed *La Questione Socialé;* Antonio

Sabbatino, one of the ablest living writers of Italian; Guabello, the financier; Alia, who shot Father Leo Heinrichs in Denver; Gaetano Brescia and many others. In Paterson they made no trouble until the great strike there a few years ago. Then Peter McQueen, Grossman and some Irish-American labor agitators joined with the anarchists led by Galeani, in inciting the rioting that led to the imprisonment of a number of them. Brescia was sent from Paterson on his mission to kill King Humbert of Italy, as the anarchists admit, and the Italian police confirm. Altogether, Paterson has produced eleven assassins or men who attempted, or certainly resolved to attempt, assasisnation.

The last and most important importation of followers of the red flag, at least in point of numbers if not in dangerous possibilities, has come from Russia and they have been for the most part Jews.

THE RUSSIAN JEWISH AGITATORS

On the great New York East Side are more Jews to the square mile than are gathered any place else on earth. In the greater part they are Russian, Polish, Roumanian, and Hungarian, and are mainly supported by the garment work of the metropolis. They are organized and inter-organized, and have for the past several years lived in an air of revolutionary agitation, the scope and effect of which is scarcely comprehended by New Yorkers, let alone by the country at large. They are full of fire and spirit. The two big revolutionary movements in Russia have kept them inflamed with the spirit of revolution, and in this hot-bed the socialists have sown their doctrinary seed until their creed has become a matter of common belief. The refugee heroes from Russia have come to retell them the same lesson. They have a powerful paper, the Jewish *Vorwaerts*, or *Forward*, edited by Abraham Kahn. It preaches peace, but radical socialism. They have their able political leaders, such as Morris Hilquit, Samuel Edelstein, and the mighty Barondess. They read such authors as Tolstoi, Bernstein, Gorki, Grave, Andrievw, Neitzsche, Spencer, Krapotkin and Thoreau. Their street crowds are little groups that talk socialism and often anarchy. In lower Fifth Avenue, University Place, the "hat and cap" section of Broadway and Astor Place, each week-day noon sees more than one hundred thousand men and boys taking the air from their toil in the loft shops, and their talk is always this same thing—some ramification of the growing social revolution. On Sunday in Tompkins Square, Hamilton Fish Park, Rutgers Square, and Seward Park they gather by the tens of thousands. Hundreds of speakers will be seen with their small audiences grouped about them, and every night in the home of Platon Brunoff, in Clinton Hall, in Central Hall, at the People's Lyceum, and frequently in Cooper Union, and a hundred other places that might be mentioned specifically there are meetings either given over entirely to or deeply tinged with their revolutionary propaganda. Not only is this true of lower Manhattan, but in Harlem, in the Bronx, in Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Bronxville, East New York, Jersey City, Newark, Paterson, and in fact wherever there is any considerable number of Russian Jews.

These are the everyday features. Some of the extraordinary ones are more alarming. The labor union bodies of this country are opposed to Socialism, but the Socialists are growing in number and each year in the annual American Federation of Labor convention it is harder to keep them under. Secretary Knote, of the Central Federated Union, in New York, insists that among union men the revolutionary propaganda is on the wane, but Victor Berger, nearly elected mayor of Milwaukee this year by the Socialists, says, as a union labor man, that union labor socialists have doubled in number during the last ten years. In the transit corporations strike in New York a few years ago, only the speedy termination prevented socialistic demonstrations that would have been of a startling nature. In the great garment workers strike in New York the socialists were in high evidence and in the rent strike of the tenants against the landlords in the Winter just past, the socialists of the Eighth Assembly district organized the strike and dominated its every detail. The day of trouble is their day of harvest.

SPRING FIRES THE REVOLUTIONARY PULSE

Of course the movement has had its ups and downs. It is even amenable to the weather. The warm days of spring breed violence in the blood, says Charloge, and this really seems true. The first of May is notorious as a day of proletariat violence. The history of the movement shows that after the Haymarket outrage there was a falling off in the West, up till the time of the stirring events connected with the A. R. U. strike. After the killing of President McKinley any man who avowed belief in anarchy on the street corner virtually invited lynching. Yet this history of which I have given a brief résumé shows a continual growth. The tide is steadily rising.

PART OF THE COLLECTION OF ANARCHIST AND BLACK HAND BOMBS CAPTURED BY THE NEW YORK POLICE

The highly foreign nature of the revolutionary spirit in this country is clearly shown in the names of such publications, preaching anarchy and individualism, as the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, the Chicago daily; *La Nihil*, a most incendiary periodical published intermittently in various cities; *La Questione Sociale; Mother Earth*, the Berkman-Goldman weekly; *Liberty*, the individualist monthly, edited by Benj. R. Tucker; in New York; *Freiheit*, a German weekly issued from New York; *Freie Arbeiter Stimme*, a Yiddish weekly, also a New York publication; *La Cronaca Sovversiva*, an Italian weekly, Barre, Vermont; *Volne Listy*, a New York Bohemian weekly, and *Das Freie Wort*, a Chicago German monthly.

"ANARCHISM HAS ONE SONG, VIOLENCE"

These publications also issue pamphlets, booklets, and translations of foreign works and furnish agitation ammunition in many ways. Their teachings are of a nature almost inconceivable to the quiet, easy-going good citizen of America, who has allowed this rank growth to flourish undisturbed thus far. Merely for the purpose of giving an adequate idea of what has been passing through the mails, what the potential mob has been reading or having read to it from the platform, I give the following excerpts from *La Nihil*, one written by A. Antonelli, and the other by N. Calenza:

"In the sad and difficult road of life the rich have everything for human comfort and happiness, and millions and millions have nothing. They have waited for hundreds and hundreds of years with great stupidity and illogical patience. But while most are so stupid that they wait like jackasses, there are some intelligent and strong persons whom the world names anarchists, and for these *liberty wears a mantle of blood. Our anarchism is aimed against the boss, the capitalist, the usurer, the parasites of the military and the Church, the minister and the civic ruler. Our anarchy is now ready to blow the hearts out of these gorged canaille. Philosophical anarchy is stupid. True anarchism is action. We will break down every barrier without compassion; and we will force the masses to revolt, and the destruction of the rich and the rulers.*" And:

"Anarchism has one song, one creed—Violence, Thou, Violence, art the only consolation, the only renovation and the only life. With you are all the rebels, all the energy, all the strongest of men."

Michael Bakounine, a Frenchman, formulated anarchistic conspiracy. Not that the French anarchists of his day needed much education in that line, but his was the idea of having anarchists grouped according to locality. Some should speak, others should write, others raise money, and some should do the technical work of preparing and executing assassinations. He wrote a code of nineteen rules for the assassin, or rather for a group that has decided upon an assassination. This code is standard today. It would be interesting to print it here, but it would be bad as a matter of public policy. The diabolical ingenuity of it is amazing. If I desired to commit a crime in the most successful way, I should first study Bakounine's code and then act accordingly. These rules are regularly put forth by anarchistic agitators in a quiet way. Czolgosz had a copy of them in his effects in Chicago. Pini, who threw the bomb in the French Chamber, had them and knew them word by word.

The precise methods of furthering the red propaganda by means of meetings, processions, and demonstrations mark the next step toward actual outbreaks. Some of these have been the enormous demonstrations in sympathy with the Russian revolutionists, the large meetings and processions in sympathy with Moyer and Haywood, the demonstrations in sympathy with strikes too numerous to mention, the meetings in sympathy with the tenants in the New York rent war, and the late riotous demonstrations of the unemployed in various cities. These were organized and engineered by socialists and red revolutionaries of various brands in every instance.

So progresses the agitation, always following the course of least resistance, taking advantage of strikes, excitement, controversies and timely occasions. The greater part of socialistic agitators are consumed with a peculiar brand of vanity. They love publicity and can usually be found straining themselves to keep in the shifting limelight. The doctrines they advance often overpower some warped brain. The brain begins a riot of imaginative violence. This spreads contagiously, other brains become demoralized, and one day the propagation bears its evil fruit—there is an outrage that shocks the world.

THE BLACK ART OF BOMB MAKING

Police science has developed to such a point that in countries other than the United States it is impossible to buy explosives. There are a few poorly enforced laws in the United States on this matter. Both the sale of arms and explosives should be put under police regulation. Also, while it is easy enough to carry a bomb concealed about one's person, it is difficult to extract and hurl one of sufficient size to do the desired damage without being prevented. Therefore, anarchistic ingenuity has evolved several different kinds of bombs for use in public places. The prime object of each is first to get a package that has so innocent an appearance that it can be carried openly, second to be of such shape as to permit of accurate delivery, third to be of such size that its force will do the work, fourth to carry within itself death-dealing missiles, and fifth that its mechanism shall make it safe to carry and yet sure in work.

COOPER UNION, FOUNDED BY PETER COOPER "FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES," WHERE THE RED FLAG IS WAVED

It is a bold man who will attempt to define anarchy and socialism and expect the participants in the revolutionary movements to classify under his definitions. Anarchists despise the socialists and vice versa. The moment a socialist begins to sympathize with an anarchist he is very near to being an anarchist himself. I have

ROBERT HUNTER, THE MILLIONAIRE AUTHOR AND SETTLEMENT WORKER

never found two socialists or two anarchists of the same or approximate mental caliber who would agree. In a broad way, however, the socialists believe that all the means of the production of wealth, mines, machines, factories, inventions, ideas, land, etc., belong to the human race as a whole. They believe that all persons who derive the benefits of these means of production under the present competitive system should be expropriated and the operations of human life carried on for the equal benefit of each individual. There must be a government to control these operations and reward each individual according to his efforts. That is state socialism. Any man who will read *Das Kapital*, by Karl Marx, and then the controversial works of Bernstein, will get all the arguments.

The anarchists are a trifle easier to define. They feel as the socialists do as to wealth, but they want no state. Each man is to do as he pleases, say the individualists, headed in this country by Benjamin R. Tucker, and there shall be nothing but peace. The physical force anarchists believe in beginning at once to destroy everything from kings to policemen, anything that represents one man's having a right to control the actions of another.

Yet when this attempt at definition is finished the fact remains that be the theories what they may, the theorists are in a state of dire confusion. August Spies, hanged for the Haymarket conspiracy, insisted to the last that he was a Socialist, and his last speech is a splendid socialistic argument. On the other hand, the late Johann Most, a harmless blatherskite who never got in trouble except through other people and who would not have harmed a kitten, was a most pronounced anarchist.

Socialists or anarchists, sincere or insincere, sane or insane, criminal or merely sentimental, one and all are helping prod King Mob. Already he wakes and mumbles, a little more and he will rouse and roar. Then God protect the Republic!

J. G. PHELPS STOKES, RICH NEW YORK CAPITALIST AND SOCIALIST LEADER

Yet these ominous warnings are unheard or ignored by those who fill the seats of the mighty in finance and politics. Not long ago J. P. Morgan called on Kaiser Wilhelm in Berlin. The Emperor, in voicing his estimates and opinion of Mr. Morgan, expressed his profound surprise at the ignorance of the latter regarding socialism in America. The Kaiser himself considered it as one of the gravest and most serious problems of the day, and here was the leader of American finance who dismissed it with a wave of his hand, admitting his ignorance of, and lack of interest in, the subject.

The United States, however, contributes its own native element to the cause of

JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON, OF CHICAGO, MILLIONAIRE, SOCIALIST ORATOR social evolution in what has been called its "kid glove" or "parlor" socialist movement. Many of these are men of wealth, nearly all are college bred, ninety per cent of them come from good American stock, and they have taken up socialism as certain classes of our people take up a new religion, apparently unconscious of the fact that they are handling edged tools.

They include Robert Hunter, reputed with his wife to be worth ten millions of dollars. Mr. Hunter is an Indianan, who came to New York as head worker in the University Settlement and married Miss Caroline Phelps Stokes, daughter of the multimillionaire, Anson Phelps Stokes. They have a handsome home at Noroton, Conn. Mr. Hunter has written several books on sociology. He bitterly denounced the police for refusing to let him address the Union Square meeting at which a bomb was thrown by Anarchist Silverstein. J. G. Phelps Stokes, another, is the brother of Mrs. Hunter and husband of Rose Pastor Stokes, who was an East Side cigarmaker and settlement worker prior to her marriage. She is an ardent socialist and has been prominent in many Cooper Union socialistic meetings. Other recognized leaders are Joseph Medill Patterson, whose father is editor, as was his grandfather, of the Chicago *Tribune;* Gaylord Wilshire, publisher of *Wilshire's Magazine;* Leroy Scott, author; William English Walling, author, and wife, Anna Strunsky; W. J. Ghent, author and founder of the Social Reform Club; Rev. Alexander Irvine; the Countess of Warwick; Julius Hopp, playwright; Kellogg Durland, and J. H. Wanhope, orator and editor of *Wilshire's Magazine.*

BLINDLY SOWING A WHIRLWIND

Club A, located on Fifth Avenue near Washington Square, houses a prominent group of socialists. By reason of their education and position and the undoubted ability of some of them, they figure unduly in the public eye and lend dignity, color, and importance to the spirit of revolution. As to bomb-throwing—well, I am sure they would rather compromise on firecrackers. They write things and speak things that men of commoner and humbler but stronger fiber are likely to believe. They lend their names and presence to meetings that set going movements among great, powerful human masses, which movements not one of them or all of them could control once the masses are under way.

There are about five hundred thousand socialist voters in the country to-day and nearly all of that number are laboring men, with a percentage of more than one-half foreign birth, and I do not believe that of the whole number more than one hundred thousand really understand to what extent all they do and all they advocate leads. Nor do they sympathize with such deeds as the Haymarket outrage or the dastardly deeds of Czolgosz, the attempts of Auerbach to kill Chief Shippy in Chicago, and of Selig Cohen or Silverstein to duplicate the Haymarket in Union Square on March 28th of the present year.

ARMY OF REVOLT 200,000 STRONG

It is not the numbers of the advocates of revolution and violence that should be feared. Twenty-five thousand anarchists and two hundred thousand radical socialists is a liberal estimate out of our entire population of eighty millions. The gravity of the situation arises out of the fact that they are located in the great cities, the nerve centers of the nation, and something in the very spirit of them makes them leaders of men. If a gigantic labor unheaval affecting three or four million men should occur, the crisis would find these anarchists and force socialists leading the mobs, and the consequences would be dire. In their ranks are the Dantons, Marats, and Robespierres of the coming outbreak, and a fortnight would serve to see the strength of the followings turned from thousands into millions.

They have a large number of names for their beliefs, and very few of them are certain of what heading they come under, and very few of them agree on any given point. There are state socialists, communists, free love advocates, Christian socialists, atheistic socialists, social democrats, exproprietary socialists, and a dozen other sorts. The fact that they do not agree with each other does not lessen their dangerous possobilities.

The conditions are growing worse every day. Something must be done at once, and what that something should be, I am very frank to say, I do not know. There are a few recommendations, however, which are clear after years of observation.

The first is, that the power of the state must step in and correct every economic abuse, or—I say this reluctantly and solemnly—the abused will destroy the state.

The second is, that the repressive measures used in Europe, if tried, will fail more dismally here than they have done abroad. Executions make martyrs and heroes of beastly murderers. Militia bayonets and police clubs are distasteful to the true American and put the first seed of hatred of law and order into his heart. These measures are seeds of violence.

CLARENCE S. DARROW, CHIEF LEGAL LIGHT OF RADICAL SOCIALISM

Third, an avowal of belief in anarchy being a voluntary resignation of civil rights in itself, every avowed anarchist should be deported, the aliens to their native country, the natives to some insular American possession. Each should be first examined as to his sanity, for a very large percentage would be found to be defectives, who should be under restraint. Lastly, in order to prevent acts of violence, the laws pertaining to weapons and explosives should be made very strict and should be enforced so rigidly that, in order to make a bomb, a man would have to be a very proficient chemist and mechanic.

There is nothing quite so silly and childish as the process which the United States Government takes to exclude anarchists and other alien criminals. Five years ago, for experimental purposes, I went abroad, lived in disguise in the main sources of emigration, and eventually returned dressed as a peasant, one of a party of thirty, and passed through Ellis Island. I experimented thoroughly with our government sieve, and know what I say to be the truth. I came from a hot-bed of anarchy and revolt. So did many of the men with me. When we appeared before the examiners, neither they nor any one working for them knew whether or not we were anarchists, and had no means of ascertaining except by questioning us or the people with us. What possible show had those examiners of picking an anarchist or criminal out of our midst except by accident or clairvoyancy? The one place to pass on the admissibility of the immigrant is in his home community where his reputation and record are apprehendable.

And again, our laws are pitifully inadequate as to deportations. An alien anarchist who enters the country cannot be deported after he has been here three years. Furthermore, he can preach all the anarchy he wishes after he gets in and cannot be deported. All this must be changed and chanced at once.

Anarchists are weeds in the field of wheat; but there are other weeds from which those partly spring.

Every corrupt man who is also a man of power is helping anarchy; every corrupt trust magnate is helping anarchy; every bit of watered stock, and

ABRAHAM KAHN, EDITOR OF "FORWARD," A JEWISH SOCIALIST PAPER

MORRIS HILQUIT, LAWYER, AUTHOR AND ORATOR FOR THE SOCIALIST CAUSE every watered legislator whose vote protects that stock is helping anarchy. They are helping anarchy because they give it a solid basis from which to work. They are helping anarchy because they themselves violate society; they themselves become anarchy's Horrible Example. For these men are bad for the state; their money (or power) is also bad for the state; and thus they give the vicious, blinded anarchist an opportunity and an example from which to argue that all our society is rotten and our laws are wrong.

"THE WEAPON OF REVOLT"

THE PRESIDENT'S WARNING

How few people understand what Theodore Roosevelt meant in one of his messages when he said that the business reforms he was urging were necessary to save the country from anarchy and socialism! The majority of the people in the country believed it merely because he said it. They did not realize that the spectacle of almost an entire class of the country's foremost men engaged in plundering the remainder of the nation by rebates, secret agreements in restraint of trade, and other trust processes was a most convincing socialistic argument. When an E. H. Harriman loots an Alton, when an Armour and others arbitrarily raise the price of meat, when an oil or a sugar trust accepts a railroad rebate, they are doing more to spread the red propaganda than any hundred of the most rabid agitators.

Therefore, in eliminating anarchy, we the people of the United States of America must simultaneously eliminate the corrupt magnate. We must do business "on the level," in homely idiom. We must run our politics on the level, free from graft—and no force on earth save that of the people themselves, each man with his individual ballot, can accomplish these mighty things of good.

In the end, the appeal against anarchy resolves itself simply down to strict legislation against the vicious foreign mob and to a steady, tireless cutting down of those malignant weeds which threaten us and assist the anarchists. Let us state the problem plainly. Less talk, then, better work and more power to the elbow of the great, sane body of American people!

The Tangled Web

By Ethel Watts Mumford Grant

Author of "Dupes," "Whitewash," etc.

Illustrations by the Kinneys

EVELYN GRANGE is one of the show places of Long Island. It occupies a hill crest commanding the great Hempstead plain, made beautiful by its fine graduations of distance and color. To the left lies the wooded rolling country of Wheatley Hills, and but a few motor miles away the blue waters of the Sound indent the Island's shore. The house—a vast edifice of pale red brick with white trim—possesses terraces bordered by marble balustrades, descending in steep succession; each a giant step of flowers, divided down the middle by a marble staircase alternating with pebbled pathways. The right wing of the mansion is devoted to the luxurious housing of its guests. The left wing contains the servants' quarters and the necessary array of kitchens. Detached buildings for squash and bowls offer exercise and pleasure for dark and sullen days. In the distance the great bulk of the stables lies shrouded in huge trees, whence a faint yapping from the crowded kennels is almost always audible.

It was Wendham's first visit to the Grange, and, as he drove up the long, leaf littered road in the gathering dusk, he was unprepared for the imposing structure that met his sight. "Really," he said to Mrs. Lawdon, who had arrived on the same train, and sat beside him enveloped in chinchilla and grey veils, "a title should go with it. Doesn't seem the proper thing for just a plain Mister, does it?"

"Do you think anything is too fine for the American gentleman?" she answered.

Wendham was glad that the growing dusk hid his smile. "Really, I wasn't quite serious about it," he answered, "and I've been away so long, you see, that I've grown continental."

She nodded. "Charlie told me you'd been in Europe—how long—four years, wasn't it?"

"Four years," he echoed thoughtfully, 'and what changes!"

"And Charlie married!—you got our cards, didn't you? It seems to me they were sent to Vienna or somewhere like that."

"Yes, I received them—about six months ago."

"Then there's the Boskwith divorce—that must have surprised you—and Nellie Gaynor's a widow now, you know."

She paused abruptly, suddenly recalling the gossip that linked Boyd Wendham's hasty departure with the marriage of the lovely Nellie. "Doesn't look heartbroken," she commented to herself, as she turned to examine his appearance under cover of admiring the passing landscape. She saw a strong-featured, keen-eyed man of powerful build, whose hair, though prematurely grey, did not age his appearance, chiefly because of the boyish sparkle of his unusually handsome eyes, and the affectionate humor of his flexible mouth—"Decidedly handsome," thought Mrs. Lawdon, with a dab at the gilt fringes of her hair. "I wonder why she didn't take him—they say old Gaynor was a pill." Aloud she said, "Mrs. Gaynor's to be one of this house party. Did you see her abroad? She was over there more than a year after Mr. Gaynor died."

"No, I didn't happen to see her in Europe. My specialties—I'm a physician, you know—kept me in Vienna, but I'm looking forward to renewing an old friendship. I've had a glimpse of her, of couse, since I've been back, but only for a moment." He spoke so naturally that Mrs. Lawdon was disappointed. He glanced at his companion, wondering how

"WHAT A PEACH!" MISS RAWLINS EXCLAIMED. "IT'S GOT THE QUEEN OF SHEBA BEATEN A MILE!"

that astute cotillion butterfly, Charlie Lawdon, had ever been so "let in." The whole surface of their world had been rippled by the plunge of this particular little clod into its distilled and filtered depths. There was no denying Mrs. Lawdon's gaudy and perfumed plebeianism.

"Do you know Mrs. Evelyn well?" she asked abruptly. "I've only met her once or twice, but they're old friends of yours, aren't they?"

"They are two of the best I have," he answered. "Cass and I were college mates—and Patty, oh well, I remember her with long red silk legs and short brown silk braids," he laughed reminiscently. "She was a funny child, always tired; she was born tired—but, here we are; let me help you."

The carriage drew up before the main entrance, whose white columns seemed vast in the soft electric illumination from the dull glass globes guarding the doorway. The footman rang the bell and returned for Wendham's simple suitcase and Mrs. Lawdon's elaborate traveling empedimenta. The rest of her collection was in charge of her maid, due later in the servant's trap. A large hat trunk, however, she had insisted should accompany her; indeed, the valued millinery must not be out of her sight, and with difficulty it had been installed, to the detriment of the speckless knees of the footman, who now deposited it resentfully upon the veranda.

The door swung open, revealing the subdued, rich tones of the interior, where the glow of antique velvets, heavy with tarnished embroideries, met the eye. Grape-wound torsion columns of the Spanish renaissance formed the doorways, while a dreamy-eyed madonna in the brocade and jeweled robes of the sixteenth century smiled from a canvas that filled the wall space by the stairs; two macaws, of ostentatious plumage, swung in gilded rings, adding a final touch of old world eccentricity.

The new arrivals entered and a moment later Mrs. Evelyn, in a floating teagown, was extending languid greetings. Evelyn, however, made up in heartiness for his wife's tepid cordiality. "Nobody minded Patty, anyway; it was just her way." Mrs. Lawdon, not being familiar with her hostess's peculiarities, at once took umbrage. Only the joy of being within the Evelyns' exclusive portals prevented her from immediate rudeness. She contented herself with a mental note to "get even," and noisily devoted herself to Mr. Evelyn and Alice Rawlins, who entered in her cross-country riding trousers, high boots and gray frock coat, as alert and vigorous as a young Amazon.

"Hello, Kate, have some tea, have a highball? Pat, there, will never think to ask you. Better warm up a bit before we go to 'red up,' as the countries say. Oh, Boyd, it's bully to meet you again. Of course Cass looked out for you—I see it in your eye. But it takes the new woman to look out for herself. What, ho! James! What's yours, Kate—tea? James, take Mrs. Lawdon's furs, and send them up to the blue suite. It is the blue suite, isn't it, Patty? And send Mrs. Lawdon's maid and things there when they come. And Nellie—see who's here—Boyd Wendham! Arise and make salaamings."

A tall, slender, white-clad woman rose from behind the elaborate tea-table where she had been presiding, and advanced cordially. "Oh, Boyd!" she exclaimed, "it is good to see you." Her lovely, high-bred face lost its cameo whiteness in a soft flush of pleasure, while her dark, heavily-ringed eyes lighted as from within. Wendham took her extended hand, and the old emotion that the years had not lessened, flooded his heart once more. "Mrs. Gaynor," he stammered, "this is indeed a pleasure." She laughed reprovingly. *"Mrs.* Gaynor, is it, *Dr.* Wendham? Dear me, have we had a quarrel? I was unaware of it."

Before he could answer, Mrs. Evelyn had recalled her duties as hostess.

"Oh, you haven't met Mrs. Gaynor have you, Mrs. Lawdon? Dear me, how remiss of me," she drawled. "Meet each other, do."

Mrs. Lawdon's heart warmed. She forgave her hostess's apparent aloofness for the sake of this most desirable introduction. But before she was able to do more than bow cordially and take breath for an appropriate speech, the prize was removed by the doctor's prompt seizure of the lady's attention.

Once more Mrs. Lawdon devoted herself to Alice and Cass Evelyn.

Wendham and Mrs. Gaynor had become

absorbed in talk. Every moment her charm took stronger hold upon him, but he could not but note her nervous, strained condition, the tell-tale pallor, and the bruised, sleepless setting of her over-brilliant eyes. "I wish I'd never studied medicine, when I see you, Nellie; it makes me worry about you. What in the world have you been doing?"

"Oh, nothing much—I suppose you know I've gone in for racing a good deal." He looked at her in surprise. "Oh," she added hastily, "I had to make my living, and I was left part owner of a racing stable when my husband died. I've been very successful, didn't you know? I'm very busy and my correspondence alone is enough to wear me out."

"That reminds me," he said abruptly, "I was entrusted with something for you. Let me give it to you now, before I forget it." From an inner pocket he drew forth a thin, foreign-stamped letter. "It came while I was with the Mortimers, and Calvin forget to remail it. I was entrusted with it as a sort of object lesson to forgetful husbands."

Mrs. Gaynor received the letter and looked at the address. She paled; her eyes sought his face in a swift glance.

"No, not for me, after all," she said, laughing unreasonably. "And not a spot left on which to re-address! I must enclose it, I suppose. Forget it for a week, at least, because I haven't an envelope to fit. You know how it is. I'm sure I don't know why I allow my friends to make such a nuisance or a convenience of me." She thrust the letter securely into her belt.

"Good nature is hard on its possessor," he answered. "Your friend, by the way, has a name very familiar to me, but I can't place it."

Mrs. Gaynor's eyes narrowed. "You don't recall where you met her? Abroad, perhaps; I knew her there—a sort of nomad. She's traveling out West now. You see," she added nervously, "any important mail, remittances and things, she had ordered sent to me, and I forward as she advises—but it's rather a burden."

"Your description doesn't help me," he mused. "And, after all, I'm rather rude to inquire into your friend's affairs."

"Not at all—nothing is rude between old friends." She smiled upon him her old brilliant smile of conquest. He was suddenly elevated to the dizzy height of close companionship. Her manner included him in her chosen circle. The name of her strange correspondent vanished from his mind, and he was conscious only of the compelling magnetism of her presence.

The téte-a-téte was of short duration, however; Evelyn, whiskey and soda in hand, joined them.

"Well, Wendham, so you're just from the Mortimers. Are they over their excitement yet? Pat tells me they've almost given up entertaining since the robbery. That's foolish; nobody blames them, and if Mrs. Treadwell will tour the provinces attired as the human grab-bag, she can't expect her hosts to supply her with a bodyguard. I told her that when she was here."

"She didn't seem much put out, I noticed," said Alice from across the room. "She had on a new pearl rope that was first cousin to a cable."

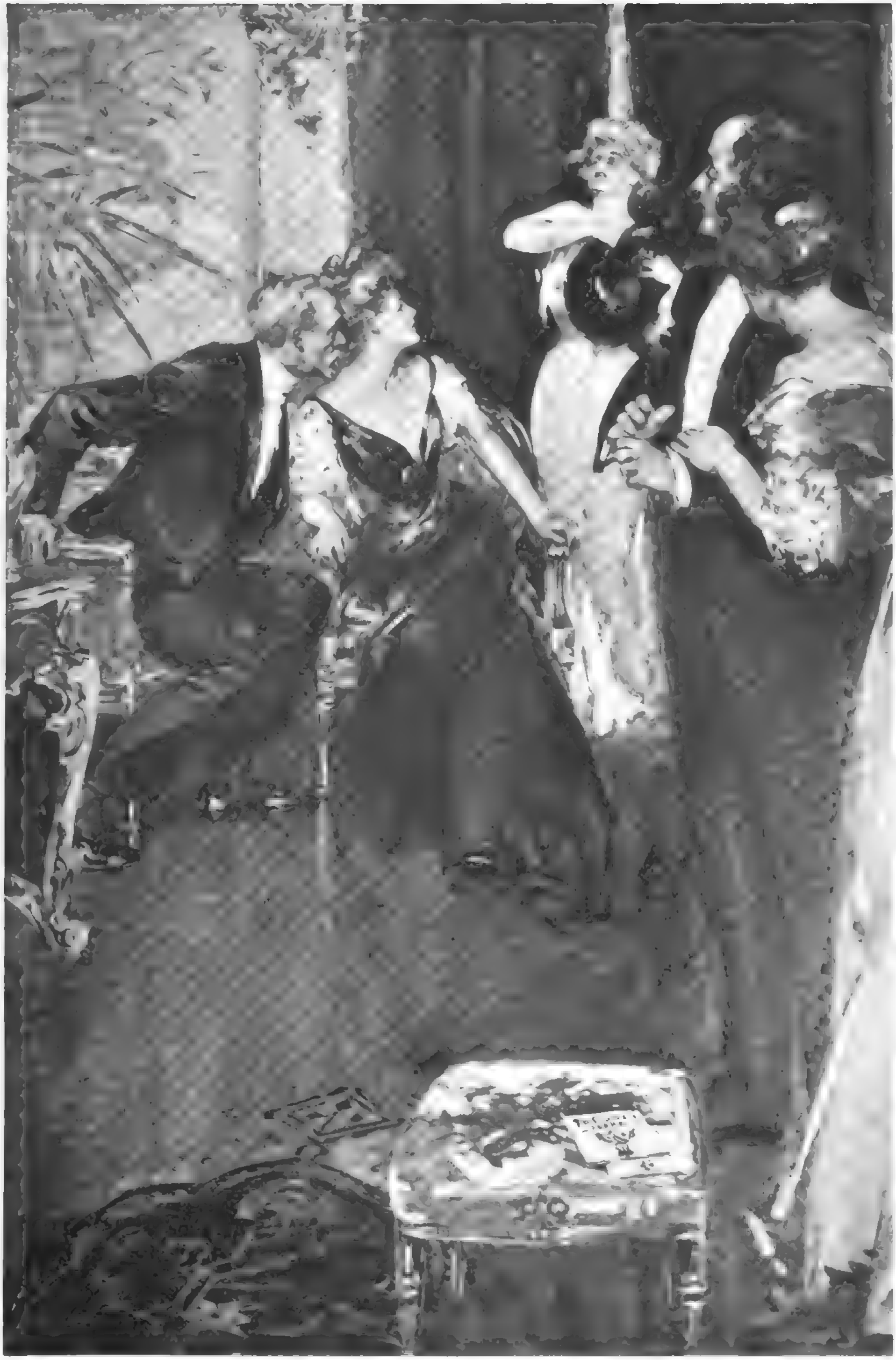
"Near-pearls," said Mrs. Evelyn, scornfully.

Mrs. Lawdon entered the conversation at high pitch. "That's what I think, Mrs. Evelyn. If a person *has* good things, for heaven's sake *wear* them!" She fingered her sapphire lorgnette chain till it flashed in the lamplight. "My husband is always after me to have replicas, but I do think that sort of thing is the very height of bad taste, don't you?"

"You ought to see Kate out for bear," said Alice to Mrs. Gaynor. "If Sally Treadwell is the human grab-bag, Kate is the only original Christmas tree."

"Alice!" said the hostess reprovingly. But far from being offended, Mrs. Lawdon was charmed. "Dear me, I haven't so very much. Charlie has been awfully nice, and he knows I love pretty things, but really——"

"Well, all I ask," said Alice, rising to kick a rug into place, "is that you'll let me have them to play with, with my very own hands. I've never forgotten you as the Queen of Sheba at Mrs. Todd's costume dinner. No one talked of anything else for the week after—— That reminds me, Pat, the Todds telephoned over to know who was going to the races to-morrow and what your plans were—said something about letting you have their extra motor if yours was still out of order."



“MY DIAMONDS—MY EMERALDS—MY RUBY!” SHE SHRIEKED. “THEY'RE GONE—GONE!”

"Oh, thanks," said Mrs. Evelyn. "Of course Nellie and Dr. Wendham will go and Mrs. Lawdon and Charlie, if he comes. Madge will be over from the Lesbys with us——"

"Which means that I stay at home," interrupted Alice. "I would be smothered by the same gasoline. How I hate that little moth-eaten, fan-eared, washed-out, forked-tongued gossip."

"Very well," Mrs. Evelyn agreed imperturbably. "With me, that makes six. Our little motor will take four and the rest can go in the Todds'. Alfred," she called to a passing servant, "ring up Mrs. Todd and tell her Mrs. Evelyn will be very glad to have the use of her motor to-morrow. That's all settled," she sighed, as though the most weighty issue of international affairs had at last been decided.

"What kind of a card have they got?" asked Alice, somewhat chagrined by the prompt acceptance of her resignation, and addressing herself to Mrs. Gaynor.

"Very fair." Nellie moved from Dr. Wendham's side toward the central group. "Ventador, for the first race, Miller up, Bay Side and Quarterly ought to make a good finish. But if you want a ten-to-one shot play Trident in the fourth. I think awfully well of him; he's been doing great work."

The very simplicity of her manner and voice as she spoke hurt Wendham—the revolt in him of his Puritan ancestry at this manifestation of the emancipation of the modern woman.

"Trident, that's Billy Lough's old skate. He sold him for a song. Whose tip are you playing?" Evelyn asked.

"Sold for a song because Billy doesn'tknow a horse from a mowing machine, and because Stacy does. He's part owner now, for one thing, and any one knows that Stacy isn't buying skates—except for his ice pond." Alice's voice had a ring of defense and Evelyn laughed good-humoredly.

"Of course, if Stacy has given Nellie the tip, there's nothing more to be said. Aren't you jealous, Alice, that Nellie knows as much of Stacy's affairs as you do?"

Alice Rawlins buried her nose in her glass and grunted a most unladylike disapproval. "I like a man to know his own business thoroughly, and Stacy does," she replied.

"One for you," said Wendham to his host.

"Who is this Stacy?" inquired Mrs. Lawdon.

"Stacy," answered Evelyn with a grin at Miss Rawlins, "is Laughton's right hand horseman and Alice's right hand—er—groom—at her bridle—ouch! Alice, don't whack my fingers. He's a brick, anyhow."

Mrs. Gaynor sat down wearily, passing her hand across her brow with a gesture of distress. "Dear me," she exclaimed, "how tired I am! I didn't believe I could be so tired. I really must take a vacation in bed soon."

"Well," observed Mrs. Evelyn, "it's your own fault a dozen times over. Fancy, Alice, she's so attached to that silly little maid of hers——"

"That silly little maid, as you call her," interrupted Mrs. Gaynor, "had the devotion to stay with me through thick and thin when I couldn't pay her wages, and she was in wretched health besides."

"Which is no excuse for your rubbing her head for her when she has neuralgia, and every time you do it exhausts you. Did you ever hear of anything so foolish? Hire a masseur for her if you want to. You tire yourself, and it's undignified."

Nellie shrugged expressively—and moved toward the staircase. Wendham followed her—"Just a word," he said gently. "Let down the strings of the violin if you would keep its tone."

II

Mrs. Lawdon put down her book and smiled a flattered welcome as Mrs. Gaynor sank into a wicker veranda chair—for Mrs. Lawdon, though pretty and blessed with her share of the world's goods compared with the shares of numerous others not so fortunate, fully realized that she was far from gracing that inner circle of society to which Nellie Gaynor's multiple charms added lustre. Here was a golden opportunity to secure a valuable acquaintance.

"I am surprised you didn't go to the races, Mrs. Gaynor," she remarked, sure that this opening must lead to further conversation.

The lady smiled. "Yes, 'Alice-sit-by-the-fire' hardly seems my rôle, does it? To-day should have been Alice-sleep-by-the-fire. The truth is that for once in my life I was too tired." She leaned her rippled golden head against the cushions and half closed her eyes. Deep weariness was stamped on her perfect features.

Mrs. Lawdon took notice, wondering whether sympathy would be resented, or if good form required her to assure the sufferer of her unaltered loveliness. She decided upon the latter.

"Tired! One would never believe it. You are positively radiant!" she exclaimed with enthusiasm.

Nellie Gaynor opened her eyes; a smile flickered upon her lips. "You are too kind," she murmured. "And you, don't you care for racing?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" cried Mrs. Lawdon, hastening to resent the imputation that so fashionable a sport was not to her liking. "I love it, but I felt as if I'd caught cold last night—you know that cold drive from the station—so that I feared to sit on the clubhouse lawn, and there's no use being inside. Charlie is placing a few bets for me. I'm playing Roseben."

"Mr. Evelyn will execute my card." Mrs. Gaynor shifted slightly. "You see I've made it quite a business. When my husband died his estate was heavily involved, so I took over the stable after I came back from Europe."

"Yes, indeed!" cried Mrs. Lawdon, delighted with the intimate tone of the conversation. "I heard so much of you before I met you, you know. You're quite a plunger. Charlie told me you took twenty thousand out of the Metropolitan Handicap one year, and no one knew until afterwards that you had a heavy interest."

"Oh, not so much as that," Nellie laughed. "No one knew, because my two biggest bets were 'on the side.'" Mrs. Gaynor touched a string of pearls clasped by a scintillating ruby and diamond snap. "Part of that killing went into this. But, dear me, they would hardly interest you. I'm going to ask you to let me see your jewels some day. Your emeralds are simply astonishing, I hear."

The little parvenu flushed with pleasure. "Would you care to, really? Then why not now? Alice wants to see them, too. She's in the squash court. Come up to my sitting room and I'll send for her." She rose fluttering. Mrs. Gaynor followed languidly. A touch upon the electric bell brought Mrs. Lawdon's maid, who was despatched in search of the energetic Miss Rawlins. "You know," twittered the hostess of a moment as the two ladies settled themselves in Mrs. Lawdon's sitting-room, "it's really an awful responsibility, all this stuff, and since the affair at the Mortimers, when Mrs. Treadwell's pearls simply vanished, I've been nervous."

"It was odd," Mrs. Gaynor agreed. "I'd been spending the week end there, just before it happened. Their butler was drunk half of the time, and there isn't the slightest doubt in my mind that he failed to lock up securely. The only reason nothing else was taken was that the thieves were frightened. The Mortimers have three Pomeranians, you know, and though no one heard them bark, the burglars may have known that they were about the house, and made off with one good thing rather than take further chances. They are frightfully yappy little beasts, you know—the dogs, not the thieves," she added smiling.

"That's what everyone said," agreed Mrs. Lawdon. "Why, there were a dozen robberies right in that section of Long Island—people in motor cars and yachts—and the night of the Vanderbilt cup race, some one got away with the Dressars' whole jewel case."

A tap on the door announced Alice Rawlins, fresh and rosy from her recent exercise.

"Hello, Kate. Howdy, Mrs. Gaynor. Going to show us the Kohinoor? Dear me, don't look peevish." She threw herself upon the corner of the lounge and swung her feet boyishly; the charm of her youth atoning for boisterous speech and manner. "Trot out the show case," she ordered gleefully.

Mrs. Lawdon smiled with superiority. "You'll be surprised—and, it's all my own invention. I've made a jewel casket that no burglar would ever think of." Taking a key from a trousse hanging in plain sight by the dressing table, she approached a small square hat trunk of solid make and unlocked it, revealing six be-feathered hats of intoxicating designs.

"Gee!" said Alice, rising to her feet, "she's robbed a hen roost and an ostrich farm and a greenhouse!" Mrs. Lawdon lifted out a delicious toque and, taking it by the crown, gave what might have been the lining a pull, revealing a velvet tray set within.

"Well, that *is* clever, Kate," Alice exclaimed. "Are they all like that, whited sepulchers, ribbon and feathers without, and within filled with jewels and pearls of great price?"

Mrs. Gaynor applauded. "Certainly that is the best idea I ever heard of. But you oughtn't to let anyone into the secret—why—one of the servants coming by—your maid—I do hope you are careful." As she spoke she took the box extended toward her and gazed enraptured upon its glistening contents.

"What a peach!" Miss Rawlins exclaimed, looking over her shoulders. "Now, doesn't that clasp look like a pair of dollar marks! My! what a pearl rope! That ruby has the Queen of Sheba beaten a mile."

She dangled the jewel from its slender platinum chain, where it turned slowly, flashing in the afternoon sunlight that poured in at the window.

"Hold on; you give me acute appendicitis of the eyeball," said Miss Rawlins, shading her eyes with one hand as she pressed an electric button with the other. "That reminds me, I've had no afternoon tea. Have a highball with me, Kate? How about you, Mrs. Gaynor?"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Lawdon, pushing the irrepressible Alice toward the door. "Give your orders through the crack—you heard what Mrs. Gaynor said, and she's right; the servants shouldn't see these things." She hastily crammed a jewel box into the crown of a two foot Gainsborough as a knock sounded loud upon the door.

Miss Rawlins giggled. "Do you suppose Mrs. Evelyn employs Sherlocks on her house force? Why, they're a lot of lately landed." She opened the door the mere width of a thread. "What, ho, without! A flagon of Scotch and soda, prithee. Say, how about you, Kate?"

"No," said Mrs. Lawdon emphatically, casting a troubled glance at her guest.

Alice banged the door. "You make me tired, Kate. Don't you recall that rhyme of Tennyson's or somebody's—

> "'Between the dark and the daylight——
> When the night is beginning to lower,
> Comes a pause in the day's occupation
> That is known as the cocktail hour.'"

Mrs. Gaynor laughed as she rose. "What a child!" she said. "What a naughty child! Well, I must be going. It's late and I want to rest before I dress for dinner. Thank you so much, Mrs. Lawdon, I did enjoy seeing your pretty things—and—your jewel case is a dream."

She waved a light farewell as she departed in the direction of her own suite in the main building. At the end of the hall a servants' staircase gave unobtrusive entrance to the "Annex." As she passed it the door swung open, admitting her maid. Mrs. Gaynor started. "Adele! I was just going to ring for you."

"I told the second maid I'd help her with these rooms," she replied.

"Of course you did," approved Mrs. Gaynor. "That's quite right, always make yourself useful in the houses where we visit—but you look tired."

"Yes, Madame," the girl answered, and followed her mistress meekly.

Once within the room Mrs. Gaynor took the young woman by the shoulders with gentle firmness and turned her toward the light. "Look at me. Your eyes are bloodshot; your head is paining you again."

She was answered by a look of dumb agony.

"Never mind," she continued with insistent gentleness. "You are not to help me dress; you are to do just as I say," she added in a sharper tone, as the girl made a feeble gesture of protest. "Come, I can help your head, you know—there, now." She forced the girl quietly into an easy chair, with a gentle laugh at her resistance. "There, now, rest, rest—poor little thing," she said softly as she bent over the relaxed form. She made a gentle movement as if to brush back the girl's heavy hair.

There was one observer of this odd little scene. Alice Rawlins, on her way down the corridor had paused at Mrs. Gaynor's door, which had sprung from its catch. She had seen the kindly movement and heard the gentle orders dictated by a rarely sympathetic spirit.

"Gee!" thought Alice, as she moved on toward her room, "she's a brick, that woman! It isn't one in a million that would be that considerate. I'd just like to do her a good turn for that." With which deeply philosophic comment she dismissed the subject.

As the dinner hour approached, Mrs. Gaynor was the first to reach the drawing-room, her pallor and weariness accentuated by the languid line and dark hue of her velvet gown. Presently her hostess appeared. Her dress limp-lined and colorless as her character, left one wondering whether her dressmaker possessed a sense of humor. Miss Rawlins, true to her affected boyishness, appeared in her traditional evening costume of black velvet Norfolk, a fine linen shirt and ruffled stock. Her hair, still in the inevitable "club," was held by a diamond bar and a black bow.

"Woof," she said as she entered, "wait till you pipe the Lawdon. She's sporting a frock that gave me a sunstroke. She has twenty-seven yards of gold gauze wiping up the parquette, the diamond belt, and one gilt suspender."

"Rowdy!" reprimanded Mrs. Evelyn.

"Who—me or Mrs. Lawdon?"

Mrs. Gaynor laughed. "One suspender don't make a rowdy. Good evening, Boyd." She bowed over Alice's head to Wendham, who stood in the doorway.

His eyes sought hers with admiration. "Did you take my prescription and a good rest, this afternoon?" he inquired.

"Yes," she nodded briefly.

"You worldly dervishes are always compelling me to send you to sanitariums."

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Evelyn, "I do think this racing fever of hers——"

"Oh, nonsense!" Mrs. Gaynor spoke with some irritation. "I have to help make my living, and as long as I'm successful——"

"But you needn't be so extravagant," objected the hostess.

Mrs. Gaynor shrugged. "Needn't be! I can't help myself. And after all, I don't play bridge."

"Because the stakes are too blamed low," said Alice. "As for me, give me penny ante."

The doctor's face was serious. "My dear Alice, *you* will never lose your nerve. But Mrs. Gaynor is made of different stuff, and I'm trying to convince her that she must ease the strain. She knows best where the tension lies."

"What is the amount of your fee?" inquired Mrs. Gaynor coldly.

Wendham blushed scarlet. "Forgive me for forcing my professional opinion upon you—it was only my real interest. I have seen so many lovely women transformed into nervous wrecks."

Wendham spoke warmly, ignoring the delicate position in which all the speakers were placed by this intrusion into the personal realm of one of the circle. The mad extravagance and love of excitement which characterized Nellie Gaynor concerned him deeply. They stood like unseen but insurmountable barriers between her magnetic personality and his growing love for her.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Gaynor, "I knew broken legs could be re-set, but I didn't know that you posed as a mender of character. Is the operation painful?" Her light tone treated his offer as a joke, but this time he was not to be put off.

"Not at all painful," he answered, "for the most wonderful anæsthetic in the world is the first thing necessary—hypnotism."

"Rot!" exclaimed Alice.

"Really?" said Mrs. Evelyn.

Nellie Gaynor fixed upon Wendham a sudden glance of terror. She half raised her hand as if to push back a crowding presence. She was white to the lips. "Never, oh, never, never!" she gasped. "What do you mean?" she added. Her hand dropped to her side.

With infinite pity at his heart the physician watched the slim fingers twitch and tremble. "You wouldn't be frightened if you understood it," he said quietly. "You see that's the specialty I took up abroad."

"Why," said Mrs. Evelyn, with a face as blank as her pearls, "I thought it was some sort of a vaudeville thing, didn't you, Alice? Where was it we saw the 'Mysterious Marions,' who read your watch numbers and things?"

The conversation ceased abruptly as Mrs. Lawdon entered the room. Even the impassive Mrs. Evelyn could not restrain a smile, recalling the vivid, if somewhat unconventional description to which Miss Rawlins had treated them.

"How lovely!" she said vaguely. "Blondes seem always to wear either black or gold."

"It's a 'Paquin,'" beamed Mrs. Lawdon. "I do love his frocks, don't you?"

Wendham had not left Mrs. Gaynor's side, and his calm, affectionate gaze rested searchingly upon her face. "I'm not joking," he continued in an undertone. "Think it over."

Her momentary fright had passed. She

had regained her old composure. "You're very good," she said, "to take so much interest—and—I know you are right. Very soon, perhaps next week, I'll take your advice—some of it," she added. "I'll go away and rest—take a cruise somewhere."

"Please," he pleaded.

"Dinner is served," announced the butler.

Wendham extended his arm. Nellie took it, conscious of the grateful sensation of its implied protection and strength.

"Yes," she admitted wearily, "I am very, very, tired." She turned to him squarely as she reached her seat and spoke quickly, almost in a whisper. "Sometimes I feel as if I weren't quite sane—do you understand that? I can't realize that I allow myself my life—my way of living—I don't know why I tell you," she added with vexation. She waved her hand lightly as if to dismiss both his attention and the disagreeable truths he had brought before her, turning courteously to the partner on her right.

Dinner over, bridge tables were set out. Mrs. Gaynor did not join in the game, but, seated at the piano, let her fancy wander into soft improvisations. And Wendham, watching and listening with all his science and all his heart, detected ever the jarring note, as a trained engineer knows by the infinitesimal change of sound or vibration that his engine is not running smooth and true. His reverie was broken by Mrs. Lawdon's vibrant voice.

"Oh, yes, I will pay you now—I'd rather."

"Don't bother—send a check," said the hostess in her faint, vague voice.

"No, indeed; I'll fly to my room and fetch my purse. I hid it before I came down." She rose with switch and glitter and parted the heavy curtains. The light tapping of her high heels echoed on the polished floor of the hall.

There was a general rising and buzz of talk, adjustment of accounts, and reminiscent chat of honors, points and leads. Mrs. Gaynor left the piano and joined the others. Wendham approached her, determination written large upon his face. "Will you do me a favor, Nellie?" he asked.

"Of course, delighted. What can I do?" she inquired cordially.

"Go to bed," he commanded.

She laughed nervously. "Dear me, do you want to be rid of me so soon? I couldn't sleep."

"You can rest."

"Rest," she repeated, "rest—I don't know the word."

"You must learn it, then."

"You are kind to bother so much about me—and—as soon as I can—I am going to try."

In her weariness she had turned to him with the sweet, relying gratitude of expression that raises womanly charm to its highest power. He longed to take her in his arms, to comfort and care for her, to bring his knowledge and his love to her instant need. "Go, rest—doctor's orders—Nellie"; his lips had framed the endearing name, when an excited clatter and a choking, hysterical cry brought the party to their feet with a common movement of anxiety.

Mrs. Lawdon appeared at the door. The well groomed beautiful woman of a few moments before was almost beyond recognition. Her face had aged ten years, her hair hung in disorder, a huge rent in the golden gauze of her gown showed the gleam of its white satin lining—mute evidence of the hurried regardlessness of her flight. And, as a last detail of the incomprehensible, her convulsive hands grasped a black feather hat of enormous proportions. For an instant her tragic, ridiculous figure was silhouetted against the dark portières. Then she staggered forward, tripping over her long frock, waving the crumpled Gainsboro, stammering for speech.

"She's gone mad!" gasped Mrs. Evelyn, catching at her husband's arm.

Mrs. Lawdon found her voice. "I've been robbed—robbed—robbed!" Her voice rose in thin soprano gradations. "My diamonds—my emeralds—my ruby! They're gone. I tell you! Gone! gone! gone!" She collapsed upon a chair, flinging her body half across the center table, where she beat the polished wood with her clenched hands.

(*To be continued in* BROADWAY MAGAZINE *for July.*)

The Greatest Problem Since Slavery

By Carrington A. Phelps

Illustrations from Photographs

EDITORIAL NOTE—From time to time you have heard about the great Temperance Movement sweeping over this country. Magazines and newspapers have told the story in parts, presenting a hazy if not confusing picture of the mighty crusade. This article gives for the first time all the tremendous facts of the case in panoramic detail. It tells just who and what are back of the movement, just how a man named Howard H. Russell and his powerful Anti-Saloon League are working, and how a vast army of zealous crusaders are locked in conflict with brewery and distilling interests representing nearly four billions of dollars.

ONE day a little boy heaved a brick. It smashed through the window of a Georgia "white trash" rum hole. The little boy ran away, the drunken white trash poured out the doors, saw a negro, chased him and—presently Atlanta beheld herself in the throes of "Riot Week." A great red ray of wrath and terror shot across the South. The Negro Question was on every tongue. Various causes were held responsible for the situation. Some declared the outrages upon women were prompting it, others cried "cocaine," and "racial prejudice." The Anti-Saloon League stepped forward. "Gentlemen," it said, "you are all wrong! The whole trouble is—*whiskey!*"

The psychological moment had arrived. The Anti-Saloon League seized the opportunity and swept victoriously over the Southern States.

These Southern victories have been so spectacular that, added to others in various sections of the country, they have brought the Anti-Saloon movement vividly to the front as a national factor of tremendous importance. For fifteen years the Anti-Saloon avalanche has been gathering velocity and strength until to-day townships and counties are going "dry" by hundreds, perforating their state maps with temperance territory faster than the printers can tabulate them.

Ohio, birth place of the Anti-Saloon League and scene of the hardest, oldest fight of all is winning a rapid-fire victory. This year she wiped out 300 "speakeasies," passed a county local option law and reached high-water mark with 70 of her 88 counties voting "dry." South Carolina repealed her State Dispensary law this year and is campaigning with the expectation of reaching prohibition in two years. Of North Carolina's 97 counties, 70 are dry and it is expected the state will go dry within a year. Louisiana is another two-year contestant. More than two-thirds of her territory and 65 per cent. of her population is dry—two items that may well serve to irritate New Orleans' 2,000 saloonkeepers.

Behold Kentucky, the traditional cradle of all good whiskey! In less than two years the liquor traffic has been practically obliterated, and yet this state has $160,000,000 invested in distilleries. Only four counties are wholly wet at this writing, and the Jailers' State Association has petitioned the legislature for regular salaries *because under prohibition conditions the empty jails do not bring them fees enough to live on.*

Arkansas is hammering saloons right and left with her "inhabitants" law, by which a majority of the inhabitants, including all women over eighteen years of age, may force a saloon to move four miles from church or schoolhouse. *If there isn't* *a schoolhouse they build one—and consequently the saloon has to move!* Woman's suffrage scores a point here. To date 58 out of 75 counties are dry in Arkansas, and more are toppling.

Texas, popularly known as the land of lariats and six-shooters, declares with characteristic brevity, "Don't want liquor." She fights quick and sure and already three-fifths of her counties are dry. Missouri is another lightning change state. Back in 1905 she had only three dry counties. It has been give-and-take, but since then more than half the state has gone dry and every month sees more spoils brought into the Anti-Saloon camp.

Virginia, another liquor stronghold, refused licenses to nearly fifty distilleries this year. Three-fourths of her counties are dry, and half the saloons in the state have foundered. The "blind tigers," too, are doomed under the drastic law just passed. There are here and there places in Tennessee where liquor can be legally sold. It is only a short time before prohibition may be expected.

CLEOPAS BRECKENRIDGE, REV. HOWARD H. RUSSELL AND MOSES MARTIN

Messrs. Breckenridge and Martin took the Abraham Lincoln pledge, now used by the Anti-Saloon League, in a meeting presided over by the martyred President himself a half century ago

Indiana is already counting her votes for the anticipated prohibition victory. Two-thirds of her territory is dry, and four miles of saloons are to-day vacant.

Half of Delaware went dry last November after one of the hottest fights the state had ever known. Liquor interests all over the country joined forces in the determination to stop the threatened avalanche, principally for the sake of the tremendous moral effect. They organized, poured a huge and steady stream of money into Delaware politics; fought, bled, and came out badly mauled. Everybody is mad now, and the little state is in the fight with its coat off and no time limit.

BATTLES AND BATTLEFIELDS

Vermont has only thirty wet townships out of 238, and she has just closed up over 500 saloons. The state majority is for prohibition, and the next legislature will see things buzz faster than a Kansas cyclone.

Half the towns and cities in Illinois have voted out the saloon. This year's vote closed 1,800 more liquor shops. Of the 1,200 elections held in the state 900 were prohibition victories. Half the area of Chicago, the whiskey center of the world, is dry by special legislation. Peoria, which distils as much whiskey as any other town in existence, has sent an Anti-Saloon League man to the Legislature.

An active fight is on in Massachusetts, 76 per cent of whose territory is prohibition territory. Illuminative of the power of the Anti-Saloon League in this state is the fact that of forty legislators whom the League supported, thirty-eight were elected.

In Nebraska 450 out of 1,000 towns and cities have voted against liquor, and a hard campaign is now on to carry the other half.

New York is the hard nut to crack, and

it is here that the final battle will be fought out. The liquor interest in this state is a formidable antagonist with its 35 distilleries, 243 breweries, 30,000 saloons and its consequent political organization and power. Yet out of 933 New York townships the Anti-Saloonists have made 324 dry.

MEN WHO FOUGHT AGAINST LIQUOR

In the fifteen years of the Anti-Saloon League's activities more than one-half the area of the United States has gone dry; that is, *every minute more than* 150 *acres of United States territory go prohibition!*

The history of temperance reforms has been one of ups and downs; it has been consistent only in failure; waves of emotionalism have brought about prohibition for a time, but after the excitement has died away the zeal of the reformers has abated and soon the liquor people have found themselves doing business again, their position apparently the stronger because of this reaction.

Many a grandparent of to-day remembers the Drunken Period of American history that began after the Revolution and continued for two generations. Everybody drank. The annual consumption of malt and alcohol liquors was fifty quarts to the family, or about double what it is now.

Along in 1808 a New Yorker named Clark persuaded some forty friends to eschew liquor and confine their attentions to beer alone. Thus was formed the first known temperance society. Sixteen years later Lyman Beecher, father of the famous Henry Ward Beecher, took an aggressive stand against the manifest evil and after seven years of discouragement, ridicule and fight, forced Congress to place certain restrictions on the liquor traffic. One night a little Baltimore drinking club composed of two blacksmiths, a carpenter and a coachmaker, attended a temperance lecture for amusement. They were converted, probably to their own amazement, and at once started touring the country, speaking for temperance. This was the beginning of the "Washingtonians," a movement which soon led to a revolt of 600,000 drunkards. It was spasmodic and fanatical, and after several years it died a natural death.

FRANCES WILLARD, FOUNDER OF THE WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION AND AMERICA'S GREATEST TEMPERANCE AGITATOR

John B. Gough, a reformed drunkard, was the next leader. Starting in 1844 he was for forty-three years, in this country and Europe, the eloquent voice of the anti-liquor movement. No other man has ever done as much to silence opposition and prepare public sentiment for the educational and legislative work which has followed since his day.

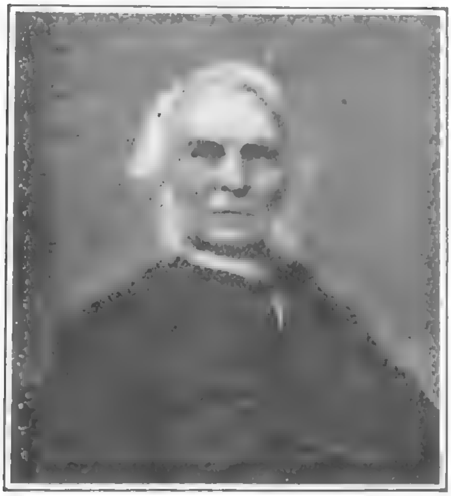
In 1844 five million souls in the United States and Ireland put their names to the pledge under the magnetic exhortations of Father Matthew, an Irish priest who had been induced to join the temperance workers by a Quaker.

GREAT CRUSADE STARTS IN MAINE

Neal Dow, the fighting Quaker of Portland, Me., was the first to strike at the very root of the liquor evil. Maine was a confirmed toper, callous to exhortation and set in her beliefs. Dow preached prohibition first, last and always. In 1846 he began his campaign. He was beaten half a dozen times, but because he never acknowledged defeat he finally forced the state into the position she has never relinquished.

A general temperance movement was about to start when the Civil War broke out. After the war the liquor business boomed, for heavy drinking had become the rule again.

Among those who heartily deprecated the liquor evil was President Lincoln. At one time in his youth he had been an active temperance worker and men are living to-day who were induced to sign the pledge by Abraham Lincoln's convincing arguments. That he thoroughly appreciated the menace of liquor evils is evidenced by his declaration on the very day of his tragic death that "the next snarl we have got to straighten out is the liquor question."



NEAL DOW, THE FIGHTING QUAKER, WHO MADE MAINE A PROHIBITION STATE

BIRTH OF THE W. C. T. U.

One morning, three days before Christmas in the black panic year of '73, the doors of the Presbyterian Church at Hillsdale, Ohio, swung open and out marched thirty women, two by two, singing. They went to drug stores and saloons and hotels; they pleaded and sung and prayed, until saloon after saloon was closed at their entreaties. It was a contagion that spread throughout the land, wholly emotional, but from this "Woman's Crusade" sprang the powerful Women's Christian Temperance Union. For years there had been growing to womanhood in Illinois a farmer's girl, clean, wholesome and strong—Frances Willard. Educated by college, travel and hard work, she was destined, in moulding this great woman's movement, to become "the best loved woman" of the nineteenth century in America. Under her leadership the W. C. T. U. bound its bows of white ribbon around the earth's two hemispheres, printed its pledges in every spoken tongue and presented to mankind the spectacle of the largest organization formed by women since the world began. One of the greatest weapons employed by the W. C. T. U. was the introduction of "effects of alcohol" literature into the school books. Most of this literature was exaggerated and so much of it not founded on scientific fact that some ten years ago it was investigated and corrected by a committee of fifty, appointed largely through the efforts of temperance leaders.

Every great movement the world has ever known has had its zealots, and its pathfinders, its martyrs and its cranks. It has been the fanatic who has preached temperance to the world, but it is the cool-headed, methodical worker who is to-day accomplishing drink reform—reform that has to all appearances the elements of stability.

"THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE DON'T SLEEP"

The Anti-Saloon movement has found a man and a system. It was in the office of an important brewery that I got my first flashlight view of both. The brewer was tired and hot and mad. He had been holding forth for two hours on the injustice of prohibition. Suddenly he turned and whacked his desk. "My God," he roared, "this Anti-Saloon League don't sleep. Their people work seven days a week. It's like fighting a presidential campaign twice a year—no rest, no let up, just pound, pound, pound on us twenty-four hours out of twenty-four. We've been dumb and blind and deaf. They've already wiped us off half the map—*and we thought we knew politics!* Now we've got to learn all over again, and what's more, we've got to learn from them! This is none of your brotherly-love-Willie-hold-baby-temperance-tea-parties we're up against! *This is hell!* Everybody is watching the result—watching the single state fights, talking about Georgia, for instance. Now mark my words! All this is deeper than the surface. I don't know who he is and I don't care, *but—somewhere there is a Man Behind!*"

JOHN B. GOUGH, FOR FORTY-THREE YEARS A WORLD LEADER OF THE PROHIBITION CRUSADE

I agreed and—went out to seek the Man Behind. I found him.

He was sitting forward on the edge of an office chair, and he was bounded on the north by a mound of correspondence, on the south by a table with half a hundred reference books, on the east by a desk loaded to the gunwales with information, and on the west by three big maps and a stenographer. He was Howard H. Russell, founder, builder and backbone of the Anti-Saloon League of America.

RUSSELL, THE MAN BEHIND

Before I had talked with him two minutes I began to remember where I had before encountered that intensity of unselfish purpose, that suave but iron attitude, that swift, virile movement in action, that overwhelming concentration. I had met it in the personnel, the organization and the every action of the Anti-Saloon League. This man Russell has infused into the work his entire personality. Studying the man means studying the Anti-Saloon League.

Russell was born in Stillwater, Minn., fifty-three years ago. His father, the son of an Englishman, was a teacher as well as a clergyman, so the boy's education was well cared for. In his youth he formed a hatred of the drink evil.

When Russell was seventeen he began to earn his own living. He took a position as clerk at the Rock Island Arsenal, was later transferred to Moline, Illinois, where he was placed in charge of the construction work of the Government dam. Later he went farther West, where he had a varied experience as day laborer on a railroad, cow-puncher, and schoolmaster. He returned to his father's home at Corning, Iowa, and settled down to the study, and later to the practice, of law. His law career was opening brilliantly, but he craved a broader, bigger scope for his tremendous energies. The evangelist in him was clamoring for a hearing. Suddenly he decided to enter the ministry and closing his law office he moved with his family to Oberlin, Ohio, where he began his college and seminary studies.

BEGINS HIS LIFE WORK

During his student days Russell preached regularly at nearby towns and at Berea, Ohio, he conducted a campaign that drove the liquor dealers out of business. He was already achieving a reputation as an anti-saloon fighter. The result was that when in 1887 the Oberlin Temperance Alliance started its state fight for local option, Russell was selected as the man to take charge.

Ohio's existing law gave the councils of

REV. F. C. IGLEHART, ONE OF THE ANTI-SALOON CRUSADE LEADERS IN NEW YORK CITY the various municipalities the power to regulate or prohibit the sale of liquor. In many localities where the village council closed its saloons they opened again for business just outside the village limits. The enactment of the Township Local Option Law was planned so as to enable the farmers to protect the township from the saloon and incidentally to protect the village when the latter voted out saloons.

Russell opened a headquarters at Columbus, the state capital. He formed a temporary "Local Option League" and toured the state, speaking in the churches, winning over the clergy to the cause, circulating petitions in every county and stirring up enthusiasm in a thousand ways. The bill was pushed through the House by a small majority and went to the Senate. A poll of this body showed a bare majority of one in its favor. On this discovery three committees of brewers, distillers and dive keepers descended upon the legislature and carried off the bone of contention —*i.e.,* the particular weak senatorial brother who had gone over to the temperance side.

REV. HOWARD H. RUSSELL, FOUNDER, LEADER AND MILITANT GENIUS OF THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE

When they got through with that senator he was pledged against the measure. Two days before the vote Russell heard of the backsilder. At once he swamped the state with calls for pressure. The day before the vote he saw the senator standing astounded in front of his mail box. It was jammed to overflowing with letters of indignant protests from hundreds of citizens in his district and in the state. That night the letters ceased, to be replaced by swarms of yellow telegrams. Next day that senator voted, and voted right. The bill was passed and was the opening wedge in the vast campaign so soon to be inaugurated. For it was by this deft concentration of public opinion upon the legislators that the League was destined to gain its power.

FORGING THE THUNDERBOLT

But even Russell did not realize the immense potentiality of the live wire he had uncovered. He served as minister in Kansas City and Chicago for several years. In 1895 he addressed the temperance forces of Oberlin, advocating a permanent state organization to fight the liquor traffic. His suggestions were met with apathy, but characteristically undismayed he continued an active correspondence on the subject among his friends in the little college towns. Finally they agreed to the scheme, but only on condition that Russell take personal charge of the work. At a meeting of the Oberlin churches Russell outlined his plan. It was approved and that night was formed the Anti-Saloon League of Ohio.

This was the infinitesimal seedling from which the Anti-Saloon League grew to its present national strength. It operated in business-like fashion. Great, nation-wide conditions aided potentially in building up the system.

The first step in an Anti-Saloon League campaign is agitation. This is carried on through the churches and through the women and children, always the women and children. The state is flooded with printed matter, lecturers speak from the street corners, illustrating their arguments with stereopticon views of slum conditions, dives, liquor statistics and effects of alcohol on the physical, as distinguished even from the moral and mental, man. People begin to learn; the League continues its cam-

REV. S. E. NICHOLSON, IN CHARGE OF THE LEGISLATIVE WORK OF THE LEAGUE IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

REV. P. A. BAKER, D.D., NATIONAL SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE

paign of education. Then comes the practical turn to all this community of anti-saloon interest: politics. The League slowly builds up a non-partisan, independent, powerful vote. With this vote it holds the balance of power, and can, according to its strength in township, county or state, dictate absolutely to either political party its choice of candidates. Gradually it solidifies its political structure—picking up an assemblyman or state senator one at a time—making him feel that his constituency demands his vote against the saloon. Such a political machine is impregnable, automatic. Once built all it needs is watching. At election time the League votes its candidates into the legislature; compels these men not only to pass its laws but to vigorously follow up their enforcement; watches like a hawk that there is no relapse from ground gained.

It is commonly supposed that once a state has swung into prohibition the victory is complete. As a matter of fact it is only the beginning of a long, tedious, discouraging fight for law enforcement. "Blind tigers," drug stores, hotels and back alley vendors begin a thriving trade in the illicit sale of liquor. Federal licenses to sell liquor are issued to hundreds who are willing to risk the state or local penalty for the illegal selling, but do not dare incur the National Government's drastic punishment. Liquor is shipped in from other states and conditions begin to grow as bad as before prohibition. The State Anti-Saloon League renews its campaign, this time calling for law enforcement. Evidence is procured and cases pushed hotly against the offenders. Legal experts trained in the work are sent into the field to conduct the fight and the struggle is soon brought to a sharp issue. Often it is impossible to get convictions on account of the indifference, incompetence or defiance of officials. These are marked down and active campaigns at

JAMES W. COOL, BUSINESS MANAGER OF THE LEAGUE ORGANIZATION IN NEW YORK STATE once started against their re-election. It is only a matter of time when officials are procured who will perform their duty.

The headquarters of the Anti-Saloon League is at Columbus, Ohio. The general policy of the movement is arranged by the board of trustees, composed of two men from each state. From this board is selected the national executive committee, which keeps in active touch with each state movement. This committee selects each state superintendent, who is responsible to it for all his acts. He works in conjunction with the state organization, which is managed by a board of trustees consisting of one or more men from every denomination in the state enrolling one hundred and fifty thousand or more members. From this board is selected the executive committee of seven, who carry on the actual fighting in the field. The organization of the Anti-Saloon League numbers over four hundred men who give their entire time to the work, to say nothing of the army of clerks and stenographers necessary to so business-like a system. A press bureau handles all news that is given out and supplies the press with any and all information dealing with the League or with temperance. The active workers get from one thousand to three thousand dollars a year. The expenses of the movement are half a million dollars a year, every cent of which is contributed at meetings or by subscriptions.

THREE AND ONE-HALF BILLIONS AT STAKE

Against this movement is being formed a vast federation of all the liquor interests in America. It is expected that this federation will include the representatives of the 3,632 distilleries and breweries, the 17,111 wholesale houses and the 225,000 saloons—a business that pays an annual tax to the Federal Government of $207,124,000. The entire federation, exclusive of the hotels, represent investments *totalling three and one-half billions of dollars.* In simpler language it is worth *three thousand five hundred millionaires!*

You will, I think, agree that this is to be a struggle between organized forces, a monstrous, inconceivable death-grapple such as the world has never witnessed.

Already the liquor federation has begun its campaign. Tons of literature have been distributed among the farmers of the entire country. Low saloons and dives have been told to close up, have been put out of business by their creators, the big liquor men. All the ancient and modern methods of public-sentiment-building, oratory, lectures, advertising, editorials, etc., are being utilized to their limits.

YEARLY PROFITS $1,548,716,916

Let me roughly estimate a part of the profits of the liquor business. According to the Government internal revenue reports, taxes were paid last year on 134,031,066 gallons of distilled spirits and on 58,546,111 barrels of fermented liquors. Allow the distiller a profit of 25 cents a gallon and the brewer a profit of $1 a barrel. This gives the former a profit of $33,507,776, the brewer a profit of $55,456,111. *The two profits together amount to* $92,053,877 *a year!*

But this is only a beginning. The retailer pays the brewery an average price of $6 for a barrel of beer. He sells it for $18. Deducting its cost and $2 for expenses leaves him a net profit of $10 a barrel. Multiply the number of barrels by this and we *have a profit in beer for the retailer of* $585,461,110.

Now take distilled spirits, for which the retailer pays an average price of perhaps $2 a gallon. Estimating 70 drinks to the gallon and 13 cents to the drink gives a gross return of $9.10 on each gallon. Deduct the cost and 60 cents for expenses and the retailer has left $6.50 clear profit per gallon. Multiplying this by the number of gallons of spirits reported last year gives $871,201,929. Now add the wholesalers and retailers' profits on distilled spirits and fermented liquors. *The total reaches the enormous sum of* $1,548,716,916.

Suppose now the liquor people spend 25 per cent of this in the coming fight. This means the tremendous expenditure of $387,179,229 a year. But let us be generous. Let us underestimate their strength. Cut this sum squarely in two and hand it back to the liquor interests for expenses. *This leaves them a campaign fund in their fight against the Anti-Saloon League of over half a million dollars a day!*

And for these reasons the fight may last for fifty years.

The Monkey's Heart

By Edgar Jepson

Illustrations by Horace Taylor

EDITORIAL NOTE—Dr. Simon Flexner, the famous New York pathologist, declares it is possible to transplant and successfully graft on man the vital organs of lower animals. His announcement has startled the scientific world. What will surgery do next?

In the May Broadway *we reviewed some of the most miraculous achievements of modern surgery. Mr. Jepson here tells the story of a man and a monkey who exchange hearts by means of a surgical operation, with highly amusing consequences.*

THE operation was over, and it had been successful: Bellamy Grist's new heart was beating steadily. I went to the window, called down to the reporters, "Success!" and watched them dash into the temporary telegraph office on the other side of the road, to speed the glad tidings to the anxious, waiting cities of the country that a new lease of life had geen granted to America's noblest son, and the golden stream of his poetry would still flow. Then I breathed long and deeply and came back to the operating tables. My work was done; Glaisher and Tobin were putting the final touches to it; and I had leisure to look from the massive face of Bellamy Grist, pillowed in its leonine mane of snow-white hair, to the black, chinless, browless face of Moko the big chimpanzee whose heart now beat in the poet's body.

As I looked, to my surprise the chimpanzee's ears twitched. He should have been dead half an hour. In extreme dismay I looked for Bellamy Grist's heart, the heart which was to be embalmed and deposited in the Pantheon, where should rest the relics of America's great dead. The very movement to build the Pantheon had been set on foot by Bellamy Grist's admirers who could not endure that his splendid heart should lack a fitting resting-place; and now that idiot O'Driscoll, with his senseless love of practical joking, had replaced Moko's heart with it. What a fool I had been, brilliant surgeon as he was, to let him take part in the operation! He had, with Bekker's help, taken out Moko's heart for me, and while I was absorbed in fixing it in Bellamy Grist, had put the poet's heart in its place.

"O'Driscoll, where's Bellamy Grist's heart?" I said sharply.

He turned from the window from which he was watching with Bekker the struggle of the reporters, and said, "Sure, it's in Moko. Exchange is no robbery, Hickman, me boy. And I'm thinking, too, that it's enjoying the new, rich blood that it's pumping."

"But, confound you, what about the Pantheon?" I cried.

"It can go there later, when the monkey dies, if it's built so soon. Science needed the converse of the operation," he said seriously enough.

That was true; and to the interests of science everything must give way: "Very well," I said firmly. "In that case you will take charge of Moko yourself."

"I'll do that," he said.

Glaisher came across the room and shook my hand, saying, "Hickman R. Shafer, I congratulate you; in the name of American surgery I congratulate you. It was magnificent!"

"Congratulate Chicago, rather," I said. "My masters, Guthrie and Carrell, invented the operation. I'm only their pupil."

"You did it twenty minutes quicker than either Guthrie or Carrell. I've seen them," said O'Driscoll.

"That's so," said Tobin; and he and Bakker also shook hands with me and congratulated me.

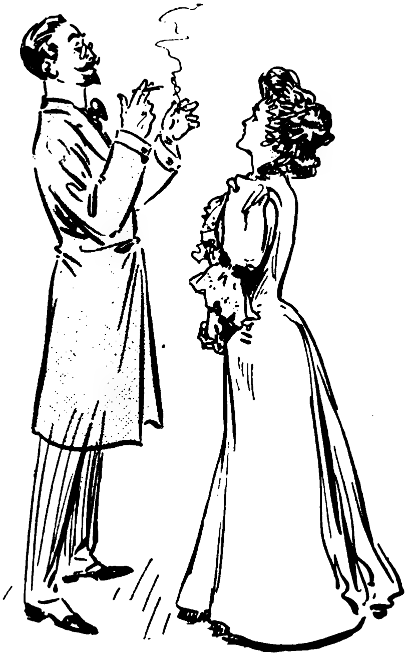
I made another examination of Bellamy Grist; and we moved him into his bedroom. Then I went downstairs to my wife, Bellamy Grist's daughter. Her face lighted up at the sight of me, and she stepped hastily forward, kissed me on the brow, and said in a choked voice, "Oh, Hickman, my glorious Hickman, you have given me back a father! But more—oh, far more—you have given back to the greatest of the nations its noblest son!"

"That's so, little girl. If all goes well," I said.

"It will! I feel it will! And oh, how doubly blessed am I to be the daughter of a genius and the wife of a genius! You will be world-famous!"

"Yes, Editha; I guess American surgery will go up one," I said.

She blinked; and I thought that, as often, it was at the idiomatic phrase; but then she sighed and said, "If only it had not been a monkey's heart—in my splendid father."



"YES, EDITHA, I GUESS AMERICAN SURGERY WILL GO UP ONE"

I have always recognized that she is the high-souled, ethereal daughter of a poet, and I said soothingly, "Well, it was a choice of evils. And after all a heart is only a muscle; it's not like a brain; it can't do him any harm."

"No, no: of course not. Still I can't help feeling it. If only it could have been the heart of some brave, simple, young Westerner!" she said, clasping her hands.

"No young Westerner applied," I said. "And if one had, the law might have kicked up a fuss. But I must get back to your father."

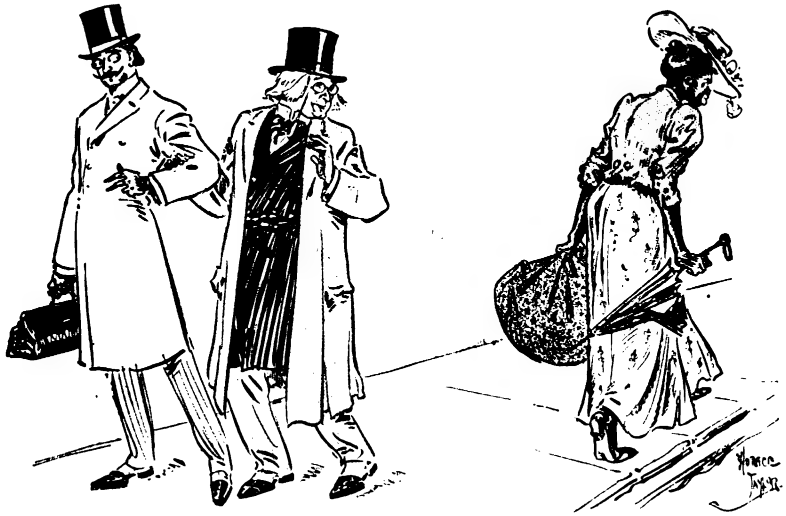
I kissed her, and went upstairs; I was thankful that she had not spoken of her father's old heart. I wanted time to think over breaking the truth about it to her.

For some days she was busy with the sacks of congratulatory letters and telegrams brought to the house by the postal wagons, and in cutting out and pasting into large volumes the eulogiums of the Press on Bellamy Grist and myself. O'Driscoll smuggled Moko away as soon as he could be moved; and she was not even aware that the chimpanzee was alive. O'Driscoll had bidden me good-bye, and taken a few steps towards the depot, when he turned and said "Suppose the heart *is* the seat of the emotions after all, Hickman, me boy?"

"Not on your life," I said.

Bellamy Grist made a wonderful recovery. The powerful heart of Moko drove the blood in full flood through his veins, and every other organ took on a new lease of life. The years seemed to fall off him; and I had the satisfaction of having given to my country probably a score more years of her noblest son's activity. The Press took the closest, warmest interest in his recovery; and his first egg, and even more, his first steak, received an extraordinary meed of recognition.

His recovery was helped considerably by his excellent spirits; he was frequently the prey of fits of child-like glee. At first this startled us, since, as every one knows, before the operation, a great seriousness and an all-embracing earnestness had been the keynotes of Bellamy Grist's character no less than of his work. I soon grew used to it; but Editha did not. She found it hard to adjust herself to this change in her father, since his intense seriousness had been the quality in him she cherished most.



"WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CREATURE—WHAT FEATURES!"

One day, indeed, after he had playfully tweaked off his nurse's cap, she came to me in tears and said, "I have always known, of course, that my father has a wide humanity; but these manifestations of its humorous side, coming so late in life, jar upon me as undignified after his strenuous past. Tell me, Hickman, do you—do you think that they are preliminary symptoms of his second childhood?"

I assured her that I had never known an old man less senile than her father.

In other ways, too, he showed this change to youth. His favorite reading had been our serious monthly and quarterly reviews; now he would not look at them himself, nor let Editha read them to him. His taste was all for light literature of the humorous kind, or for records of tropical travel.

I came in one evening towards the end of his convalescence to find that one of our brightest publishers, Richard P. Blick, had been down to see him about his next volumes of poems. I was somewhat vexed, for my father-in-law had always been somewhat ineffectual in money matters, and had always made poor bargains with his publishers. It was not likely that he had made a better one on a sick bed. I went upstairs to him, and when I had made sure that the visit had not tired him, I said, "So Blick has been down to see you about your next book."

With a grin, which, on anyone else's face, I should have called mischievous, he drew a cheque out of his writing-case and handed it to me: it was for fifty thousand dollars!

"Blick talked of fifteen thousand," said Bellamy Grist, and—could I believe my eyes?—he winked. Yes; Bellamy Grist winked!

A few days later he was about again, and we became fully alive to the changes in him. The renewal of his youth, it was indeed almost a renewal of his boyishness, was amazing—sometimes it was even trying. He had been of a distinctly sedentary habit before the operation, spending nearly the whole day in his study. Now he was full of a boyish restlessness, wandering continually from room to room, and spending hours roaming about the woods. Before, he had always been of a grave seriousness; now, he was vivacious; he would even sometimes josh Editha. He began to show a distressing fondness for practical jokes. I observed other changes, too, in his tastes. Before, he had been passionately partial to pie; indeed, I had always believed that pie was chiefly to blame for the failure of his heart; now, he preferred fruit and salads and sweets. In the matter of sweets he was voracious. He seemed to grow more boyish every day.

We were not the only people to notice the changes in him, or, indeed, to find them trying. I observed that his admirers, who came by scores to listen to his golden words, no longer came from their interviews with uplifted, transfigured faces;

they looked puzzled and glum. The neighbors, too, before so proud of his dwelling in their midst, now that they sometimes suffered from his practical jokes, began to look at him uneasily. His old friends, America's greatest thinkers and litterateurs, after a while ceased to congratulate us on the wonderful renewal of his youth.

These changes in his character were not accompanied by any diminution of his intellectual force; I thought myself that his intellect had grown, if anything, keener and more discerning. He was not working at his new volume with the old steady industry—I have known him write six hundred lines of poetry in an afternoon—he worked at it fitfully. He had lost interest, too, in the biography, once his pride, which Editha was writing of him. Curiously enough I liked him far more than I had in his serious days, in spite of my being a serious scientific man myself; we were now much closer friends. I did not, indeed, see so much of him as I had done, for I was often away from home performing the heart-transference operation in every part of the country. Indeed, my services were in such demand that there was a run on the greater Simians, the price of them had risen sixty per cent, and Rogers, the purveyor to menageries, was forced to fit out two large expeditions to Africa to supply my patients. Our leading financiers, society women, actors, politicians, and divines were getting me to replace the hearts worn out by our strenuous American life.

Thus I was prevented from observing continuously the youthful changes in my father-in-law; and it was nearly five months after the operation that I became seriously uneasy about them. Then a possibility, at once so astounding and so uncomfortable that I dismissed it at once as an idle fancy, flashed upon me. I was working in my study and Bellamy Grist was walking up and down it with the boyish restlessness now habitual to him. I raised my eyes from my notes and observed that he wore a very absent-minded air, and his lips were moving as if he were engaged in composition. Suddenly, as I looked, without any change in his musing face, plainly without any conscious effort of will, he leapt up sideways, caught the curtain rod with his right hand, and came bang down on the floor, bringing the snapped rod and the curtains on the top of him; and I had had a flashing, fleeting, but vivid impression of a leaping monkey. Even as he picked himself up, with a very sheepish air, and rubbed his knees, I thrust the fancy from me and assured myself that it was only his wonderful boyishness.

The impression kept recurring; but I thrust it away and refused to let it annoy me. Two days later it was strengthened indeed. I was strolling through the woods with him when he made another of those sudden leaps, caught the lower branch of a tree, swung, gave himself a curious jerk, and dropped in an oddly foolish way on his hands and knees. He looked round with an air of strange surprise, rose, shook his leonine mane of snow-white hair on one side, looked behind him curiously, and said, "I thought I'd got a tail. Dodgast it, Hickman! Why haven't we tails?"

I gasped. Then he laughed a forced laugh, and pretended that he had been joking. I accepted the pretence; but when I reached home I locked myself in my study and faced the situation. There was no doubt that Bellamy Grist had acquired, along with the heart, something of Moko's disposition; with him nothing could be done; but how did I stand to my patients still awaiting the operation? At first it seemed to me that I ought to warn all of them of these new results of it. I took the list of names and dates out of the drawer, to write to them; and it pulled me up short. There were two famous divines, a great but honest lawyer, a professor of Harvard, and a leading actor, about whom there could be no doubt; they were servants of the American People, doing good work; they must be told, and choose for themselves. On the other hand there were two Wall Street operators, the head of a great, well-watered trust, three leading politicians, and five leaders of society in New York and Chicago. It was plain that the characters of these could not but benefit by the admixture of some natural monkey; and I resolved, in their case, to preserve a beneficial silence, and operate.

For the next few weeks I watched Bellamy Grist closely, and now that my mind was on the right tack I saw many more signs of the influence of Moko. I came to the conclusion that the influence was merely in his sentiments and emotions; his brain power was as strong as ever. He finished his volume of poems and despatched it to his publisher. Editha was hurt, and I think deeply hurt, though she was too high-souled to complain, by the fact that he had not shown her a single poem in it. Before, she had been his constant confidante and adviser in matters poetical, and had always striven, for, like Homer, he sometimes nodded, to keep him at his highest level of grave seriousness.

A few days later I suffered another shock. I was walking in our little town with him, when a mulatto woman passed us. He gripped my arm and cried, "Good heavens, Hickman! What a beautiful creature! What features!"

It was the Simian type that appealed; and my blood ran cold. I turned and fairly dragged him along homewards.

We had just reached home one day after another walk, and were entering the house, when the sound of hurried footsteps made me pause and turn my head. A dapper little man with a very pale face, carrying a package under his arm, was opening the garden gate.

"Hello, here's Blick," said Bellamy Grist; and I caught a ring of discomfort in his tone.

The publisher skipped up to us in the hall and without a word of greeting cried, "Mr. Grist! What does this mean? What *does* this mean?"

"What does what mean?" said Bellamy.

"This book—this dreadful book!" cried the publisher.

"What's the matter with the book?" said Bellamy Grist cheerfully; and he opened the door of his study, and we all went in.

"The matter! The matter!" cried Blick, slamming the package down on the table and beginning to strip off its wrappings. "We bought a volume of serious poetry from you; and this is humorous! It must be humorous! All our readers think it's humorous!"

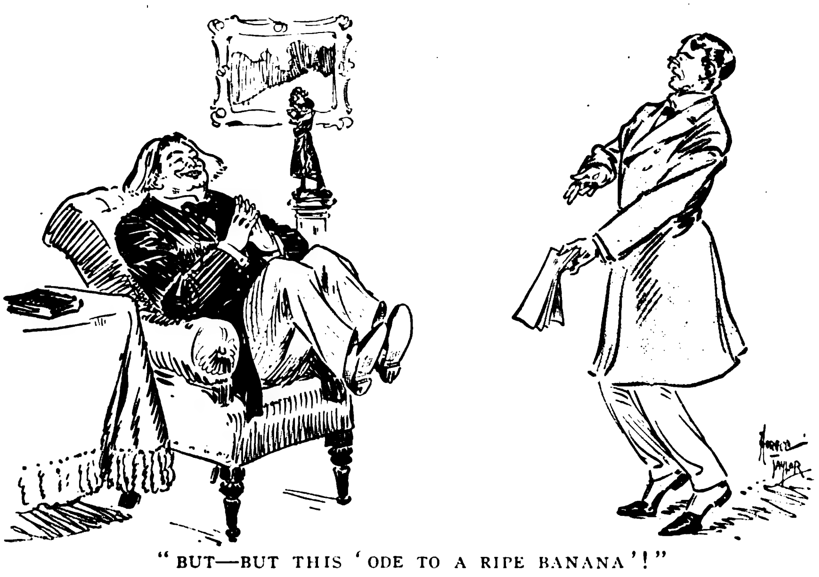
"Well, if this doesn't beat the Dutch!" said Bellamy Grist. "It's nothing of the kind."

Blink turned over the leaves of the MS. quickly, and cried, "But—but this 'Ode to a Ripe Banana!' And this poem, 'The Joys of Nuts!' And—and—this one, 'Up a Tree!' And this one—where is it?—here—'Freedom'—all about freedom from—from insects!"

"Well, what's the matter with them? They're all right!" said Bellamy Grist tartly.

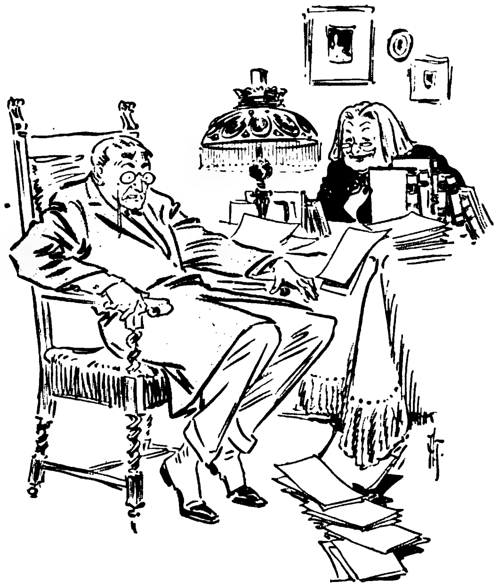
"But we didn't want this kind of thing! We wanted poetry—serious poetry—the—the noble sort of stuff the American market expects from you."

Bellamy Grist grinned at him, an angry grin that bared his teeth, and said in a rising voice, "Ah, if you'd only told me so, I'd have told you I wasn't writing any more of that trash. Why, I can't read my previous volumes!" He snatched one



"BUT—BUT THIS 'ODE TO A RIPE BANANA'!"

out of the shelf and banged it down beside the MS. "They're all about nothing at all. But this is all right; this is the real thing. I've always said that poetry should be the expression of genuine emotion; and this new volume is the expression of genuine emotion. Take this 'Ode to a Ripe Banana' and compare it with my 'Ode to a President.' A president is not like that, and nobody ever felt about him like that. But a ripe banana is like this; and I feel about it just like this—every healthy human being must. Besides, a ripe banana is a beautiful thing, and a proper subject for poetry; a president is not a beautiful thing and a proper subject for poetry. And this 'Freedom' again—have you ever in the summer been troubled by a flea?"



"AFTER ALL, THERE'S THE VEGETARIANS—THEY'RE FOND OF READING"

"What!" screamed Blick above Bellamy Grist's thunderous roar. "Are you seriously defending this dreadful poetry? Have you no care for your splendid reputation—for—for the great success you have had in the American market?"

"Oh, they're all right," said Bellamy Grist.

"They're not all right! And we won't publish this book! It won't sell! You must refund the fifty thousand dollars! We'll bring an action against you to recover it!" howled Blick.

"You make me tired," said Bellamy Grist scornfully. "Go and look at our agreement. I'll bring an action against you if you don't publish it."

The wretched Blick wiped the sweat from his clammy brow, and walked up and down, muttering; then he said bitterly, "Well, we've been done by America's noblest——"

"Say that, and I'll kick you out of the house!" roared Bellamy Grist, advancing on him briskly.

Blick curled up: "No, no, Mr. Grist! I—I—may be wrong! Perhaps I'm not a judge of poetry. It's a new break for the firm. Perhaps you're right. After all there's the vegetarians—they're fond of reading." And he snatched up the MS., backed out of the door, and slammed it in the wrathful poet's face.

"It's a new break for me, too," said Bellamy Grist.

I did not dare tell Editha of the character of the new volume any more than I had dared tell her of the effect of Moko's heart on her father's nature. I watched him more closely, trying to observe if that effect was increasing; I fancied that in the matter of a love of mischief it was. Some of his pranks were outrageous, and I found that he was on the best of terms with all the bad boys of the neighborhood. I believed, indeed, that he was the instigator of their bolder flights.

Then came the domestic climax. One morning at breakfast Editha said, "Surely the embalmers are very long fixing up father's heart. They've had it five months."

"The embalmers haven't got it. They can't have it till Moko dies," I said in as matter of fact a tone as I could assume.

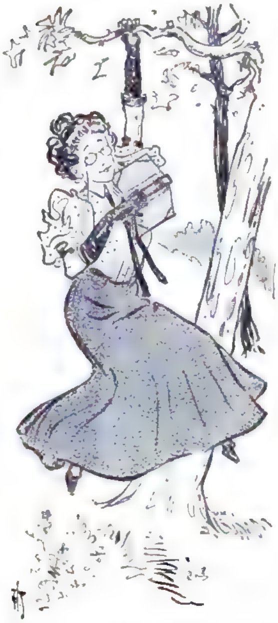
"What do you mean?" gasped Editha.

"Well, O'Driscoll replaced Moko's heart by your father's. He felt that science needed the converse of the operation."

"But—but—my father's heart—the splendid heart of Bellamy Grist—this is desecration!" cried Editha.

"Worn out poet's hearts are no great shakes," said Bellamy with a chuckle. Then he added, "I'm thinking, Editha, that that biography you're writing of me should branch off at the operation and continue with Moko."

Week by week his boyishness grew more trying. It seemed as if he spent all his time, except when he was writing poetry, plotting or executing wild pranks. We were relieved, though we were very anxious about how he would behave, when the Society of American Litterateurs invited him to help entertain a great French writer, with a view to confronting their guest with the serious, earnest American spirit in its most perfect expression, and he left us for a fortnight.



THE CULTURED WERE FILLING THEMSELVES UP WITH THE SENTIMENTS OF MOKO

I watched the papers anxiously; but plainly he was restraining his mischievous spirit, for the event passed off without any scandal. At the end of the fortnight he came back with the astounding intelligence that he was off to Paris. The old Bellamy Grist had always proclaimed that the true American poet must never weaken his grip on the American spirit by enervating contact with effete Europe. This recantation was a great shock to Editha, and I expect to most of his admirers.

After he had gone we were both happier. It was a rest for us. Then he wrote that he was going to settle down in Paris for a year or two, and asked me to manage his money and remit his income. I agreed thankfully.

But always there loomed ominously ahead the publication of his book of which I had never dared to speak to Editha. I was out when her advance copy of it came, and when I returned I found her in tears. I tried to comfort her; but it was no use: she said sobbing that her father had destroyed forever his splendid success. For the next two days she went about the house mourning. Then came the day of the book's publication and the appearance of the reviews. When I came to breakfast I found her sitting in the midst of a heap of newspapers and magazines. To my surprise she was flushed and smiling and there were tears in her eyes.

"How could I have been so foolish?" she cried. "I missed the true inwardness of my father's book utterly. *The High Thinker* says that it shows a poetic insight into the cosmic soul unsurpassed in literature. *The Cultured American* says that he is the greatest allegorist the world has ever known. Of course there are scoffers"—she frowned—"but they are only superficial and blind—souls in whom the mystic meaning of the universe awakens no response. My father's renewal of youth has trebled his great success. He is in truth to-day America's 'noblest soul.'"

I was a little dazed: to hear that the cultured were filling themselves up cheerfully with the sentiments of Moko took me aback.

Editha tore herself away from the tributes to her father's genius, and we began breakfast. She opened some of her letters; and then I was startled by a sudden cry from her. Her face was full of horror and dismay, and she said, "My father is married! Bellamy Grist has married a Frenchwoman! He has married *that!!*" and she tossed a photograph across the table to me.

I have never seen a lady of a more Simian type.

THE BRIDE WEARS A $3,500 GOWN TO THE ALTAR—PART OF HER $75,000 TROUSSEAU

Lavish Weddings of American Heiresses

By May K. Warwick

Illustrations by Frank Snapp

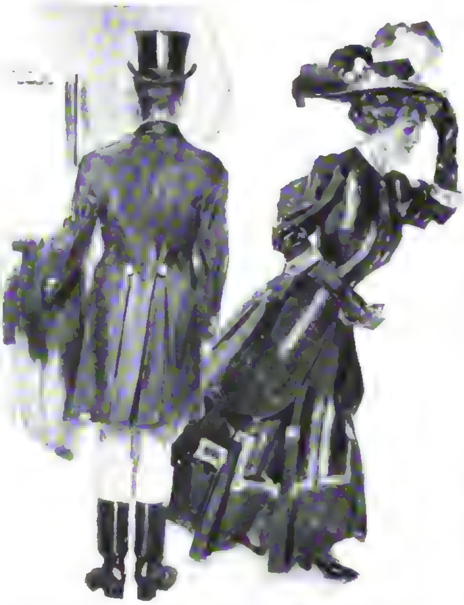
EDITORIAL NOTE—Upward of three hundred thousand weddings will be celebrated on United States soil this month. But between, say, the Fifth Avenue and the average American wedding there has come to be a vast difference—a sheer golden barrier. This article tells just what it means in dollars and diamonds, in pomp and imperial luxury, for the great American heiress to become a bride. Seventy-five thousand dollars on a trousseau, as much again on music and flowers, favors and caterers, one-quarter-million to a million on wedding gifts and a $20,000 honeymoon with a castle at the end, are some of the items. Nothing so clearly reveals the vast money-power behind such lavishness as this study of Fifth Avenue wealth and weddings.

FOR weeks beforehand the newspapers print pictures of a woman and a man, of her people and his people, her home and his, with accounts of her education, clothes and other accessories until a high wave has gathered of that easy American emotion—excitement. It totters and trembles, from hour to hour gaining momentum until a day when it sweeps in its wake thousands of spectators who crowd about a huge Fifth Avenue mansion. Inside obsequious servants tiptoe about with hushed voices; perfume and music breathe through every room; wonderfully dressed women come or leave in shining automobiles. Everywhere inside is color and beauty and decorous excitement; everywhere outside is pushing, shouting and unrestricted excitement; both combine into a blaze of mounting glory. Hurrah! the great wave of excitement bursts! The thing is over; the money is spent! Another American girl gets a coronet; another foreigner a fortune!

When the daughter of a small lawyer, school teacher, or business man becomes engaged, after the first loving flurry the father decides how much he can afford for the wedding. The mother broods over the amount and sees how to make the most of it. On her falls not only the responsibility but most of the work; her helpers are usually one cook and one dressmaker. When Miss Rich comes to her mother and says that Mr. Midas has spoken, the question of expenses does not enter; the helpers are multiplied more than a thousandfold, but the responsibility is perhaps the greatest poor Mrs. Rich has ever undertaken. Her social position is assured, but a wedding is the touchstone of the family's popularity and of its power to entertain. This is true only in our country. In foreign lands social precedence is rockbound. Therefore exceptional display would seem to them the height of bad taste.

The matrons of the Four Hundred are usually clever women who understand perfectly that it is as necessary for them to supervise their own households as it is for their husbands to be the real heads of their business. So the mother of the bride is careful to delegate only details to her subordinates; the general planning she keeps in her own hands. Two efficient helpers she has: the housekeeper and the social secretary. The latter is always an educated young woman with a graceful turn of pen; her experience has made her familiar with all that world expects.

Four important orders must be given simultaneously: to the florist; to an artist, who will decorate the Fifth Avenue mansion; to artists and tradespeople all over the world who will furnish the trousseau; and to a great French jeweler, who will prepare the mother's wedding gift to her child. The order to the florist must be sent far in advance, because, while human help can be summoned at an hour's notice, the delicate service of the flowers is a thing that can only be produced after weeks and months of fostering. Orchids are selected as being the most expensive and therefore the most honorific of flowers. The order is given to the florist for flowers in white, pale yellow and mauve. The florist must go to the millionaire's home and to the church to make a personal estimate of what will be required. He designs an especial canopy for the receiving party, to stand in the main drawing room between two magnificent eastern windows. The canopy is a poem in itself, all made of delicate asparagus ferns and white orchids, flushing at the base to a sea-shell pink. Should the wedding be performed in the house, his bill will be smaller than if he decorates such a church as St. Peter's or St. Thomas'. It may be anywhere between eight thousand and twenty thousand dollars.


EVERY TIME SHE LEAVES HER CARRIAGE

The decoration of the house seems rather gratuitous, so fresh and beautiful is it always kept. This expense is sometimes omitted, but not if the prospective son-in-law is a titled foreigner. Then the bridegroom's own suite is carefully decorated in what the bride knows is his favorite scheme of colors. The color schemes of the drawing-rooms are selected to please the taste of the mistress of the house. Sometimes she mentions the sum she wishes to spend and she states the date by which all must be ready. The details are then in the hands of the artist and after making his general plans he in turn intrusts them to skilled subordinates. He employs people all over the world to do his bidding: a French painter with a taste for subdued symbolism is engaged for the frescoes in the main drawing-room; a messenger is sent to Italy especially to find a mediæval chest of a certain design which must stand in the great hall; a judge of textiles is sent to Lyons to buy a certain tapestry which the artist has seen. As the work nears completion he himself may even go abroad. When the bill is finally presented it may be anywhere from forty thousand to eighty thousand dollars, including the artist's fee.

Next comes the question of the trousseau. Here the responsibility falls more upon Miss Rich than upon her mother. Her own taste in dress is perfect. Why not, when since her babyhood she has been trained with the one idea in mind of perfection and beauty. She has been taught to study her own lines and features so that she knows to a jot just how much color she may carry, just how much severity or sumptuousness of design her figure demands. Some great French dressmaker, probably Paquin, has an exact model of her figure. Of him she orders her gowns. She generally particularizes about her wedding gown. It must be white satin with point d'Alencon and a court train, she may decide. Usually, too, she has something to say about the color and texture of certain of her reception and dinner gowns. For the rest, Paquin knows her figure and will send her becoming frocks, no two suggesting the same mind. As soon as he has chosen the materials, Paquin will not forget to send over pieces from which shoes may be made and by which hats may be ordered.

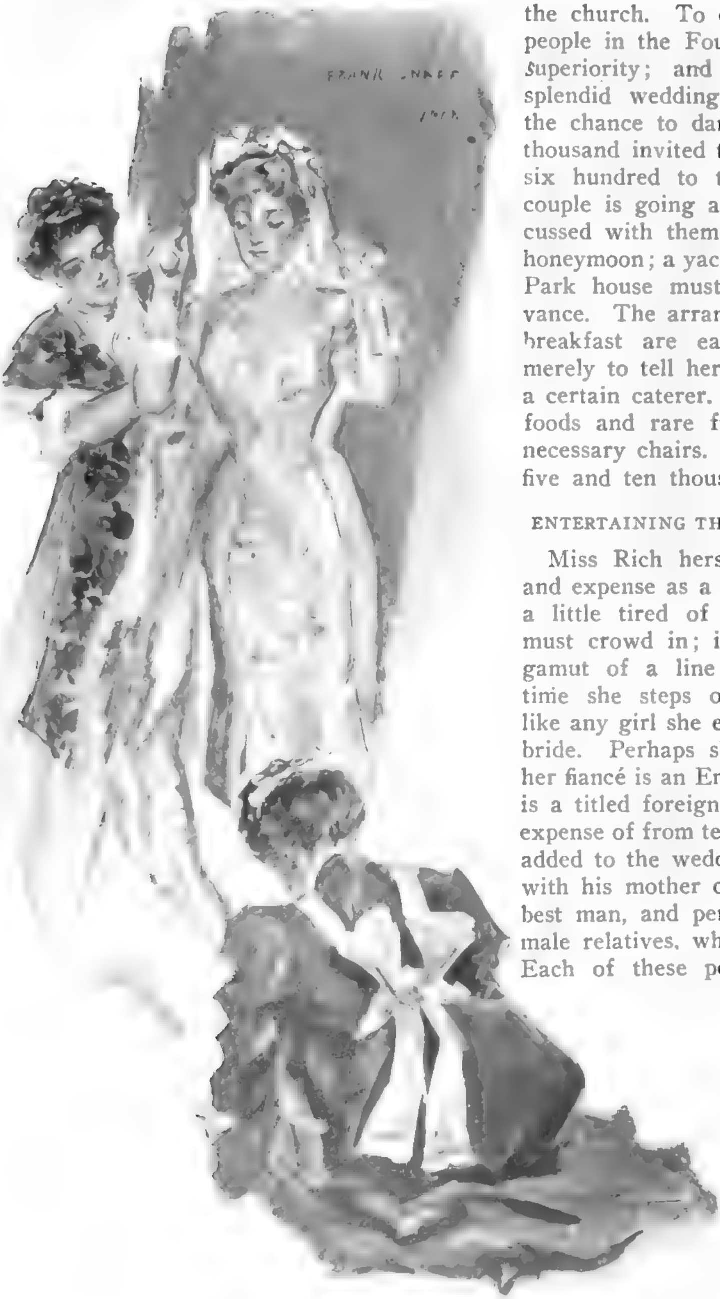
Miss Rich, of course, has her shoes made in America, but the hats she orders from Paris, of a milliner who knows what she can wear. Her lingerie comes also from Paris, made often by poor uprooted French nuns who have taken refuge in Spain and Italy and who, lost to peace themselves, pray for the peace of her who will wear the delicate garments. Stockings will come from Italy and France; handkerchiefs from France, Ireland and Brussels. She will order also from Ireland linen gowns and a coat of Irish crochet, a gown of Carrickmacross, another flounced with Irish rose point; and parasols of flat point and Carrickmacross or Limerick. Another coat will be made of Brussels lace and perhaps a gown of Venice point. Thousands of working people in all parts of the world will give weeks of humble toil to adorn this fine flower of American civilization. And the cost of her clothes? Time was when she might have made a good showing for a comparatively small sum. But to-day the number of functions an able-bodied society woman can attend in a season have multiplied, nor must she be seen more than twice or three times with a gown, however magnificent it be. Moreover, the cost of French gowns has increased, so Miss Rich cannot expect to be appareled for her marriage for less than seventy-five thousand dollars. Her list will read something as follows:

Wedding gown	$3,500
5 special ball gowns set with jewels	10,000
12 dinner gowns, each from $600 to $800	8,000
12 reception and afternoon gowns, each $500	6,000
6 street gowns at $400	2,400
2 riding habits at $200	400
12 matinée gowns at $250	3,000
12 negligees at $100	1,200
12 embroidered linen gowns at $300	3,600
2 real lace gowns at $1,500	3,000
2 lace coats at $800	1,600
8 evening wraps at $500	4,000
3 automobile coats at $300	900
2 driving coats at $200	400
6 picture hats at $150	900
6 afternoon hats at $75	450
6 street hats at $60	360
3 special theatre hats at $100	300
6 rough and ready hats at $40	240
36 sets of lingerie of 3 pieces, each set $100	3,600
1 dozen corsets at $30	360
12 silk petticoats at $40	480
Furs	20,000
Shoes	1,000
Handkerchiefs	500
Silk and cashimere stockings	500
Lace and silk muffs	800
Veils	200
Gloves	800
Scarfs	100
Parasols	800
Ribbons, etc.	100
Miscellaneous laces	1,000
Belts	500
Trunks	500
Purses, bags and card cases	1,000

SHE FACES THE PHOTOGRAPHERS

This list does not include fans or silver boxes for gloves and jewelry. Miss Rich knows that such articles will be among her wedding gifts.

The wedding presents themselves constitute a considerable fortune. The mother's present is perhaps the most honorific, since she brings over a jeweler, perhaps Cartier, to create her daughter's marriage gift. Before he sails for America, Cartier gets possession of a million dollars' worth of the most magnificent diamonds and other jewels in Europe, including some that once belonged to the French crown. Madam choses the diamonds and helps evolve the design for a wonderful tiara. Other relatives take advantage of Cartier's presence to chose the stones for dog-collars of diamonds, corsage pieces of emeralds and diamonds, bracelets of sapphire, ropes of pearls and turquoise, and diamond rings. Gone are the days when the relatives and even friends used to give household furniture and linen. Friends may offer dinner plates of gold; a service of silver salvers; silver tea sets and silver chocolate services. After the presents have begun to arrive, armed men are hired to guard the rooms in which they are kept, for they will represent anywhere from two hundred thousand to a million dollars.

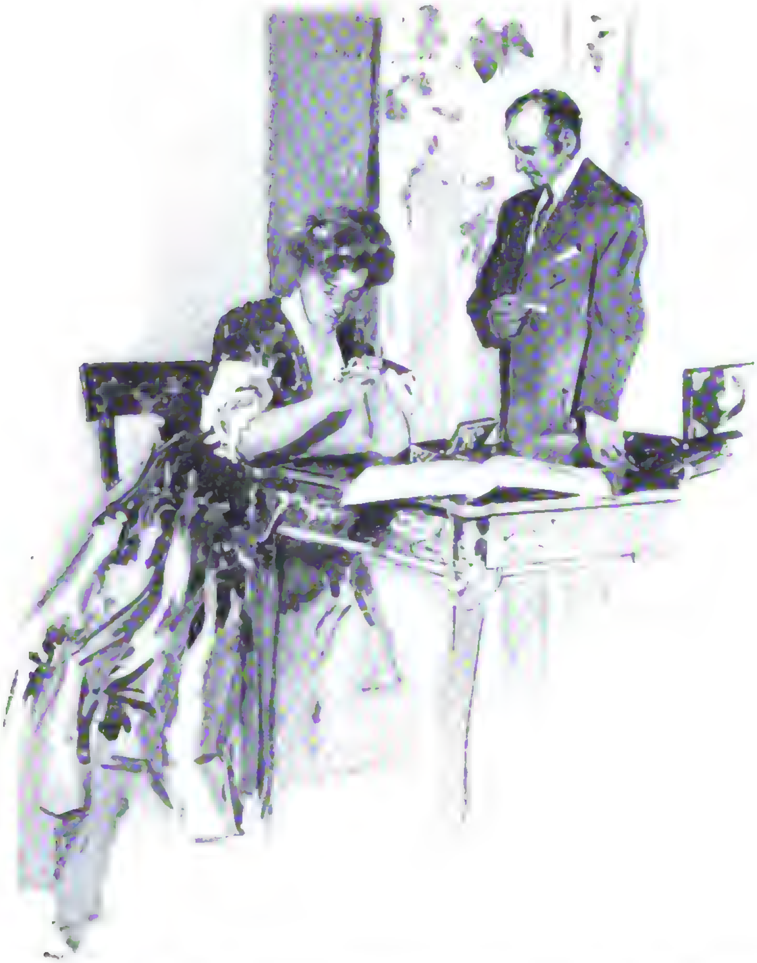


AT THE LAST MOMENT HER MOTHER ARRANGES THE VEIL

The responsibilities of the mother, however, do not end with these four orders. A more delicate task is that of arranging for the invitations to the wedding. Lavish display is a far less subtle sign of the family's distinction than the exclusiveness of the assemblage at the reception if not at the church. To dare to leave out certain people in the Four Hundred is a mark of superiority; and a splendid match and splendid wedding often gives the family the chance to dare. There are perhaps a thousand invited to the church, and five or six hundred to the house. Then if the couple is going abroad plans must be discussed with them for the spending of the honeymoon; a yacht or a château or a Hyde Park house must be engaged far in advance. The arrangements for the wedding breakfast are easily made. Madam has merely to tell her housekeeper to speak to a certain caterer. He will arrange for the foods and rare fruit and will import the necessary chairs. His bill will be between five and ten thousand dollars.

ENTERTAINING THE BRIDEGROOM'S RELATIVES

Miss Rich herself takes all the trouble and expense as a matter of course. She is a little tired of the extra functions she must crowd in; it annoys her to run the gamut of a line of photographers every time she steps out of her carriage, but like any girl she enjoys being a prospective bride. Perhaps she is the more elated if her fiancé is an English noble. If her fiancé is a titled foreigner, however, it means an expense of from ten to fifteen thousand to be added to the wedding. He will come over with his mother or sister or both, and his best man, and perhaps two or three other male relatives, who wish to visit America. Each of these persons has with him at least one body servant and one or two "boys" to wait on the valets; there is also a secretary and possibly a lawyer. The masters and mistresses must be given suites of rooms and their attendants must be properly lodged. Four or five servants must be added to the thirty or more of the



MADAM SELECTS THE GEMS FOR THE HALF-MILLION-DOLLAR TIARA FOR HER DAUGHTER

household in order to look after the visitors. But especially the noble newcomers must be entertained. It comes relatively cheap to invite people to meet them; they are sufficient attraction and the hostess need not offer a great singer or a unique ball. The chief expense comes in showing them the country. The places the English nobles have heard about are Washington, Newport, Bar Harbor and Niagara Falls. A special train must be chartered (a private car would be quite too shabby) and a special chef and waiters engaged. It is rare indeed for an Englishman to come to America without being able to go home and say, "They do you very well over there."

The hours are so crowded that the bride has no time to think over all her marriage is going to mean, and the mother has no time to remember that she is going to lose her daughter. But at least both know that every detail of their sumptuous show is to be cared for. The afternoon before the wedding the ceremony is rehearsed with one of the two assistant clergymen at the chancel, and the mother and mother-in-law elect and one or two family friends as critics. When the party has left the church the decorators begin their work, and in the house all night long soft footed men are putting up the delicate orchids and ferns. Doubtless when she opens her eyes in the morning the first question the bride asks her maid is, "Is the sun shining?" for it is a warming thought that wealth cannot take

FRANK SHEPP

CURIOSITY-MAD WOMEN DEFY POLICE IN STRUGGLING TO SEE THE BRIDE

away all the sentiment and sweet superstition from the heart of a bride. The family has had its money perhaps fifty years, but she has inherited a thousand years of soft bride flutterings.

WHEN THE SHOW IS ENDED

At ten the bride begins to make ready for the wedding. She is given a body massage, a facial massage and a manicuring by three specialists; a noted hair dresser arranges her hair; two maids dress her and at the last moment her mother arranges her veil. Then the bouquet that the bridegroom has chosen is given her—white orchids and lilies-of-the-valley, and she is ready to take her father's arm. Outside there are others who are ready for her; curious spectators have been collecting about the house since early in the morning. These are mostly women and children, some of them well dressed, their faces alight with curiosity.

A hundred policemen, several of them mounted have been detailed for the difficult task of watching the house.

Soon they see the carriage, coachmen and footmen, whip and bridle decorated with white roses; inside a blur of black and a flash of white stand for the bride and her father. The carriage proceeds slowly and the coachman has all he can do to restrain his high-spirited animals. Some women attempt to trot beside the carriage in their endeavor to catch a glimpse of the bride, while a daring photographer who perches on the back axle is only dislodged when a policeman smashes his camera. Meanwhile the church has been cleared for the bride. A number of women had slipped in while the finishing touches were being put to the decorations, and the policemen have found them hidden in the gallery and under the seats. About the church the crowd is so thick both of pedestrians and people in carriages, owned or hired, that some of the invited guests have had to leave their motor cars and walk two or three blocks in the wake of half a dozen policemen. Three hundred bluecoats are hardly enough to keep back the crowd who are banked up on each side of the canopy to a thickness of fifty feet. Some crawl under the canopy and are continuously ejected with dirty clothes and hats awry. When the bride's carriage stops, twenty-five policemen are necessary to help her to the door.

Inside the church the scene is conventional. While an organist and harpist of wide celebrity have played at the cost of five hundred dollars each, eight ushers have seated the guests, including the bride's mother and her noble mother-in-law to be, who have come in last. As soon as these two are seated the bridegroom and his best man leave the vestry and take their place by the chancel. The rector and two assistants are waiting. The bride, preceded by eight bridesmaids, goes up the aisle on her father's arm to the strains of the *Lehengrin* march. After the ceremony the husband and wife depart as Mendelssohn's wedding march is played. When they are at the door the chimes ring out and by superhuman efforts they are gotten to their carriage and driven home to go through with their reception. The bride cuts six bridal cakes; the guests look at her presents; and then everyone goes away. The show is done; the marriage is over.

TWENTY THOUSAND FOR THE HONEYMOON

Remains, however, the wedding journey and honeymoon. A week of it is spent at Newport, where a cottage with all that goes with it is got for the young couple at two thousand dollars. Then they sail for Europe in a suite of rooms which cost one thousand dollars; besides that they engage first-class passage for the private secretry, two men and two maids. The season of the year and their foreign associations determine how they pass the rest of the honeymoon. They may go yachting in the Mediterranean or in northern waters; they may motor through France; they may rent for a month a château in Southern France. If it is hunting time they may go to a shooting box (of forty rooms) in Scotland; or if the London season can offer large enough social inducements perhaps they take a house in Park Lane. This honeymoon means in money anywhere from ten thousand to twenty thousand dollars.

The rich bride, then, is about as expensive a luxury as her father permits himself. Counting the incidentals, which include clergyman's fees, extra servants, detectives, et cetera; plus the bills of florist, caterer, house decorator, musicians; the cost of entertaining the bridegroom's party; the purchase of the trousseau, and the wedding gifts—it is a conservative estimate to say that her total is a million and a half dollars.

Human life after all is a matter of standard of living. Fundamentally the hearts of the brides do not differ much; their common humanity is harder to reach on account of the trappings of the very rich, but underneath the ceremony and spectacle and show, who shall say that the costly bride does not have much the same sort of feeling as the clerk's new wife or the farmer's daughter under the apple blossoms?

TIMES SQUARE—HEART AND CENTER OF THE BRILLIANT NIGHT LIFE OF NEW YORK

The City of Brilliant Night

By Stuart Gould

Drawings by Edwin J. Meeker

"VIOLETS! Quarter a bunch." . . . "Extry! Wuh-hextry! All about the . . . !!" . . . "Tickets, lady! Two in th' orchestra here, lady!" . . . "Keb! Ke-e-e-eb!"

Ten thousand tightly dressed people afoot, in cabs, trolleys and subways swirl theatreward around the base of the Campanile-like Times Building. Some have come all the way from suburban towns in Jersey, Long Island, Connecticut and New York state, for here is the very heart and center of the Broadway theatre district, here they can move and glitter with all that is specious and brilliant in the night life of New York.

"Tell all the gang at Forty-second Street that I will soon be there," runs an old song. This is the very impulse that has moved these ten thousand. This is Forty-second Street and Broadway. Some call it still by its old nickname—Longacre Square. To the habitués it is known as "the Four Corners." To the world at large it is Times Square, happy hunting-ground for the sporting fraternity and the people of the stage.

Here are the gaudy restaurants, the "lobster palaces"—Rector's and Shanley's and Churchill's, the Knickerbocker "grill" and the Astor "Orangerie," and Considine's Metropole, rendezvous of prize-fighters and racing men. Across the street Kid McCoy had his diamond shop with his real name over the door—Norman Selby. Here Tod Sloan had his billiard hall. There Milton Roblee, "friend of the Tenderloin," tried his luck as a booking-agent for vaudevillians. But here everything comes and goes, with the whirligig of the giddy people.

Amid innumerable hoarse shoutings the vast, bobbing stream of theatre-goers eddies and seeps at last under the fierce electric signs into a score of playhouses. The streets grow quieter; the curtain is up! And the flag on top of the Knickerbocker snickers in the breeze to the flag on the Hotel Astor and both flaunt themselves upward toward the tower of the *Times,* aloof and silent in the cool blue night.

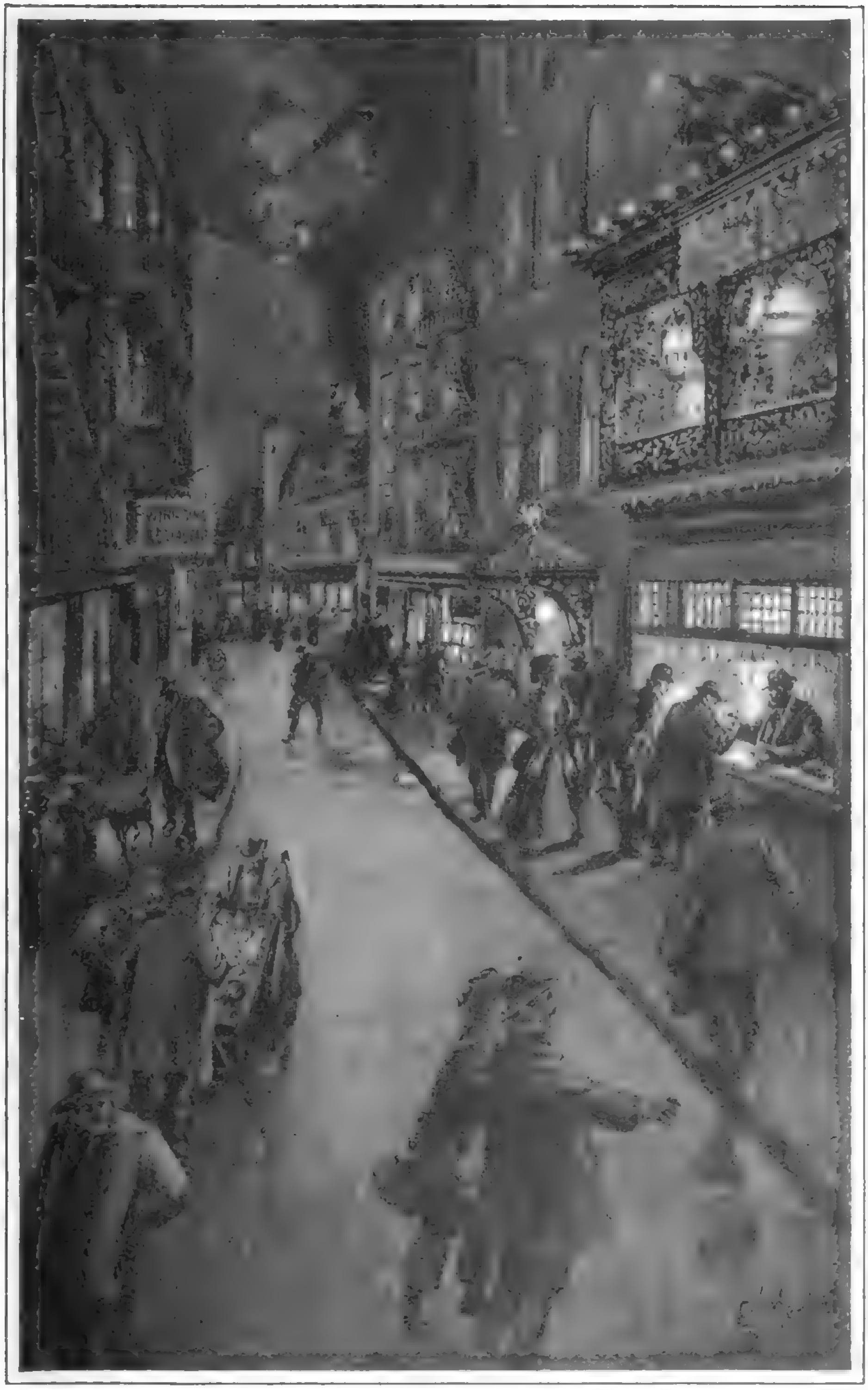
At midnight the Babel buzzes again; the playhouses spout their black, filmy jets back into the narrow streets. The traffic police manœuvre in feverish squads. The whole thoroughfare is blocked with coughing, grunting limousines, stalled street-cars, raucous-voiced cab drivers, masses and blocks of humanity. It is suppertime in the Tenderloin! And until two o'clock champagne will pop and lobsters broil in the palaces that line the square.

At last the old street grows silent; the myriad little footfalls of the seekers after pleasure have lost themselves. There is but one sound left—and that you cannot hear. It is down there in the roots of the Times Building, down below even the Subway, where the giant presses are thrashing out the news of the present morning.

THE EAST SIDE PARADE

The glory of the Bowery lies yellowing on the shelf alongside that of Rome, Athens and Carthage, it is true, but for all that the Bowery is still a very interesting place at night. The murderous gangs of Chatham Square have been scattered; Suicide Hall, with its memories of desperate girls and carbolic acid, has shut up shop; "Scotty" Lavelle is dead; "Big Bill" Devery lives in a mansion on West End Avenue, and only Chuck Conners in his pearl buttons, dinky cap and "Chimmie Fadden" disguise is left to tell the traveler of the naughty old street of yore. But for all that the Bowery still is the murky highway of the East Side slums, daubed with the good raw colors of low life. From Park Row to Chinatown you will see rank files

THE BOWERY—WHERE THE GREAT EAST SIDE COMES A-PLEASURING AT NIGHT



CHINATOWN—TWO CROOKED, NARROW STREETS BURIED IN THE BOWERY, MYSTERIOUS AND COMMERCIAL of "dead-houses" where five-cent whiskey (made on the premises) is purveyed, trashy nickleodeons filled with obscene pictures, rough-and-ready dance halls where the sailors congregate to two-step on the saw-dusted floor and listen to the waiters, clad in vests and aprons that have long ago given up all attempt at whiteness, sing "Good-bye Sis" or "I'm the Kid that Built the Pyramid."

In the daytime the street is calmly devoted to the petty commerce which goes on in its many little crowded shops—clothing stores, pawnshops, cheap restaurants, and the like. At night the great East Side comes up there, a-pleasuring, on its way to the polyglot theatres of melodrama and burlesque; and in among the orderly crowd rove the denizens of petty crime, the pickpockets and the panderers. That is the secret of it. The Bowery has become petty. Time was when murder was a bagatelle, and when "Eat-'em-up" Jack MacManus held a red and ominous name; but now the evil ranges only from burglary to stuffing a ballot-box. Overhead rumbles the old L road; on the streets the trolley cars clang; automobiles whiz by on their way to Coney Island, or, if they are the "sightseeing" kind, they turn off into Chinatown; and amid the noise and glare, the strident voices of the spielers stab into the dense shuffle of humanity on the narrow sidewalks, the close pack of motley flesh-flotsam made up of rabbis and drunken sailors, hucksters and young thugs, thin children and fat merchants, sightseers, broken girls with heartless pasts.

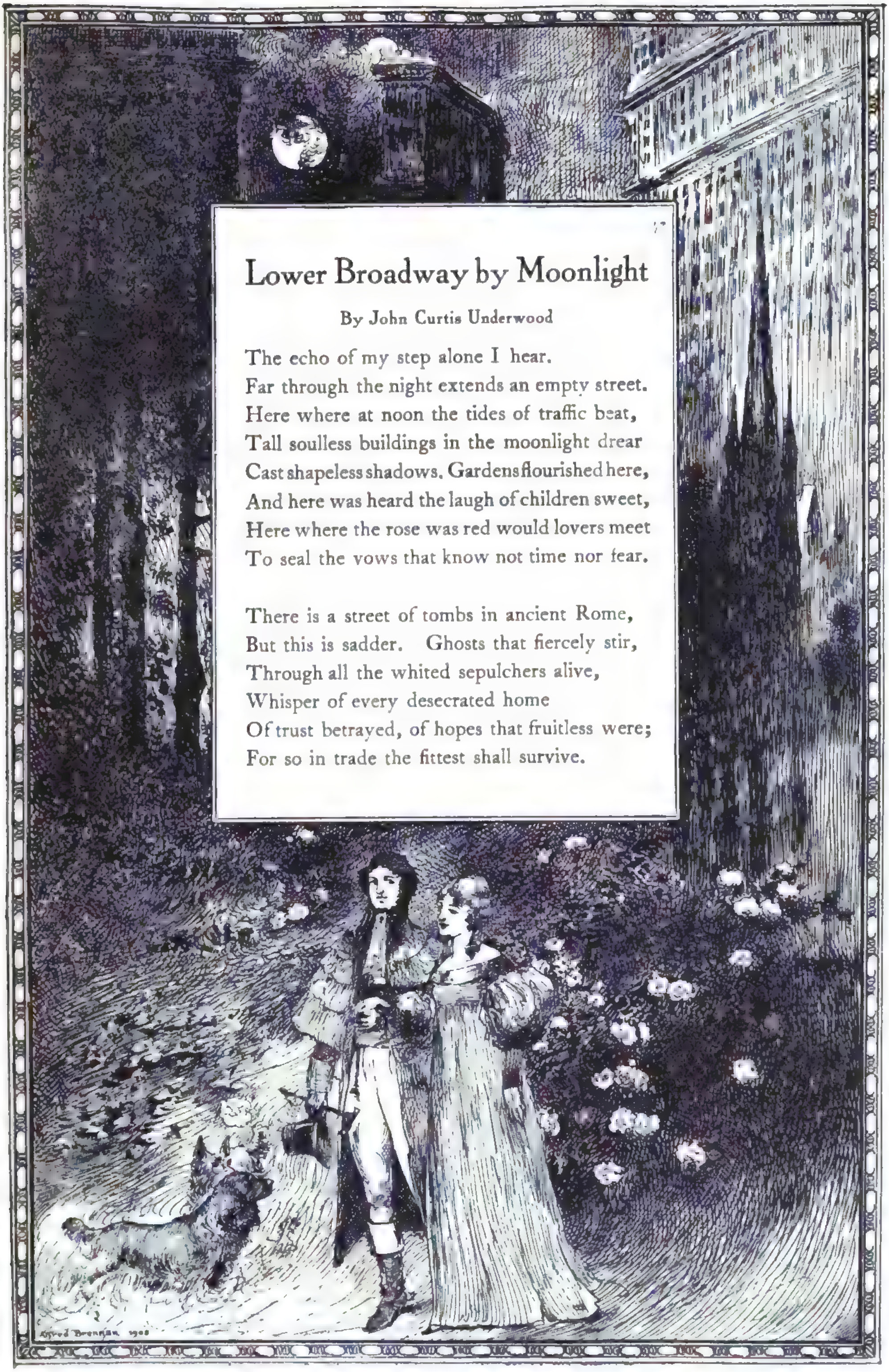
DELUDING CHINATOWN

"Oh, you must see Chinatown by night," says The Girl From Out There. "We took a 'Seeing Chinatown' auto and got a private detective to show us through there for two dollars and he showed us opium joints and highbinders and all sorts of things! He had to give mysterious knocks—signals, you know—on cellar-doors before we could get in. It was wonderful!"

But the bartender in the Chatham Square hangout will tell you that the private detective is a "bluff," even though he acknowledges at the same time that it is the only way for the out-of-town visitor to see the sights. Chinatown is buried in the Bowery. It consists of two crooked little streets running crookedly into another crooked street. There is very little that is mysterious about the quarter, which has become decidedly commercialized as a result of the fad for chop-suey parties in its restaurants. Bazaars sell trinkets to souvenir-gatherers where once "Nigger Mike" and the scum of the Bowery riddled the "hop" joints with bullets, and Mock Duck's cohorts menaced the police. Almost all the terror has faded from Mott and Pell and Doyers Streets; the most terrible thing there to-night is the noise that comes out of the Chinese theatre. This noise, which sounds like a hardware store carried away by a flood, suffices to drown out some very bad acting, wretched singing and worse dancing; and it can all be endured for thirty-five cents.

The street picture, however, is interesting enough after the electric lights are turned on in front of the restaurants. Chinamen in their native garb shuffle silently along the narrow sidewalks or loaf in front of their frowsy tenements. Occasionally one goes by clad in European clothing, his queue lashed tight to his head beneath his derby hat. Chinese women are seldom seen on the street, but the little children are very popular with visitors, who drop them many a small coin quite after the manner of tourists in a foreign land.

The brush and pencil tell the graphic story. Here are three portions, at least, of the City of Brilliant Night, a city where, at the end of day, all manner of novel sights may be seen amid "the mighty marching and the golden burning."



Lower Broadway by Moonlight

By John Curtis Underwood

The echo of my step alone I hear.
Far through the night extends an empty street.
Here where at noon the tides of traffic beat,
Tall soulless buildings in the moonlight drear
Cast shapeless shadows. Gardens flourished here,
And here was heard the laugh of children sweet,
Here where the rose was red would lovers meet
To seal the vows that know not time nor fear.

There is a street of tombs in ancient Rome,
But this is sadder. Ghosts that fiercely stir,
Through all the whited sepulchers alive,
Whisper of every desecrated home
Of trust betrayed, of hopes that fruitless were;
For so in trade the fittest shall survive.

The Strong Arm of Mrs. McGhee

By Mary McNeil Fenollosa

Author of "Truth Dexter," "The Breath of the Gods," etc.

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

MRS. McGHEE, freighted with an enormous bundle of Monday morning wash tied in a patch-work quilt, descended cautiously backward from a horse car at a certain East Side crossing. Her broad, rosy face, which during the ride had worn an ill-fitting mask of wrinkled anxieties, flashed into sudden beauty as the conductor gave a slight "ease" to her load.

"And thank ye wid me Sunday heart for that!" she cried in a voice that somehow held the mists and sunshine of old Ireland. She walked a few of the short blocks with the smile still on her lips and the lilt of an Irish ballad near the smile; then, entering more familiar streets, let them both die out, for here she was in the stronghold of her enemies.

The district, cut it where you will, presents a dull uniformity of aspect, as in slices from the same brown loaf of bread. Houses are of a height, smutted into tonelessness, with small, stingy windows in almost continuous rows, patched recklessly with wads of rag or paper, pasteboard box-tops, pieces of tin, and wood. The dust colored blinds, each with a different number of slats, depend precariously from a single hinge, except where, in more prudent instances, they have been tied or nailed back to the blistered wall. Uninviting door-steps lead upward to squalor in crowded cells, or downward into cellars where human toads and vermin have existence, blinking away, by the fan-shaped flare of a single gas-jet, the ineffable Thing called immortality.

For four unhappy years, ever since her mistaken marriage with Tony McGhee, this street had been her home. The fine laundry work which, little by little had become their only certain means of support, needed to be brought from distant quarters of the town. Yet Tony, congenially at one with the loose companionship of Grimm Street, had refused to move to a more convenient locality. Tony had been a trial, irresponsible, untruthful, nimble in deceit, and yet with a turn to "the tongue av him," which kept Molly in thrall. The good influence she hoped to exert had a depressingly close relationship to the number of dollars she let him get from her. After a time her hopes and her patience waned. Prying neighbors asserted that she even went to the length of personal castigation, her arm being stronger than his. However that may be, Tony retaliated in private and in public by insult and abuse. Within the past three days he had flung in her face the ultimate indignity of desertion, and for the sake of another woman.

At the new prodding of this wound Mrs. McGhee, now within sight of her door-step, swung into a defiant stride. One could almost hear echoes of bugles as she passed. The gelatinous burden went from side to side with a rhythm of its own. Behind the decimated blinds of houses, and up from the caverns under stairs, there peered, she knew well, the keen, malicious eyes of gossips. They chuckled at the sight of her, and whispered, one to another, "For all she holds her head so high, she could not keep her Man."

Whether one happened to wish to keep the man in question; whether, as in this case, the man were worth the keeping, had no bearing upon the mental attitude of Grimm Street. To have lost him, and through a frowsy, gum-chewing, worthless "mop" like Sadie Volkhommer, was enough to merit scorn. She passed a few sidling acquaintances with her usual pleasant "Good mornin' to ye."

They responded in the grunts or respirations of their kind, but, as she kept on her way, she felt their curiosity, like twigs of briar, catch at her skirts.

On reaching her door-step she could not forebear a single, upward glance to the tenement house directly opposite where in a fifth story window, two strange phenomena had recently appeared,—clean muslin curtains tied with yellow ribbon, and a pink geranium in full bloom. This was, after all, the unforgivable phase of it,—that Tony should have dared establish the creature within a stone's throw of his lawful wife.

The upward look, quick though it was and instantly withdrawn, had not escaped old Mother Mitchell, wittiest and wickedest denizen of the block. Her room was on the first floor, and she now threw back her blind so close to Molly that it almost grazed her ear.

"A pritty nest fer the love-birds,—eh, Missis McGhee?" she croaked.

Molly shrank back with an exclamation,—to be more accurate, it was an oath,—and let her burden fall. She looked up at the wrinkled, yellow face that seemed to belong to an ancient spider rather than a woman, and cried out bitterly, "If rheumatiz had caught ye in the tongue instid av the rum-soaked joints av ye,—the neighborhood would be betther off."

"Now don't be so onchristian, darlin'," crooned the old dame. "There's really news fer ye to-day."

"An' ye wouldn't be afther spakin' it but that ye think it will lay the iron against me," answered the other.

At this moment a second figure appeared, blocking the doorway. This was Mrs. Tode, the huge, vibrating wife of a pigmy tailor, who at that instant sat at work not six feet under ground from them. Behind Mrs. Tode came her inseparable companion, Mrs. Otto Schramm. Mrs. Schramm was an American, and wished every one to know it.

She stood on tiptoe now, throwing the javelin of her remark, "It's a judgment on 'em, ain't it, Miss McGhee?"

"She haven't heered it yet, she's that dam' delicate wit her feelin's," wheezed Mother Mitchell, her head thrust from the window.

"Will ye let me pass in, plaze," said Molly haughtily.

"My Gott,—she vill run away like dot an' neffer schtopp to hear how Sadie broke de leg!" exclaimed Mrs. Tode in a horrified voice.

Molly was but human. She let the heavy bundle rest against the wall.

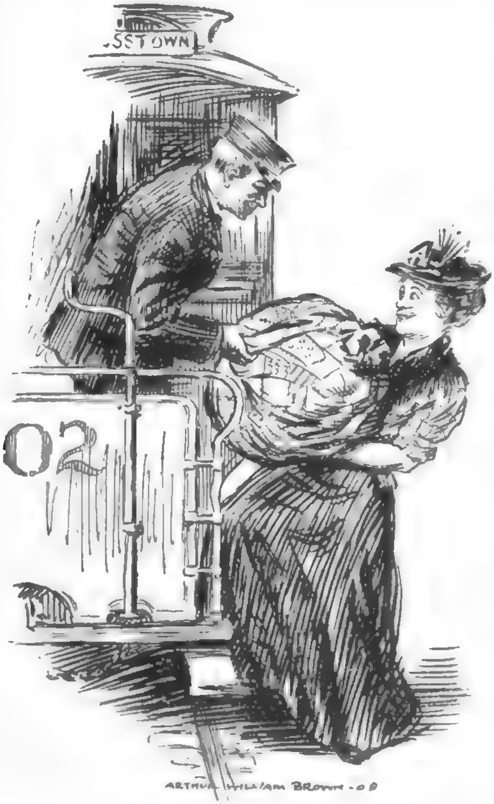
Mrs. Schramm was ready. "She an' your man, Tony, come home boozy las' night,—both on 'em, an' fell down two flights uv stairs. It was about one o'clock. My room's just across the street, and I heard the row an' run over. She was screechin' like a stuck pig, an' bleedin' buckets! Oh, it was awful!"

"Proke square in two," panted the tailor's wife. "Miss Schwamm here says you could haff doobled it over like a string uv Frankfurters."

"She fell on it doubled up like that, an' Tony fell on top of her. They found him sittin' on 'er, cryin' buckets!"

Molly could not repress a shudder of sympathy, even though, at the instant, a gleam of impious rejoicing lighted her heart.

Mrs. Tode renewed hoarse breathing, preparatory to further speech. "I vas dot grazy to see her bleed



"AND THANK YE FOR THAT," SHE CRIED

I could haff gried myself sick. But not dose stair-steps four time, mine Gott, not dose stair wit' de fatness on me!"

"I could have iled my old joints wid de devil's hair-grease jest to crawl up them four flights," squeaked Mother Mitchell from her coign. "I offered Schwamm and Tode a dime apiece fer carryin' me up—an' me don't weigh a hundred. But they wouldn't—the lazy loafers!"

"Dey knows you haff not god no time apiece," remarked Mrs. Tode.

"I run up again this mornin' to see how things was gettin' on," said Mrs. Schwamm, complacently, and glanced down at her thin frame in pride at its utility. "The doctor was there on the corner of the new red plush sofy. Sadie was layin' in bed with one of her new nightgowns run with purple ribbin. She looked like a picter in spite of her sufferin'."

"Have they put the poor trollope's leg in slats?" asked Molly.

"Enough to furnish a bed, or make a crate fer cabbages," declared Mrs. Schwamm earnestly, as if the size and number of the splints enhanced, in some mysterious way, her own importance. "It'll be many a day before she takes them flights of stairs again, if ever she does," added the narrator.

For the third time Molly balanced her bundle. "I'm one uv those that believes God knows His own business," said she. "But this ain't gettin' me wake's wash in soak. Good-mornin' to ye, ladies, and thank ye fer tellin' the news so friendly-like!" Before her audience had quite realized the deprivation, she had squeezed into the doorway, through the dingy hall, and had begun to mount the first long flight of steps.

"You'd better be goin' up an' do the Good Samaritan stunt on Sadie, Miss McGhee!" screamed Mother Mitchell, after her.

"To hell wid your Good Samaritan an' you too, ye owld witch!" muttered Molly. She did not pause, and as she went her way could hear the jibe and titters converging toward the appropriate nucleus of the "witch." Fragments of their words were audible, and Molly's face grew scarlet, and her warm heart cold.

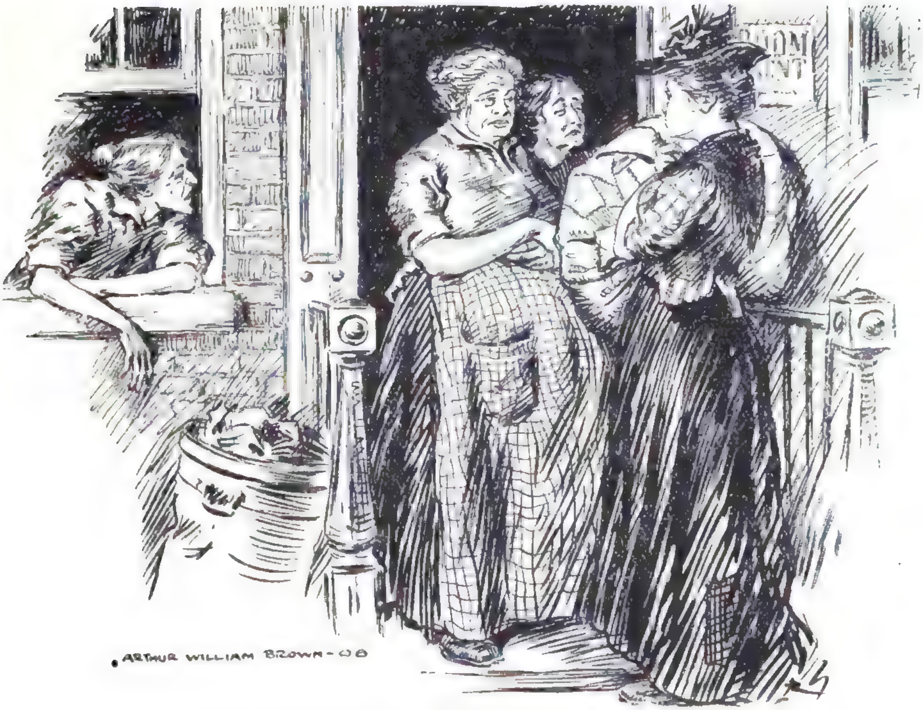
The steps that she now mounted were so narrow that she had to calculate her space by inches, especially in lowering her burden to escape the projecting lintel of the floor above. The second flight was darker and more precipitous. At the top of the second her own door waited. It was a back room, not a front, and there were no clean starched curtains or pot of pink geraniums, but it was two flights up instead of four. Four creaking, slippery, unlighted hills of steps, and a street-loving, empty-headed girl caged at the top of them!

Molly kicked wide her door—few keys are used in Grimm Street—and, with a sigh of relief, let fall her burden. The place had a clean, almost a virginal look, since Tony and his bottles had departed. She liked it far better as it was. She walked slowly across the bare boards and flung a window wide. A great rush of spring air came in, and she threw back her head to welcome it.

The view she looked upon was not inspiring. From each point of the compass old houses backed, like carts, up to a single opening of air, a sort of quarry-pit dug out of squalor. The space was crossed and strung by myriad strands, as though some giant spider in the night had spread them. If so, he must have been a trifle disconcerted by a survey of his spoil. Red flannel undershirts, old calico gowns and bifurcated cotton garments cannot be appetizing, even to a spider. Each pair of lines was manipulated by a small pulley, such as the one attached beside the window of Mrs. McGhee. Property-rights inhered even in the stringing of these lines, that the blankets of Mrs. Tode, for instance, displayed semi-annually to critical eyes, should not depend upon the "railroad wash" of Widow Scofax. Already the multitudinous flags of industry waved in the April sun. Molly could not recall a time when sunshine had filled the gray court with such a golden joy. A small jet of flame, just lighted for the heating of irons in a neighbor's room across from her, became a tissue petal, with no radiance.

She turned back, eager to begin her own week's work. The corners of the patchwork quilt were untied, and then began the counting. "Shirt-waists—six." Such pretty, delicate lingerie waists, it was a pleasure just to touch them. They had a perfume, too—not of the sort one buys in bottles, but the fragrance of a clean soul and body, and of delicate thoughts.

The garments of the young husband came next. These were not so pleasant be-



"PROKE SQUARE IN TWO," PANTED THE TAILOR'S WIFE

cause of the hint of cigarette smoke, reminding her unpleasantly of the truant Tony. She had never realized how unimportant was Tony to her well-being until he ran away. If only the manner of it had not been a challenge, a thing she must resent!

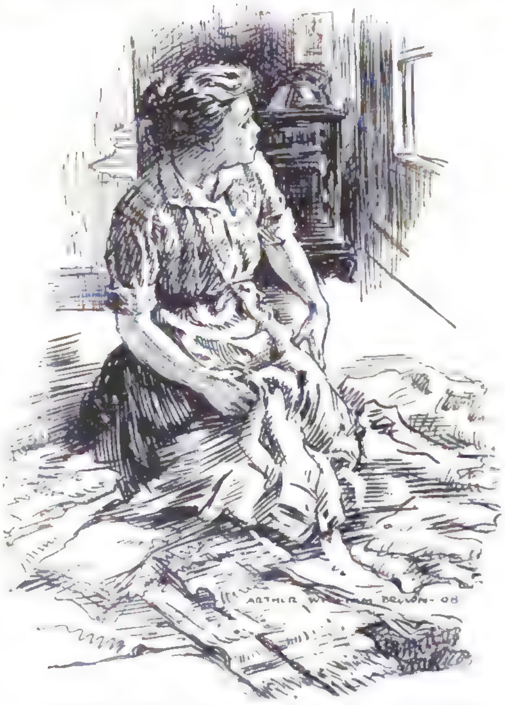
Now she had begun to sort the baby's clothes. At first, small linen suits with belts, such as become a man of two. Here were the pigmy undergarments, so ridiculous in size and shape that one must smile at them, even while the tears came. That was an enchanting baby—from the initial period of long flannels and acorn-cap, to the present hour, he had increased in lovability, learning to call her "Moy-yie," and to run with upstretched arms each Monday morning when she rang. Only that day he had withdrawn from a cryptic nook his latest treasure, a dead mouse, hid there to show her. The young mother, watching them, had cried, for the twentieth time, "Oh, Molly, why don't you leave those horrible slums and live with us? I need you more than Tony—and think how happy Baby would be!"

Yes, almost anyone, Molly thought, needed her more than Tony, but that was the very reason she must stay. She gave no hint of the recent outrage, feeling the time had not come, and responded to the question with her usual smile and non-committal nod. But, on the long ride home, the thought of the kindly words, the knowledge that she would be welcomed, in her own right, to a home of cleanliness, peace and order, ran like a singing stream among the rocky places of her reverie.

She thought now, a little wearily, how glad she would be to go this very hour, to scrape the slime of Grimm Street forever from her feet, to turn her back to all—the malice, vulgarity, backbiting, misery—without seeming to make inglorious retreat. If she went now while the curtains were stiff and the pink geranium blooming in the window, the gossips of the street would laugh together as they said, "She couldn't stand fer it to see her Tony happy. Sadie has got the better of her every way." For ever, in that neighborhood, she would be branded as a woman who could not face the music. And though she loathed the district, had always loathed it with every fiber of her healthy body, the Irish pride flared up in her at the thought of being called a coward. If only, in some miraculous way she could force them all, old Mother Mitchell, Mrs. Tode and Mrs. Schramm with their associates to believe, openly to acknowledge the fact that she did not pine for Tony, that, to use her own words, she would not have him back "Strung from the shmall head to the fut av him wid spharklin' gems," then she could take her leave with dignity. "Perhaps, after all—the Good Samaritan act——" She paused, both hands filled with baby garments, to consider the suggestion, but shook her head, after an instant, and resumed her counting. No, Mrs. Schramm would say she only went to see the red plush sofa, the new china set and the night gown "run" with purple ribbon.

"One—two—three—*eight* checked aprons for the baby. God love the midge," said Molly, softly. Nothing speaks more eloquently of irresponsible, healthy, happy childhood than a soiled gingham apron. Molly's lips twitched as she marked, on one, a huge stain of crimson jelly—pilfered, no doubt—and drew from the Lilliputian pocket of another two matches, a broken button and a wad of mildewed dough.

"Underwaists—one—two—three—four——" She paused again. Four flights, and a girl who had wronged her tied to a bed of suffering. Molly wondered who was "tendin" the invalid. All the men and all children over five, as well as most of the able-bodied women, had gone to work. Even the few who, like herself, could bring the work home, needed to make each moment one of toil. No one had time to sit beside the bed of Sadie Volkhommer and listen to her vapid conversation.



A HOARSE CRY CAME UP FROM THE STREET

Molly caught up a nightdress from the floor. It shimmered with the fineness and whiteness of its linen threads and had little ornament besides a wreath of hand-embroidered violets about the throat, and a corresponding band across the bottom of the short kimono sleeves. Sadie had never seen a thing so fine, would probably never see it, or, if she did, would still admire more her own coarse embroidery and colored ribbons.

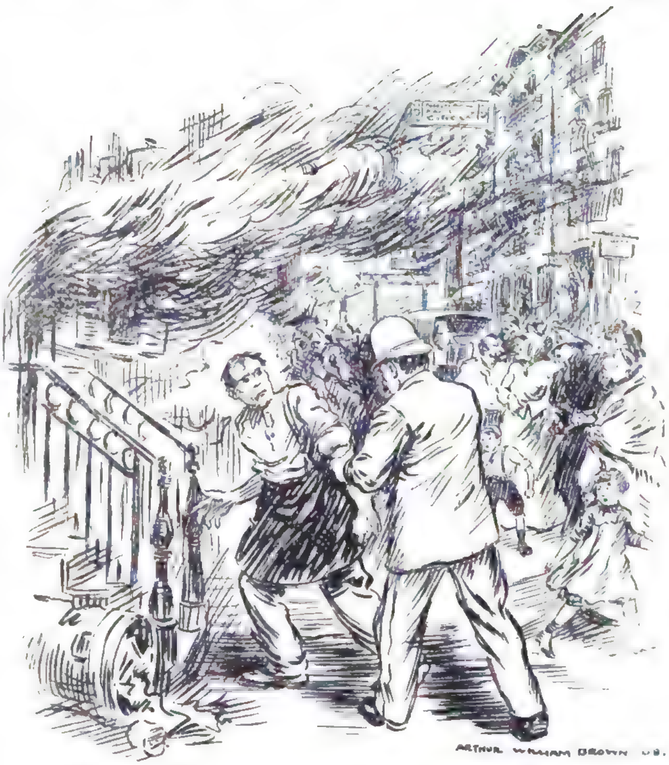
Four flights up, and chained as surely as if she were a wild animal in a cage! The factory where Tony worked was half a mile to the south. Suppose an accident should happen while all the strong ones were away! Suppose—a fire! At this thought Molly gasped. Monday morning fires were not unknown in the East Side. Carelessness in heating irons, makeshift methods of boiling water, neglected children—these agents had, more than once, led to tragedy. If such a thing should befall the street today! The thought fastened on her and would not be shaken off. There was a horror, yet a fascination. In vain she told herself that even though it should happen it was no business of hers. The week's washing was what concerned Molly McGhee just then, not revenge at unknowing hands.

Not only was the girl's leg broken, but an unskilled doctor had weighed it down with bandages and wood. "Enough to make a cabbage-crate," Mrs. Schramm had said. Only a strong man could carry such a burden down four flights. Tony could never do it, even if he arrived in time. Molly thrust out her right arm and drew up slowly her clenched and quivering fist. She felt the splendid muscles slip, one over the other, like velvet shuttles under the delicate skin. She laughed for pure joy of it and said aloud, "Yes—I could do it—I—Molly McGhee—but though I could, the divil-a bit——"

A hoarse cry came up from the street. It sounded like "fire." Molly shook her head, and smiled quizzically as, again, she addressed herself. "Bats in me belfry, as Misses Schramm would say!"

Again the cry came—twice repeated, "Help, somebody—Fire—Fire!" This time there was no mistake. For a fraction of an instant Molly stood paralyzed with a superstitious fear. If fire rose, it was her own wicked imagination that had kindled it. She went down the stairs like light, and fell over Mother Mitchell, who was crawling out. "What is it?—where's fire—ye dam fools—can nobody tell nothin'!"

Molly tore her skirts from the old crone's detaining grasp, and ran into the street.


ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN 08.

"SADIE—SADIE!" HE CRIED

Tailor Tode was emerging, looking more than ever like an earth-spider. Heads were thrust from windows, and then, as if at a signal, the tenements began to empty themselves into the street.

A woman and two children darted out, as if pursued, from the tall house opposite. Molly clutched her arm. "Is the fire in there?" she asked.

"Yes—yes—the whole back is ablaze. Old man Josky must 'a lef' his lamp agin!"

Mrs. Tode bore down like a dolphin in a school of minnows, Mrs. Schramm playing the usual rôle of swordfish at her side. "Sadie Volkhommer is up top there. Who's goin' after her?" the latter shrilled.

A groan ran through the street. No volunteers came forward, but all eyes turned upward just in time to see, thrust from a fourth story window, a tousled yellow head and a face green with agony. As they stared, stricken with the horror of the moment, a maniac's voice screamed down, "You devils youse—down there—will you leave me to roast like a pig!" She hurled the pink geranium down upon them, and tore her curtains with the rods. Reaching back she caught up her precious ornaments, toilet belongings, books, even the new lamp, casting all down in a frenzy.

A window in the second floor broke with a crash, and a volume of smoke, centered by a living wick of flame, reached out across the street and flattened against the stolid walls. Through it could still be heard the screams and imprecations of the prisoner.

The tailor, Tode, now spun around on his bandy legs, like a figure at the end of an invisible wire. Molly went up and shook him. "Ye little meller-bug, go push the fire alarm," she cried to him. He was off, as if the wire had parted. At this moment the first policemen reached the scene.

"And now," said Molly, slowly and distinctly, so that as many as possible could hear, "It's up to me to be climbin' four flights an' save my Tony's new uffinity."

It was fat Mrs. Tode that clutched her. "You tam fool voman! Dot Sadie, she eez not worth the savingness of you. Mine Gott, no. She eez not worth——"

Molly laughed out. "Lind me the loan of a wool coat, plaze somebody. The owlder the better. An' a woolen shawl to save me hair. And whin the fire-boys come," she added, "don't be in a hurry to send them in. This is me job, an' I want no hilp to do it." With the last syllable she was gone. A great puff of angry blackness rushed out as she entered.

Mrs. Schramm's falsetto voice arose. "Now whot do you think of *that?*" she enquired of the assembly.

A second window broke, and then a third. The interior of the house, it seemed, must be an even mass of flame.

Now to the uproar welcomed sounds were added, the rattle of hurrying engines, clatter of horses' feet, sounds of whistles and gongs, and then the loud, silken swish of hose being dragged to the nearest plug. The rhythmic "Shoof—choof" of the pump and the silent efficacy of the swarming firemen did much to calm hysteria. Sadie's screams had stopped.

Tony McGhee, in leathern apron, bare headed and frantic with fear, shot into the street. His first glance was for the house where Molly lived, his second to the fourth story window. At first it was blotted, for him, with smoke; but even as he stared in horror a clearing came, a sudden refluence in the current of the fire drawing destruction inward, and leaving rows of blackened window-holes. From one where a pink geranium had so lately bloomed came a small, stealthy flame, a serpent from the eye-socket of a skull, moving this way and that tasting the acrid walls on either side, and then withdrawing.

"Sadie—Sadie!" he cried aloud, with a rush of tears. "She's up there in the fire."

"What's that you are saying?" demanded the fireman. "A woman up there?"

Mrs. Schramm could contain herself no longer. "There's two on 'em, an' Mike's Sadie wid a busted leg!"

"An' Molly don't want none uv youse buttin' in," bellowed Mrs. Tode.

"Grip at his coat-tails. Hol' him away from Molly McGhee," cried old Mother Mitchell. "It's de right thing by Molly, it is!"

But already, with muttered exclamations of horror, the tall officer and a comrade had started in at the door. The gaping crowds could see them half dissolved in smoke, fighting their way inward. The men at the hose played about them on wall and floor. The street held its breath at the intensity of the moment. Then the men fell back a little. Still with their faces inward, they came toward the street, step by step backward. At the doorway they drew aside, and it looked as if the tall officer gave a military salute.

The crowd, now swollen to a multitude, moaned as it fell back also. There was a clear semicircle on the pavement directly in front of the steps. Upon the dripping flagstones crouched a single human figure, that of the shivering, chattering Tony McGhee.

Molly came out of the door, her head held high. In her arms was a strange, distorted burden. Sooty water ran down from the pair in rivulets where the life-saving stream had found them. Molly's round face and her arms were scalded to raw flesh; the thing that she held quivered and moaned incessantly, and seemed to wish to hide its face in Molly's breast. The bandaged leg, half charred, stuck out at a hideous angle.

"Where's Tony McGhee?" demanded Molly. Physical agony gave a shrill edge to her voice. A new outburst of sobs and incoherent words from the man on the pavement answered her. "Stan' up on yer hind legs, Tony McGhee," said Molly, "an' let the people see me give you back your uffinity!" She laughed wildly as he stumbled to his feet. Two firemen led him forward.

She almost threw her burden into his arms. "She's singed a bit," said Molly, "an' ye'll be afther gettin' her a yellow wig, but she's all there, an' welcome to ye. Welcome to ye, says I!" screamed Molly. Then the outstretched arms of the bystanders caught her, for pain had done its work.

"A munt in the horspital an' she's good as new," remarked an officer, judiciously, after he had given the ambulance call. "An, God! what pluck!"

The denizens of Grimm Street, meeting each other's eyes, could only shake their heads and mutter acquiescence. They knew well that Molly McGhee had won release from them and from. herself, and that Grimm Street was to see her no more.

"And what do you think of *that?*" murmured Mrs. Schramm, as the ambulance clattered away. But no one tried to answer her.

Is Our Standing Army a Suicide Club?

By Rupert Hughes

Author of "American Soldiers in the Making," "Our Falstaffian Army," etc.

Illustrations from Photographs

EDITORIAL NOTE—Whether the potato-bug is more important than the American soldier is up to the people of this country to decide. To-day Congress votes more money to exterminate agricultural pests than it does to guard the United States army from disease. Of 170,000 men enlisted during the Spanish War there were 158,000 camp hospital cases. Two thousand six hundred and forty-nine men died without ever leaving American soil. Fourteen soldiers go down from disease where one is bullet-stricken. An army must be guarded against itself. We have remembered the Maine. Let us remember the horrors of Chickamauga. They will be repeated unless Congress votes No.

Captain Hughes emphasizes the need of a strong military medical force with sovereign sanitary powers. Delay in remedying existing conditions is suicidal. Read this article. Then urge your Congressman to give the soldier a square deal.

"WHEN Johnny Comes Marching Home!" There are not many tunes so lively and inspiring as this pæan of reunion—a happier excuse for a quickstep would be hard to find. But how often has it happened, in the fortunes of war, that Johnny does not come marching home! I do not refer to the Johnny who is left dead on the battlefield—there is no more honorable place for a man to lay his body. I refer to Johnny who had not the luck to win his red badge of courage, but fell under the yellow flags of disease.

It has happened all too often that Johnny has come home on a cot, or has limped along the street like a dismal skeleton, scrawny and wasted, unheroically wanting to cry, and weaker than a woman.

You must have seen this sight just after the Spanish War. You had God-speeded some regiment or some company from your own town going down the street on a hike to glory. You saw the "boys" come home old men. Probably not one of them had got any nearer the enemy than Chickamauga. Chickamauga was the name of a splendid battlefield in the Civil War. It became the name of a scandal in our Spanish War. In the battle of September 19, 1863, the Union side had sixteen hundred and forty-four men killed. In 1898 at Chickamauga and other camps, such as Montauk Point, Tampa, Cuba and Porto Rico we lost three thousand six hundred and eighty-one men by disease.

After the Spanish War the return of the regiments was one of the saddest sights ever witnessed in this country. Those who returned, as those who did not return, had known what it was to have no food, or rotten food, to lie in the rain amid unspeakable filth. Accounts of some of the homecoming transports after the war sound like that ship of horrors described by the Ancient Mariner.

This is not the place to recall the tragedies of that time. It should be enough to recall the ferocious indignation of the country, the wild cry for the heads of all the persons guilty of such spendthrift indifference to human life. We vowed that we had learned a lesson. We made heroic resolutions. Our motto was *Never again!*

Well, what is the result? How do we stand to-day? What if there were a war next week? What preparations are made for the quick handling and the proper care of the large army we should suddenly require?

Here is the answer: The medical de-

HOW THE WOUNDED WERE CARED FOR BEFORE SANTIAGO; THIS WAS THE "FIELD HOSPITAL" OF SHAFTER'S ARMY

partment of our army, small as it is and run down as it is, has only two-thirds of the medical officers required to care for it now in the piping times of peace. There is absolutely no provision made or making for the protection of the health of the volunteers in time of war.

We shall have Chickamauga over again!

We shall have another Montauk Point scandal!

We shall have more transport horrors!

Is there a way to prevent a second such atrocity? Yes; a way, and an easy way. Its only fault is that it will cost something. In the long run the investment will pay a hundred-fold, not only in money but in human lives. Unfortunately it involves some outlay in advance, and the exercise of some foresight in place of so much hindsight.

Is the potato-bug more important than the American soldier? The triumphs of our agricultural department are things to be proud of, but the liberality of Congress in helping farmers fight insects matches ill with its grudging attention to the needs of the armies of men that have fought, and will fight, men as well as microbes. Both people and plants are the prey of smaller organisms that multiply against them for their destruction. The plants alone have found a doughty and munificent protector in Congress.

Yet Congressional inaction, in regard to interstate hygiene and especially military hygiene, is not so much to be marveled at by one who understands politics at all. The sending of seeds pleases certain definite voters. The promulgation of a cure for some plant ailment means an improvement in crops, a gift of actual cash to certain constituents. But it could not possibly aid the election of a congressman to indulge in a mere act of far-sighted patriotism concerning a national army to be enrolled at some future date. Should disasters overwhelm that army the blame will always fall on the general in command, never on the congressmen smug and snug in Washington.

When at the outbreak of the Spanish War, Congress voted fifty million dollars in one swoop, everybody loved Congress, nobody rebuked the lateness of the gift, nor blamed Congress for the disgraceful condition of our military affairs. I would not seem to indulge in any cheap and rubber-stamp satire on this poor old common target. Congressmen are as patriotic as anybody else, and as honorable; perhaps a little more patriotic, a little more honorable than the average. But in certain fields it is necessary to berate Congress because Congress is the only source of relief, the only obstacle to reform.

SOLDIERS ARE SHAMED INTO DESERTION

When we had our war with Spain, the showing of the volunteers was so bad—in spite of our braggadocio—that we enlarged the regular army. Then that was allowed to run down at the heel. A determined crusade has been waged to raise the pay to such a point that a fully self-respecting man can go into the army and not be shamed into desertion. But assuming that everything were in ideal condition for the prompt mustering of an assemblage of men able to defend our coasts from insult and ravage, there yet remains a greater and graver menace. Over one danger looms a larger danger that threatens any American army with worse disaster than even the boldest enemy could inflict.

ARMIES DESTROY THEMSELVES

It is a curiously horrible truth that great armies have almost always been more destructive to themselves than to the enemy. An army is a suicide club, destroying itself more rapidly than it does its adversary.

Armies are cities—cities that move from place to place. They rarely stay in one spot long enough to arrange for its real sanitation. They march out into the open country and in a few days they and their horses have so polluted the entire region that soil and stream are reeking with danger. Flies and mosquitoes and rats gather in armies and occupy themselves with the business of disease. Soldiers grow careless of apearance in camp. They take a pride in slovenliness and are too brave to be afraid of ordinary sicknesses. Their own fingernails are more dangerous to them than is an ambushed enemy. Soldiers throw refuse about carelessly and consider that what is left in another's neighborhood is removed from one's own. They will not stop to boil water when they are thirsty. They do not hesitate to gobble unfit food or to evade any restriction that is not enforced with a bayonet.

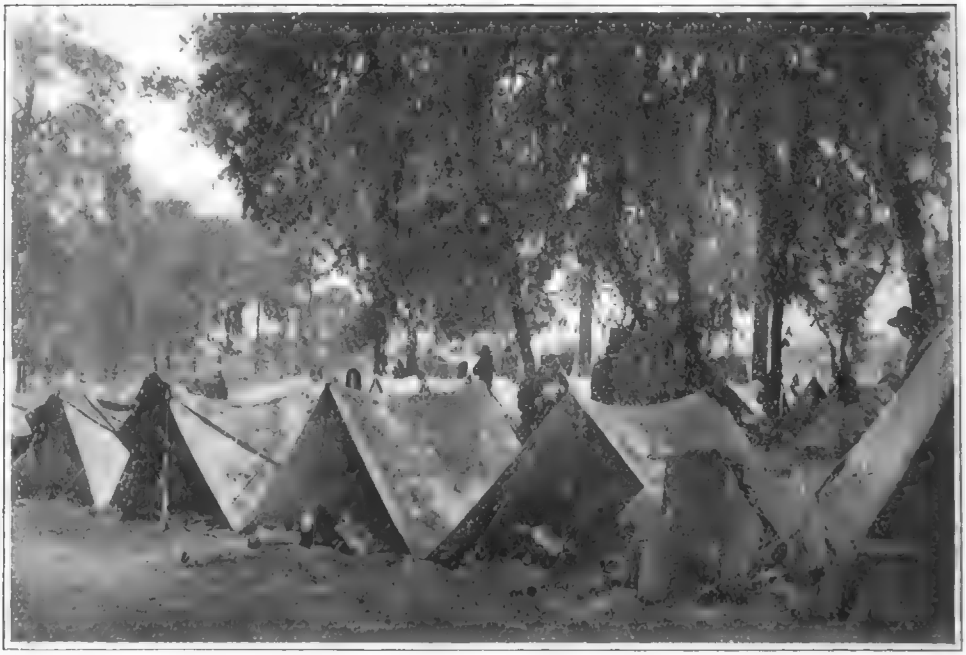
To keep an army from suicide two things are seen to be absolutely necessary—a strong medical force and a strong support of its authority. Neither of these has ever dignified our armies.

Instead of being a place where danger multiplies from within, an army camp should be the safest of all resorts for a healthy man to visit. Only in such a place can he and his neighbors be subjected to the most rigid watchfulness, the most cautious feeding, the purest air and water, and the most regular exercise. In our armies, as was the case with the Japanese armies, the medical authority should be well nigh supreme. In a city, the Board of Health is always given almost despotic power. This should be even more true of a military encampment. There should be a trained hygienic expert traveling with the cavalry screen that moves far ahead of an army like the antennæ of an insect. This surgeon should test the wells and the streams and only by his express authority should they be approached for drinking purposes. The foraging parties should have an expert with them to prevent their bringing in diseased cattle, hogs, fruits and foods of all sorts.

JAPANESE VERSUS AMERICAN METHODS

With the main body of the army the surgeons should be very numerous and very active, inspecting the food and the methods of the cooking, the water and the boiling of it, the tents of the men, the persons of the men down to those ten dangerous enemies, the fingernails. There should be more facilities for hot baths—the Japanese found them practicable in the bleakest fields. They simply dug holes in the ground, placed on top of these primitive ovens iron boilers filled with water. When the water was hot enough, and not too hot, the soldier

U. S. ARMY MEDICAL OUTFIT IN CUBA DURING SPANISH WAR



A TYPICAL RECEIVING CAMP IN THE SPANISH WAR; UNDER SUCH CONDITIONS OUR VOLUNTEERS LIVED FOR MONTHS

stripped hastily in the raw Manchurian air and crawled into his tub. He leapt out again, scrambled into his clothes and exercised till he was past the danger of a chill. In this way the decencies of civilization were regarded and the soldier's health conserved. It would be disgusting to tell how rarely our soldiers bathe in a winter campaign. There should be a power to make the men use nets whenever they are subject to the attacks of the fever-laden mosquito; and flies should be treated as spies.

ARMY DOCTOR DEMANDS MORE POWER

There should be officers whose one business it is to select the most wholesome camping grounds, and except in cases of actual military necessity, to insist that troops shall not be kept in unsanitary surroundings. There should be officers and details to attend to sewage and kindred matters; for the digging of proper drainage trenches to protect the army from itself is as important as the digging of trenches to guard the line from the enemy's bullets.

This department should be numerous enough and of high enough rank to enforce upon line officers and upon the enlisted men a religious respect for health laws until sane and sanitary ideas become as much a habit as pointing the business end of the gun toward the enemy.

In our Civil War 304,369 men died on the Union side. Of these 44,000 were killed in battle and 49,000 died of wounds and injuries; that is, 93,000 perished at the hands of the enemy. But 186,216 died of disease, and 24,000 of unknown causes.

Only 526 men in the whole army actually committed suicide, yet in a very real sense nearly 200,000 men made away with themselves. This enormous army perished at its own hands by diseases now all rated as preventable.

The statistics of mortality do not indicate the whole loss an army suffers from disease. During the Civil War 285,245 men were discharged for disability—an immense army put out of action without expense to the enemy. Furthermore, every man who spends even a day in the hospital is an integral loss. He might better be held by the enemy because he would be eating the enemy's food and absorbing the attention of a guard. During the Civil War the army hospitals of the North treated over six million cases.

THE MODEL CAMP AT JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION; EACH TENT WAS DOUBLE-ROOFED, HAD A WOODEN FLOOR AND WAS SURROUNDED RY A DRAINAGE TRENCH

Since then the revolutionary principles of antisepsis and asepsis have been discovered. They have made it possible to prevent plague and to annihilate disease at its inception. There is no longer an excuse for the pestilences that used to bewilder as well as baffle science.

In our Spanish War we had the advantage of the latest knowledge. Yet our record is not pretty. It is in some respects worse than any previous record. About 170,000 men were enlisted and within three months 158,000 of these were hospital cases in camps within the uninvaded borders of our own country. Two thousand six hundred and forty-nine men died without even leaving American soil. In the bloodless conquest of Porto Rico only three men fell in hostilities, while 262 died from preventable causes. In the Philippines in 1898, only 17 men were killed, while 203 died of disease. Cuban soil was more dangerous, but even there only 239 died in action or as the result of battle, while 567 died of disease. The total loss in Cuba and out was 3,681 lives from disease, 259 from wounds. This was to the loss from bullets as 14 to 1.

JAPANESE SOLDIERS IN THEIR PRIMITIVE FIELD BATH TUBS

When Japan fought China in 1894 her soldiers died in camp like flies. The Japanese, seeing a war with Russia to be inevitable and realizing that their little island could never compete with an empire covering one-sixth of the habitable globe, determined to follow the principle that a penny saved is a penny earned, or, in other words, that every man kept out of the hospital is a new recruit. The medical department was given unheard of authority and it responded with unparalleled success. At the end of the Russian war the ratio of death by disease and by wounds was completely reversed, the loss in battle being 58,887 and the loss from disease 27,158. Had the Japanese lost in their old ratio or in the normal ratio of three or four to one, they would have taken from the heart of their population at least 150,000 vigorous men. *They would have lost the war!*

Should we have a great war—as we must have some day—we must count on the enrolling of an army at least as large as that of Japan in the Russian conflict. Should we keep up the proportion of our Spanish War losses, and sacrifice fourteen to disease to one by wounds we must multiply the loss of 58,000 in battle by this shameful fourteen and stand ready to accept a loss by disease of—well, multiply it yourself. I don't dare to set the figures down.

Let it be remembered, too, that every one of these victims of disease was received by the army in perfect physical

LATRINE INCINERATOR AT JAMESTOWN—A NEW LIVE-SAVING DEVICE

trim; for your weakling would-be soldier is rejected by the surgeons.

Should anyone complain that the expensiveness of the military preparedness forbids us to take proper steps to prevent future atrocities of this sort, let him remember that *our pension list costs us more than any standing army on earth.*

AN ARMY OF PENSIONERS

The enormous cost of letting a soldier die goes on the fourth generation in the form of pensions. Between 1862 and 1907 this country had paid out three and a half billion dollars in pension disbursements to a total of nearly two million claimants.

In our little Spanish war, actually lasting about six weeks, we managed to land about 20,000 men on foreign soil, and, as I have said, we lost of these in battle less than three hundred; yet the rolls of our Pension Office carry 24,000 beneficiaries, 19,000 of whom are still living with shattered health. And 18,000 more claims are pending. We shall soon have about 40,000 Spanish War pensioners on our list. That is a force nearly as large as our present standing army.

Doctors' bills are heavy, but a doctor in time saves nine. Admitting then the axiom, that an ounce of prevention is cheaper and wiser than a pound of cure, what has been done to prevent a recurrence of the intolerable scandal of our Spanish war camps? Nothing—absolutely nothing!

In his last annual report the secretary of war said:

"Since the Spanish War no proper provision has yet been made, although the matter has been repeatedly called to the attention of Congress, for bringing the medical department into a condition of strength and effectiveness that would enable it to meet the responsibilities and to perform the services that would be exacted of it in time of war."

The want of sufficient inducement in the way of pay and promotion caused six young medical officers, among the ablest and most promising in the corps to resign between July 1, 1906, and July 31, 1907. It also made it impossible to secure ten suitable candidates for the last session of the Army Medical school.

In one of his recent messages President Roosevelt wrote:

"It's not reasonable to expect successful administration in time of war of a department which lacks a third of the number of officers necessary to perform the medical services in times of peace. Unless we now provide with ample forethought for the medical needs of the army and navy, appalling suffering of a preventable kind is sure to occur if this country ever goes to war."

Assistant Surgeon-General Philip F. Harvey declares that the insufficiency of the officers and the "glaring inequality in rank between the medical and other staff corps have had a two-fold result, namely, a lowering of the *esprit de corps,* and a failure to attract a sufficient number of desirable candidates to fill vacancies. Resignations of some of the best members of the corps have resulted from this cause, and there has been a constant and disabling shortage of assistant surgeons. *Enormous sacrifice of life to preventable disease would again be certain* during the first period of operation under present conditions."

Bear in mind the great earning capacity of a skilled specialist in civil life. In the army, with all its hardships and uncertainties of station, a surgeon with the rank of first lieutenant gets only sixteen hundred dollars a year, a captain two thousand dollars and a major twenty-five hundred dollars. It is small wonder that men of ambition pass by on the other side.

PRESENT SYSTEM IS SUICIDAL

The organized and official Medical Department of our army merits, indeed it cries aloud, for immediate reform. It suffers from manifold defects: first, it has too few men; second, those few are wrongly organized; third, their organization has too little power.

The surgeons of our army are at the mercy of the quartermasters for transportation. They have no real control of supplies, or of sick and wounded.

There are no medical inspectors, the sole inspectional authority lying in the hands of line officers, who are, of course, absolutely ignorant and incompetent in matters of surgery and medicine, as well as overworked in their own fields.

There is no department of pharmacy with all that it should mean in relieving the medical officer of infinite bookkeeping details.

There is no department of experimental work to adapt the new scientific discoveries which are revolutionizing all modern life.

There are no medical *attachés* to foreign countries and foreign wars to keep our country abreast of the rival nations of the world.

CONGRESS DOES NOTHING

There has been for some time a bill before Congress meaning to remedy a few, though not all, of these outrageous delinquencies. This bill is known as S 1424. It has been forced through the Senate three times, but the House always buffets it back with some new amendment. March 16, 1908, the House returned it with changes reducing the additions to the Medical Corps to six colonels, eight lieutenant colonels, forty majors and sixty captains and first lieutenants!

Even this bill has not been considered sufficient by Major Louis Livingston Seaman, who has devoted years to the crusade for the betterment of our medico-military conditions. He has drafted another bill introduced by Representative Cooks, of New York, with several additions which he considers vitally important.

Dr. Seaman went as surgeon-major with the First Regiment of Volunteer Engineers to Porto Rico in 1898. It was this experience of American military hygiene that led Major Seaman to devote the rest of his life to amending its barbarous conditions. He has seen practically every war that has been waged since. He feels that our country needs, not only a vast increase in the number of its military surgeons, but a great increase in their authority in their special departments. It used to be thought that an army corps must of necessity be a place where disease should be rampant. But this was only because in earlier years preventive sanitation was practically unknown, and in later years because it has not been accepted in its full value by line officers naturally greedy of authority.

At the Jamestown Exposition the final blow was dealt the old superstition by Surgeon-Major Chas. E. Woodruff who kept a command in a notoriously unhealthy site in a state of almost perfect health. This experiment succeeded ideally because the questions of diet, of clothing, cleanliness and of general health were left in full charge of a medical officer. He feels that the most important person to discipline is the ignorant line officer who calls the sane hygienist a calamity howler and resists his mandates.

Major Woodruff and his subordinates devoted especial attention to the incineration of all refuse. Drain pipes were laid from the kitchens so that waste water should not be thrown on the ground as usual, to collect flies. Kitchens and shacks were carefully screened; flypaper was used, and insect powders were sprayed about, because the neighboring camps were not kept clean.

HEALTH BY COURTMARTIAL

The soldiers were compelled to use mosquito bars and it is a graphic proof of the indifference and practical helplessness of soldiers, that it required a threat of courtmartial to keep the mosquito nettings in place. Ditches were dug to drain pools where mosquitoes might breed and jungles of brush were burned. Drip cans spread oil contantly over surfaces of water that could not be drained. Every bucket and barrel in camp was inspected daily for larvæ. In this way mosquitoes were practically exiled from this camp though they swarmed elsewhere.

All the water used was boiled and kept in cans with a spigot to avoid the use of a dipper. Only three cases of typhoid appeared in the camp, and they were due to outside infection. But the patients were instantly removed, their belongings burned or disinfected and the soldiers who had come in contact with them were kept in quarantine.

Special provisions were made for shower baths. Officers and men were absolutely forbidden to eat outside the camp, even at restaurants, and every effort was made to teach the soldier that a sanitary life is the first duty of a soldier. It is not strange, but it is ugly, to note that many of the line officers made constant resistance to the restrictions, though it is their one great responsibility to set an example of healthful living and to safeguard the health of their men. The encouraging fact about Major Woodruff's triumph is that it proves what Americans can do, once they make a scientific effort with authority to support it. In his own words:

"We have violated all known rules as to the selection of camp sites, and lived in situations which formally destroyed armies. Henceforth, as always before, camp sites should be selected so as to avoid the dangers of bad water, filth, malarial and low grounds, but if the military necessity arises and we are consulted, we can say to the commanding officer: 'General, if you will give the Medical Department carte blanche to do as it pleases without going into long-winded explanations, you can camp your army any place this side of hell, and we will keep the troops healthy and ready for you when you want to engage the enemy.' After living six months at the Jamestown Exposition I really believe that we could safely invade the inferno and whip the devil."

It is possible to take care of intelligent men intelligently officered and rigidly protected against their own heedlessness. It requires, however, special knowledge, special training, and special authority. We have not enough medical officers for the present needs of our little regular army, and what is worse, as I have said, absolutely no provision is made or is in making for the sudden and enormous expansion following an explosion of war-frenzy such as we have known in this country. Our wars have always come quickly and have always found us shamefully unprepared, awkward to a degree which we should find disgusting in any other nation.

THIS IS YOUR PROBLEM

In urging an increase in the medical force, President Roosevelt uses the phrase, "If this country ever goes to war." Is there anybody so optimistic as to believe that this country will never go to war?

Remember that this concerns not merely some shadowy army of the future, vague as a mirage upon a distant horizon. It concerns *you* and *you* and *you*, whether you are a man or a woman. If you are a man you yourself may leave your home in patriotic ardor and return to it a corpse or a fever-shattered ruin without ever having the ghost of a chance to meet the enemy or to serve your country. If you are a woman it may be your own brother, your son, your father, or your husband whom the country will lure away under brave banners and thrilling music, only to return to you a box of wasted bones, or a gaunt invalid who will have no stories to tell except of pain, of ague, of helpless weakness, and of the pitiful frustration of a patriot's holy zeal.

The Art of Thomas Hovenden

By Florence Finch Kelly

Illustrations from Paintings by Thomas Hovenden

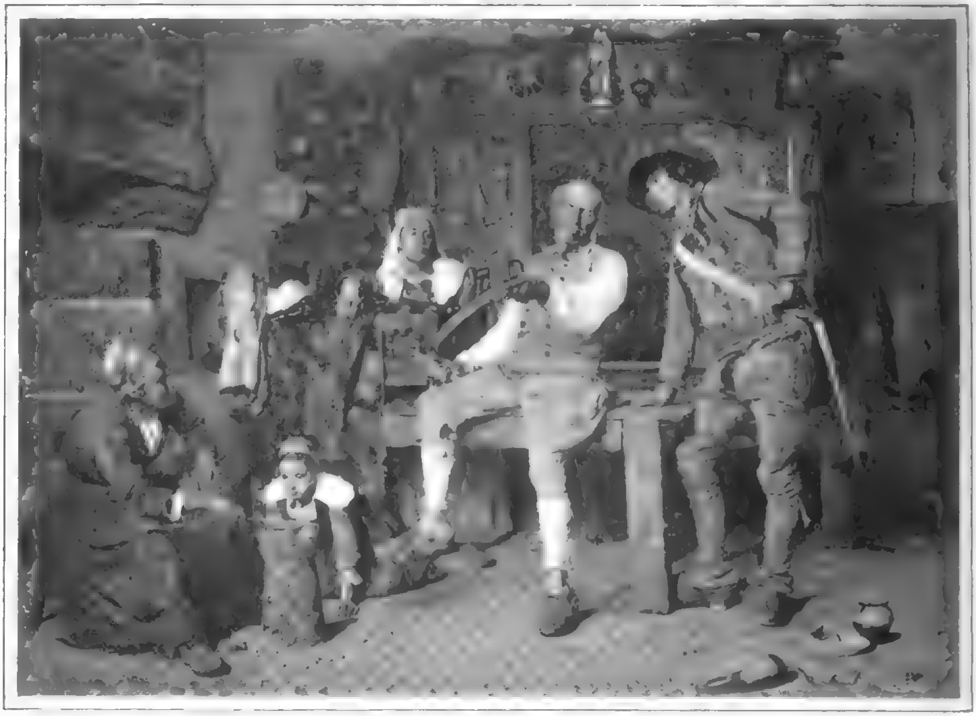
AMERICAN art suffered one of the most deplorable losses that have ever befallen it on that August day in 1895 when Thomas Hovenden gave up his own life in the effort to save that of a little child. As he descended from a trolley car at his home in Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvania, he saw a little girl trip down the steps of the car and start across the adjacent railroad tracks. The same glance showed him a moving engine just emerging from behind a freight train and almost upon the child. He sprang to her rescue, and in a second more both child and man were beneath the wheels of the engine. Both were instantly killed—victims to that American heedlessness which has sacrificed an army of victims at railroad crossings. In this case the tragedy is all the more deplorable because of the great public beneficence of such an artist as he, and all the more pitiful because he had headed a persistent struggle of the town's people to compel the railroad to furnish adequate protection at this particularly dangerous place. By reason of his energy and determination they had all but won success when his death occurred. A near relative, writing soon after his death to one of the artist's friends, spoke of his carefulness with children and of his constant watchfulness to secure their safety and their pleasure, and added: "It was no mere co-incidence that he died for a child. He loved them, every one."

THOMAS HOVENDEN

Mr. Hovenden was born in Ireland, in the county of Cork, in 1840, although his ancestry harks back to an old and well-to-do family of Kent, England. His earliest art training was obtained at the art school in Cork, but at the age of twenty-three he came to New York, with a heart full of hope and aspiration, and possessing little else. He had before him the problem of earning his livelihood and trying to become an artist, too. So he worked days at whatever came handy and spent his evenings at the night school of the National Academy of Design. It was eleven years later, in 1874, when he reached the point at which he could devote himself entirely to the study of art. Then he went to Paris, where he spent six years at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, studying part of the time under Cabanel. During a goodly portion of this time he worked at Port Aven, in Brittany, where, together with Robert Wylie, an American artist who died there in 1877, he founded a sort of colony for American artists, which is still one of their favorite resorts.

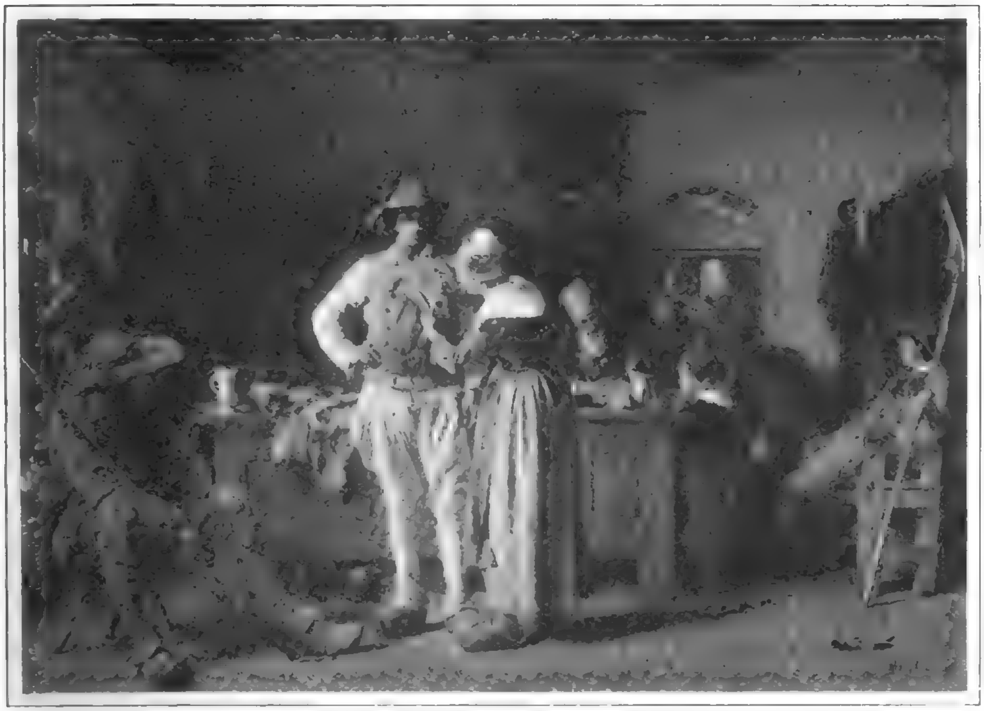
To these years of work in Paris and Brittany belong the Breton pictures which brought reputation and success to Mr. Hovenden as soon as he began to exhibit them. "The Sword Sharpener" was painted in 1878 and "In Hoc

Signo Vinces," his next work, was exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1880. It attracted a great deal of attention both there and in New York, where it was shown the following year. Mr. Hovenden painted a number of Breton scenes—"A Brittany Woman Spinning," "Pleasant News," "Loyalist Peasant Soldier of La Vendée," "A Breton Interior," and several others—all of which were exhibited in New York or Paris or both. Their strong, true, appealing qualities brought to the artist immediate appreciation. Thomas Hovenden did not have to undergo the heart-wearying struggle of years of unrewarded work. Pecuniary success and artistic appreciation were his almost as soon as he began to exhibit. But he did not sue for public appreciation until he had earned it. Years of earnest study and the hardest kind of work had gone to the training of his capacities and the perfecting of his technique before he asked for the favor of the public. When he did begin to exhibit it was not as one with little to say and half trained in the means of expression, but as a man understanding and loving human nature, with an eye trained to observe and a hand skilled to interpret what he saw. And it happened that his pictures were seldom exhibited more than once, except by loan after purchase, for they were usually bought at their first public appearance.



THE SWORD SHARPENER

In "The Sword Sharpener" Mr. Hovenden has recreated a scene of the Vendéan insurrection of 1793, when the peasants of La Vendée rebelled against the Revolution. The young soldier looks on anxiously while the old sharpener with critical eye examines the blade. At one side the old wife is busy making bullets, and, indeed, the entire family, save the baby asleep in its cradle, is deeply interested in the warlike preparations. To the same period belongs the scene of "In Hoc Signo Vinces," in which a peasant wife fastens upon the breast of her husband the sacred heart and cross. One can feel the tense nerves, the anxiety and the grim determination of the men and women in this picture. The comrades of the soldier are waiting for him, through the open window can be seen the heads and the weapons of the surging mass outside that is ready to join the army. Both of these pictures are very faithful in furniture, dress and accessories to the home

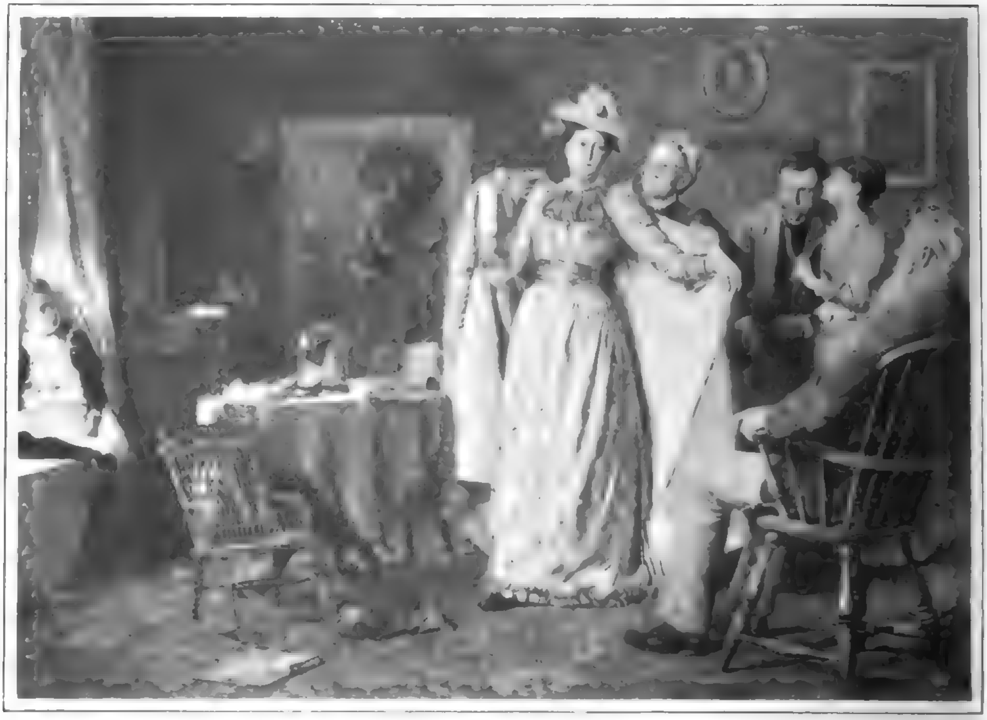


IN HOC SIGNO VINCES

life of the Breton peasants. The big old chest and the wonderful carved bedstead Mr. Hovenden bought from families in which they had been heirlooms since before the Revolution. The chest is still in Mrs. Hovenden's possession, but the bedstead was lost in a fire which consumed the artist's studio at Plymouth Meeting, destroying a large part of his valuable collection of old furniture and draperies, a short time before his death. These two pictures are both in private collections in Canada.

Mr. Hovenden's next important work was the large canvas, "Elaine," which found a permanent home in the Peabody Institute, Baltimore. It shows "the lily maid of Astolat" upon her bier, covered with cloth of gold, in the hall of Arthur's palace at Camelot, whither the "dumb old servitor," now crouched beside her pillow, had steered her death barge. At one side stands the king, in his hands the letter which he has just finished reading, and by him Queen Guinevere gazing sadly upon the fair face, while grouped about are the knights of the Round Table and the ladies of the court. The picture is one of wonderfully rich appearance, because of the beauty of the carefully painted robes and accessories and because of the color, which takes its keynote from the sumptuous cloth of gold draping the bier. In its beauty, its tender sentiment and its pathetic charm this canvas is a perfect interpretation of the scene which marks the climax of the Tennysonian idyll. "Elaine" was painted mainly in Paris, but was finished after the artist's return to America and was first exhibited in New York in 1882.

It was not long after Mr. Hovenden's return that he began painting those canvases of negro life and character which showed such a remarkable power of sympathetic interpretation. He established his home at Plymouth Meeting, a picturesque village twelve miles from Philadelphia. His studio was remodeled from a building in which the first abolition meetings had been held, years before, and which had been one of the stations of the Underground Railway. In such surroundings an artist of his keen sympathies and peculiar gift for the portrayal of character would inevitably be moved to the depiction of negro life. Two of the best known of these canvases, "Chloe and Sam" and "I'se So



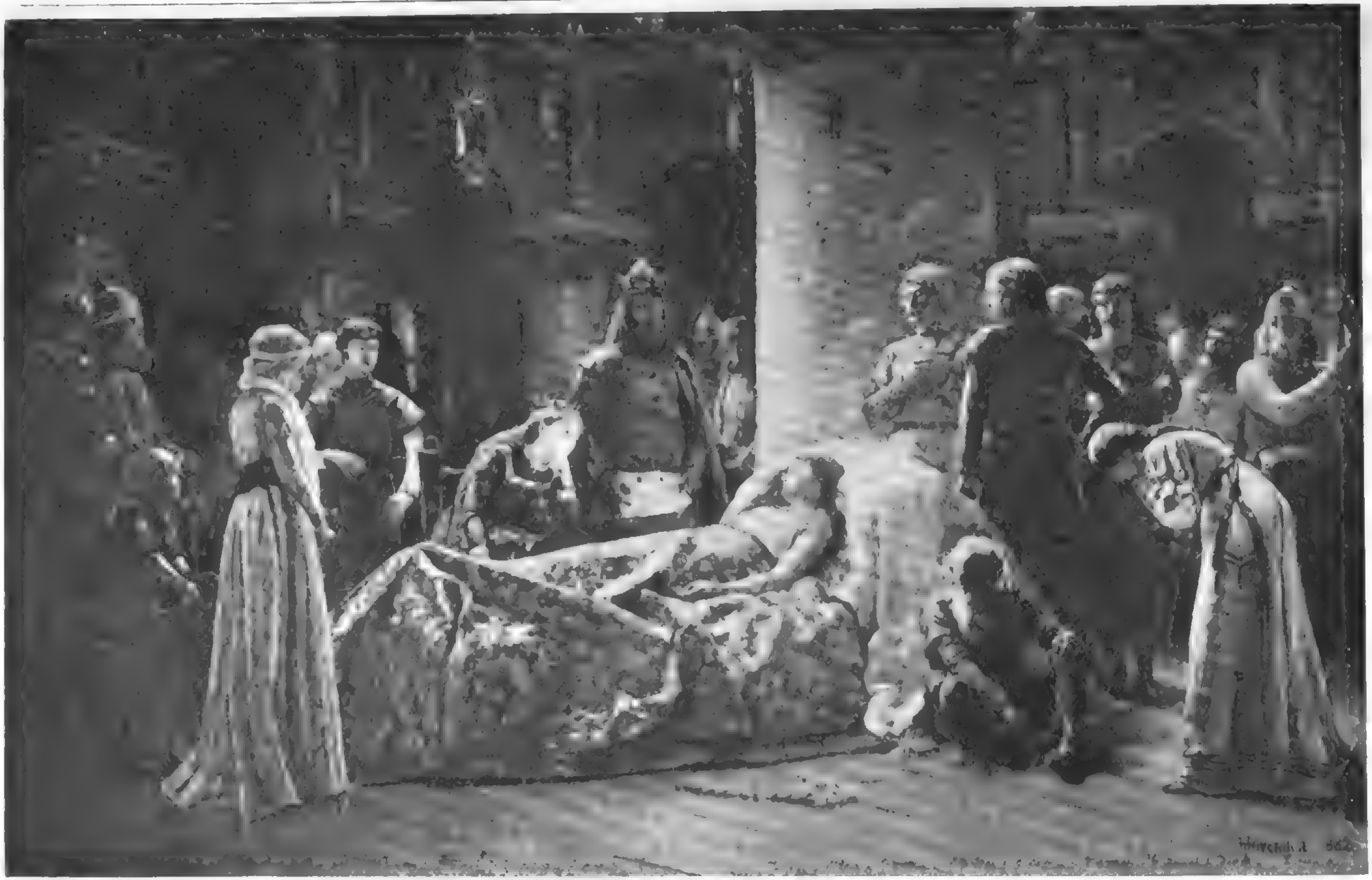
In the collection of John Wanamaker

BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE

Happy, were added, as soon as they were shown, to the Thomas B. Clarke collection in New York. It was in this studio that he painted the "Last Moments of John Brown," now in the Metropolitan Museum in New York City. It depicts the same alleged incident which Whittier celebrated in his well-known poem beginning, "John Brown of Ossawattomie spoke on his dying day." Brown is shown descending the steps of the jail on his way to the scaffold. His arms are bound and a rope is round his neck. Behind him stand the jailer and the sheriff, while rows of soldiers flank the steps. From behind the soldiers peer the faces of slaves, eager to look upon the man who is about to die because of his mad effort to liberate them. A negro mother with a child in her arms has pressed her way to the railing and the condemned man stoops to kiss its brow. In painting this picture Mr. Hovenden worked from photographs of John Brown and made his figure as near a faithful portrait as was possible. For the surroundings he visited the scene, talked with the jailer and got from him descriptions of Brown's appearance and of the officials and others who were with him at his death.

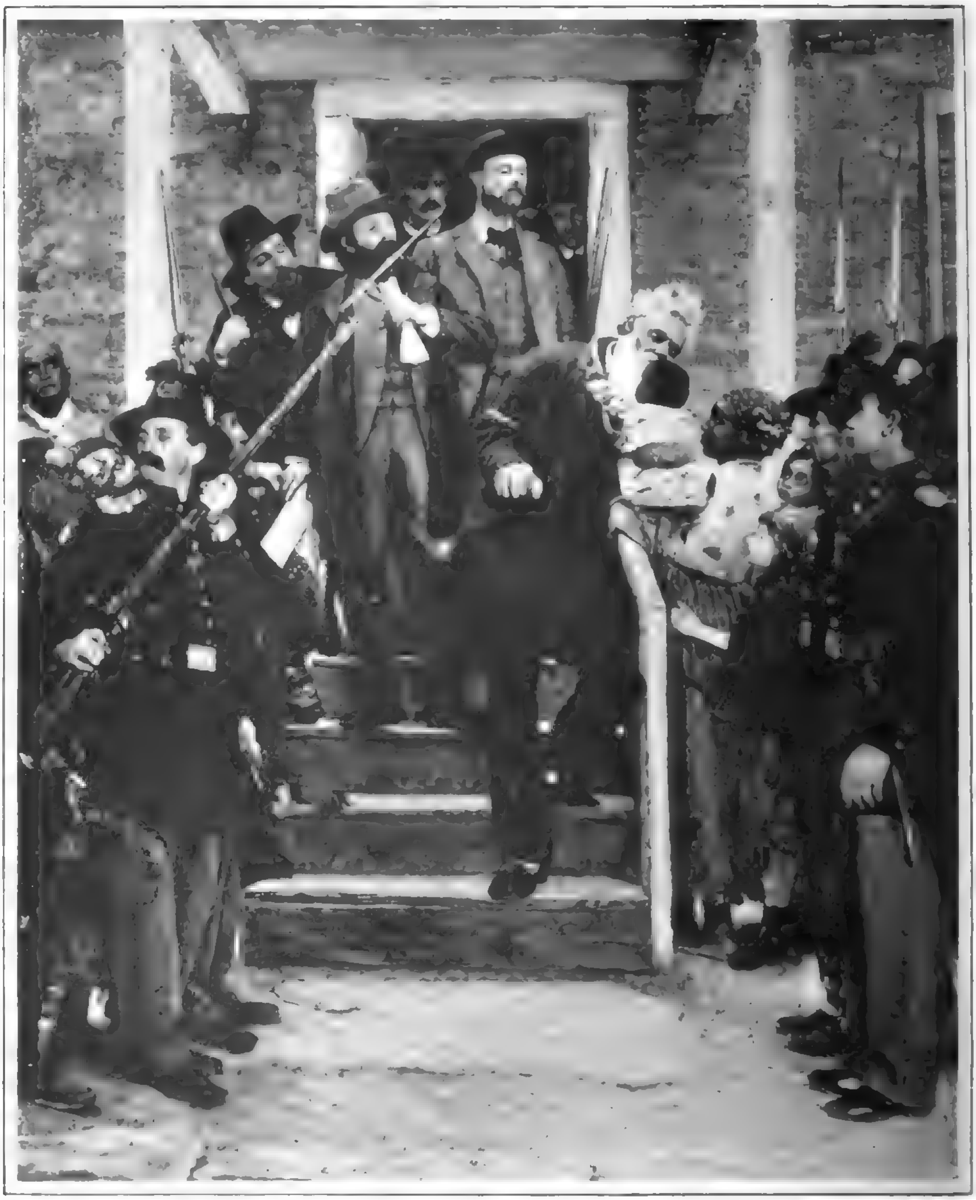
Much doubt has been thrown upon the incident of the kissing of the negro child. John Brown's jailer who, of course, was in close attendance upon him all the way to the scaffold, did not believe that it occurred. Whether or not it really happened is of little moment. For it was the spirit of the man rather than actual fact that both poet and painter endeavored to portray. Both saw beneath "the old, harsh face" and beneath "the shadows of his stormy life" the yearning love and sympathy for lowly, shackled men and women and the high ideals of freedom that had incited him to bloody and desperate deeds.

It was characteristic of Thomas Hovenden that he should wish to portray the underlying tenderness of heart and nobility of purpose. For his own character was that of the generous, warm-hearted, kindly man in whose eyes the good in his fellowman is always of more importance than the evil. "He always saw the good in people," said Mrs. Hovenden to me, "and in his estimate of them the good always overbalanced the bad. He trusted people and would



In the Peabody Institute, Baltimore

ELAINE



Copyright by Thomas Hovenden *In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y.*

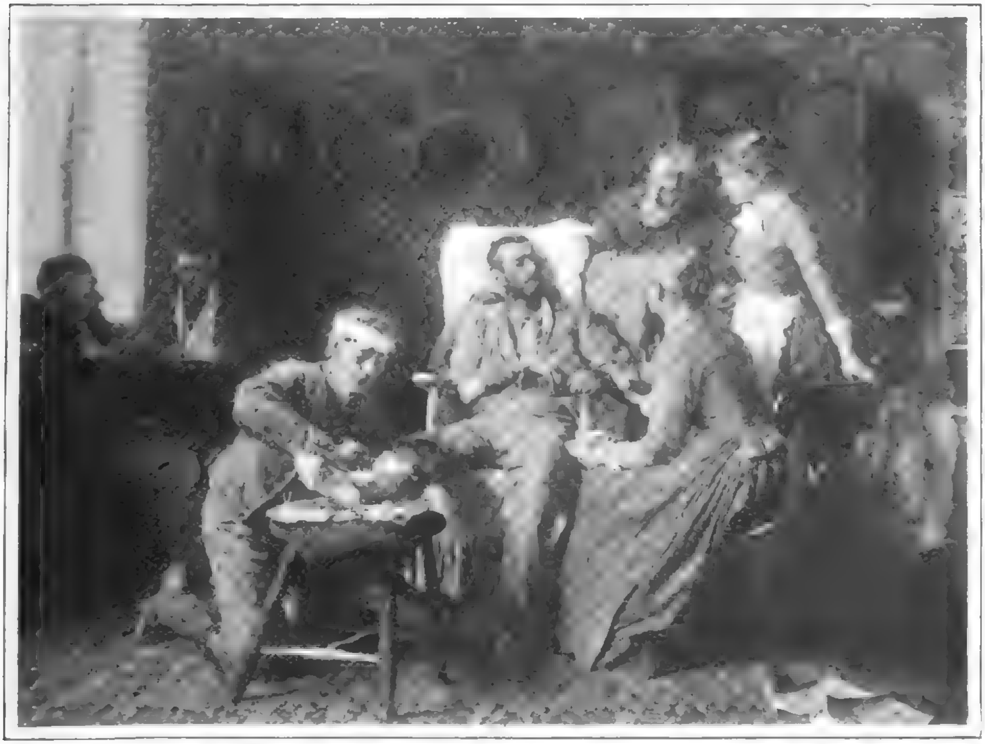
LAST MOMENTS OF JOHN BROWN

never believe that they were moved by any other than good motives. He thought that other men and women were trying to do right, just as he was. And it was always the good side of people that he put into his paintings."

It is "the good side," surely, that he painted in "In the Hands of the Enemy," which shows a Confederate soldier being cared for with every solicitude in the home of a Pennsylvania farmer. The artist has made evident not only the gentleness, kindness and affection with which the soldier is being treated, but the soldier's own appreciation of the fact that he has found among these one-time hated "Northerners" such devoted care as has made his heart warm toward them with affection and gratitude. The painting is in the private collection of Mr. Carl Stoeckel, at Norfolk, Connecticut.

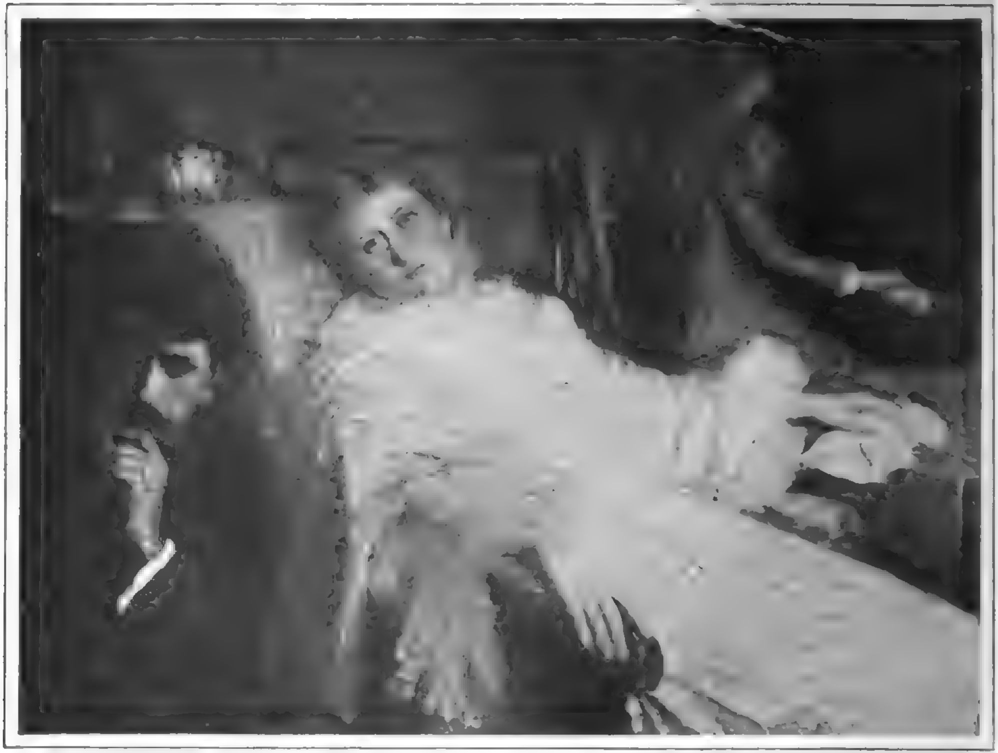
The two pictures, "Breaking Home Ties" and "Bringing Home the Bride," of which the former is very well known by reason of the many reproductions which have been made of it, were first exhibited in the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, in 1893. Both paintings were purchased at once, the former by Provost Charles C. Harrison, of the University of Pennsylvania, and the latter by John Wanamaker, in whose collections they still remain. The latter picture is often spoken of as a sequel to the former, but Mrs. Hovenden told me that the artist did not intend the two to have any connection. But it does no violence to the spirit of the paintings if one likes to imagine that the glad-faced mother who is taking the cloak from the shoulders of the happy, girlish bride is the same yearning and loving mother who, with all her mother's heart in her face, in the other picture is saying good-bye to the lad who is just starting out to make his own way in the world, and that that embarrassed, choking, hopeful lad is now the handsome bridegroom who from the background looks upon mother and wife with loving eyes. At his death, Mr. Hovenden left an unfinished canvas which he called "The Founding of the State," showing a young bride and groom who have just arrived at their new and distant home. Whether or not the artist meant these three canvases to have any connection, they do interpret so graphically and with such tender, homely, truthful sentiment these three stages in the progress of society and the development of the new home by offshoot from the old that they can without any injustice be considered as a sequence. Looking at them in that light greatly increases their interest and significance.

"Jerusalem the Golden," which has a prominent place in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, was Mr. Hovenden's last completed great work. It was painted in Washington, where he and his family spent a winter upon their return from a leisurely trip to Europe in 1890-91. Prominent in



In the collection of Mr. Carl Stoeckel

IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY



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JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

the foreground is the half-reclining figure of a young girl, weak from illness. Near her is her lover, and in the background her sister, seated at the melodeon, is playing the impressive hymn. In the galleries of the Metropolitan Museum the picture seems to be one of the favorites, and one can always watch faces soften and eyes grow tender as people stand in front of it.

Mrs. Hovenden told me that she has received many, many letters about the painting from people who want to know what was the artist's own interpretation of his work. Is the sweet-faced girl on the road to recovery, or do those dark, dream-filled eyes already begin to see visions of the golden Jerusalem which she is about to enter? "I tell them," said Mrs. Hovenden, "that each one must make his own interpretation. I do not think that Mr. Hovenden had in mind a set answer to either question. Each one must study it for himself and take the meaning that means the most for him."

Mr. Hovenden's own feeling about art was that it is a means not only for the expression of man's love of the beautiful, but also for the ennobling of humanity. With him art was another word for service. His native impulse was to seek out the good, the true, the beautiful in human nature, and his settled conviction was that they should be used for the further bettering of human kind. In his own words:

"What do we mean by education in art which the great public is to get? Do we really mean education in art in the sense of getting technical knowledge, or do we mean education by art through the message that art brings, the moral education, the development of the love for the beautiful in the world around us which before had not been fully appreciated—sending us back to nature with greater love for it than we ever had, developing in all of us something of the artist, the power to find pleasure in nature under all conditions."

And so, greatly loving his fellow men and women, Thomas Hovenden painted them into pictures which never fail to touch the hearts and uplift the souls of those who study them.

Chief Croker and His Fighters of the Great Red Plague

By Gilson Willets

Author of "The Bull-fighters," "Travels In India," etc.

Illustrations from Photographs

TRAFFIC on the Broadway side of Madison Square stock-stilled as in that five minutes when President McKinley was buried. Motors halted with protesting grunts. Wagoners and cabbies "whoaed." Thousands of listening ears heard a brazen clang of nervous, jerky, peremptory alarm—and a red auto shot from Fifth Avenue into the square; shot toward the Flatiron past the motionless vehicular phalanx, plunged into Broadway and out of sight.

In that passing, the minute hand of the Fifth Avenue Hotel clock had not moved perceptibly—time itself holding its breath.

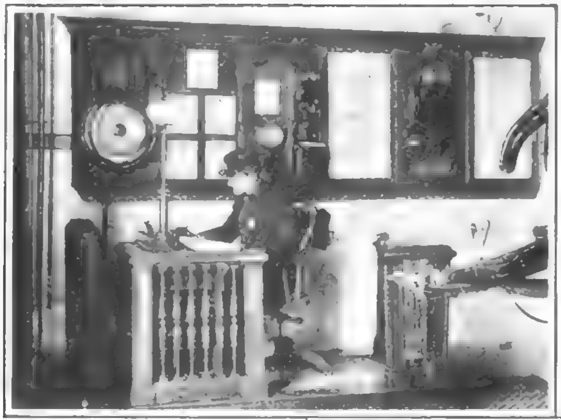
"The Fire-Eater carrying Dare-Devil Croker!" "That car'll prove a flying death for the chief some day." "Only machine in New York that knows no speed laws—cinch!" So remarked the Man-in-the-Street as a thousand wheels resumed revolution.

On down Broadway and into Houston Street to the smoke-wreathed scene of a third-alarm blaze sped the car bearing Fire Chief Edward F. Croker. His cyclonic races through the streets are the most spectacular feature of the New York Fire Department.

The master fighter of the Great Red Plague has made over seven hundred just such dips of death each year for the last five years, for a daily wage of twenty dollars. And in twenty-two years of blue shirt and red suspender he has given battle in person to eight thousand fires and has rescued more or less than a thousand human beings from the maw of the crimsoned enemy.

Three minutes previous to the flash of the big red motor past the Flatiron, Chief Croker was working at his desk at fire headquarters in West Sixty-seventh Street, creating, examining, signing documents in the case as the Big Protector of destructible property worth a billion and a half. Here for four hours every morning of his nine years as chief (four hours minus time spent at fires) he has attended to the minutiæ of reports and orders relating to the forty-one hundred officers and fire laddies under him and the millions of dollars in equipment allowed him.

Chief Croker is, indeed, head of the most



WAITING FOR AN ALARM

efficient, best equipped and largest fire department in the world, working in the biggest fire area in North or South America. His fighting territory covers more than three hundred square miles in which there are two hundred and twenty-five posts (fire houses) garrisoned by a number of men equal to four full infantry regiments.

ANSWERING A NIGHT CALL

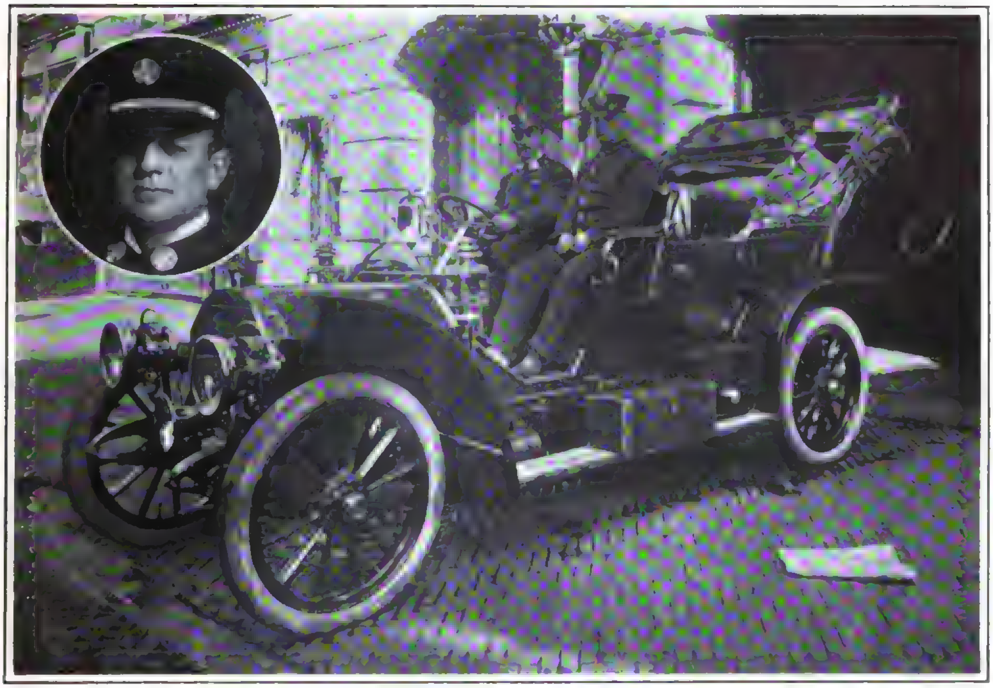
His fighting equipment includes over two hundred and fifty engines and as many hose-wagons in Manhattan, Brooklyn, Bronx and Queens, with more on Staten Island, besides forty hook-and-ladder trucks in Manhattan, and a score of water towers, chemical engines and other three-horse affairs in the five boroughs. Also something more than a thousand horses so trained that they seem really to think.

Last year the chief was allowed seven million dollars for expenses in downing the Red Plague, one one-thousandth of which sum represented his own salary, equal to that of a congressman and exceeding that of the Treasurer of the United States. Now at eleven-thirty on this March morning of 1908 the chief, at headquarters, has signed orders promoting ten firemen to the first grade, making a total of nineteen hundred firemen of the top grade. New York firemen, you see, are divided into four different classes with pay from eight hundred to fourteen hundred dollars a year, and for the forty-one hundred men of the department the city maintains a salary roll of more than four million dollars a year, not including half-pay pensions to those who have been in the department continuously for twenty years.

After signing the ten promotion documents, the chief rises briskly from his chair. Does he yawn? No—though he has been up all the night before at a dock blaze, no sleepless period is long enough to make this man of iron constitution yawn.

Fireboats are still at work at that conflagration on the dock. And Croker's chieftainship is over fireboats as well as over fire-engines. The biggest fireboat of all, the *New Yorker*, is there, spouting her twelve thousand gallons of water per

RECREATION IN THE ENGINE HOUSE



FIRE CHIEF EDWARD F. CROKER READY FOR A DASH TO THE FLAMES

minute from twenty-two nozzles. She is built ship-of-war fashion, the *New Yorker,* with turrets like those of a battleship—circular standard pipes to which many hose may be attached to rake a fire in any direction. For guns she bristles with nozzles; the only difference being that while the battleship fires fire, the fireboat waters fire. She is one hundred and twenty-five feet long and her speed, very important, is sufficient to enable her to get to a dock or burning vessel as quickly as a revenue cutter. Firemen who man her pass their time between fires in a bunkhouse at the Battery, where this *Lusitania* of fireboats lies. Gotham has six or seven other fireboats in its Marine Fire Battalion—each of them having an average water-throwing capacity of seventy-five hundred gallons a minute. The duties of this fleet on the wet highways are the same as those of fire engines on dry land. Any fireboat can get under way in three minutes—and that North German Lloyd affair at Hoboken would have resulted in about a million dollars more of loss if New York had not loaned New Jersey her fire-fighting squadron.

Still without yawning, but merely stretching his arms, Chief Croker makes his way out behind the headquarters building where some dozen raw recruits are learning the hardest lessons taught in the fire school of instruction.

They are climbing to fifth and sixth stories with scaling ladders. It is by those ladders that firemen save the greatest number of lives, and the ladder climbing is the supreme test of whether a man is fit to be a fireman. Nervy, strong, fearless novices will seem perfect physically until they start in on the ladders. It is then and there that many of them go to pieces. They may even reach the second and third stories; but Chief Croker is watching a new man who is trying to make the fourth story. The man has faltered, gone white.

"Dizzy!" bawled the chief. "No stomach. Away with him."

Croker himself has scaled by ladder even unto an eighth floor or higher, and knows the character of stamina required. He knows that a fireman must be a model of physical perfection. He is that kind of a model himself. So he swears at his men —at fires—and the men idolize this nephew of Richard Croker, former Tammany

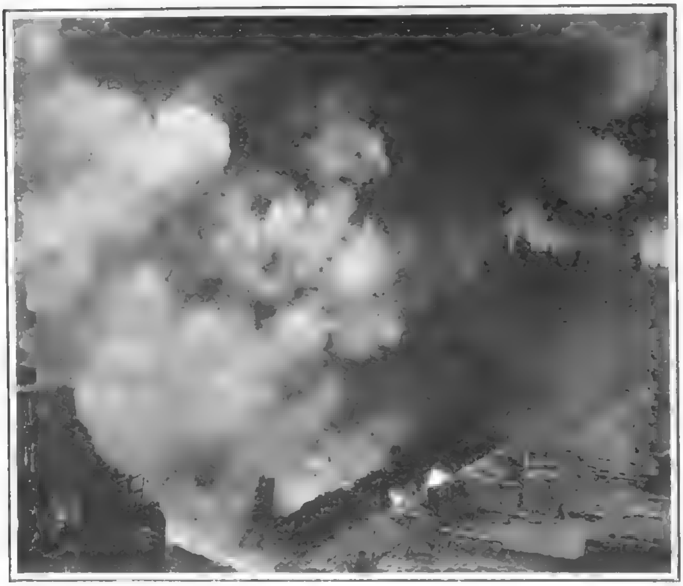


Photo by Edwin Levick

A VERITABLE PIT OF FLAME WHEN THE ROOF FALLS

boss, not because he can outswear any of them, but because he never orders any fireman to go where he will not lead. In 1904, for example, there was a stubborn blaze in a packing house in Manhattan. "Go in!" ordered the chief. "They'll be overcome by ammonia," warned the packer. Croker swiftly scrutinized the faces of his men. He thought he detected a flinch in the expression of three of the nine men commanded to "go in." He shouted: "Those of you who are *firemen* follow me." And the whole nine followed. A few minutes later the chief and all his nine men were carried out of the building unconscious. The ammonia had been too much for them. But had they not *tried* they would not have been *firemen.*

Photo by Edwin Levick

A WALL FALLING OUTWARD—A DANGEROUS MOMENT FOR THE FIRE FIGHTERS

Meanwhile the novices at headquarters school have reached the fifth story by ladder and the men below are holding a net. As it tautens the drillmaster commands "jump." A recruit leaps—alighting on his feet in the net.

"Blankety-blank-blank-blank!" Croker vociferates. "A seal trying to play the banjo! Don't land feet first. You'll twist an ankle. Land on your side, your back—anywhere except on your feet."

Have you ever seen the gymnastic drills of cadets at Annapolis or West Point? Never bother to travel so far again just for a bit of excitement. The gymnastics of the cadet-firemen in Sixty-seventh Street is immensely more thrilling. It is there and then that the New York firemen are trained to save life. When firemen by these methods saved more lives at the Windsor Hotel fire than had ever before been saved at any one fire in New York, the newspapers called the life-savers "heroes." Go to headquarters

THE FIRE AS A MAGNET—A NOON CROWD IN UNION SQUARE WATCHING A SMALL BLAZE

and say you want stories of "heroes" and you get the reply, "Heroes? H—l! There ain't no heroes. There's just firemen."

It was midway in this daily drill that Chief Croker was interrupted by his chauffeur—the driver of the Fire-Eater—who appeared at a window and announced, "Third alarm—Houston Street."

Exactly three minutes later the big red motor shot through Madison Square as described—the ton-and-a-half machine having covered two miles of crowded thoroughfares and sharp turns with a hundred chances of instant death each minute for both driver and chief.

"He'll be killed." Maybe the Man-in-the-Street is right. In the meantime, the only injury this fire captain has received in five years of this mad driving has been a broken leg—when the machine was backing from an erupting volcano of flame.

Harking back to the morning in question, the chief left the Sixty-seventh Street headquarters at 11.56 and arrived at Houston Street at the fire at 12.01, or four miles in five minutes.

Engines stood on seemingly every corner—from the baby type with a pumping capacity of nine hundred gallons of water a minute, to jumbos of thirteen hundred gallons. Six and seven-ton trucks were on hand—with their ball-bearings and rubber tires—with their eighty-five-foot extension ladders holding drivers and tillermen who were directing the gush of nozzles. Down below, too, one man was playing four nozzles simultaneously.

A tower, also, was there—it alone doing the work of six engines "siamesed," with six lines of hose at an elevation of sixty feet and only three or four men needed to manage it. That tower was making black spots in the flame in the upper stories of a tall building, without exposing the men. If necessary the tower could throw streams to a twenty-second story.

Any auto-engines there? No! They have tried and tried the horseless in the New York Fire Department, without success. Boston, Hartford, New Orleans have their auto-engines; also they have their troubles as to breakdowns on the way to fires.

The best known fireman in the world, on

arriving at the Houston Street blaze, took in all the details at a glance—as a general, newly arrived on a battlefield, would size up the fight. "Stretch in another there," he cried, meaning that they should lay another line of hose. And he followed this with a volley of other commands issued Maxim style. Firemen with scaling-adders were all this time saving life exactly as the recruits had been taught with a dummy at the school of instruction that norning.

Now came one of those almost daily appenings that cause the rank and file to dolize their chief. There were paints, oils, combustibles in the cellar of the burning building. To enter might mean to walk nto an explosion. But, though it was like searching out Death to grip it by the throat and throttle it, that cellar must be ntered. Croker ordered two men to "Get n there!"

For an immeasurable fraction of a second the two firemen hung back. "H—l!" said Croker. "Come on!" And he led the way into the maw of possible Eternity. In the cellar he and his men did what had to be done. Then they crawled out—and hardly was the crawl completed when there was a terrific explosion in the cellar.

And that was a fireproof building. "What is fireproof, Chief?" "Nothing," he answers. "There are no fireproofs."

The possible skyscraper fire to-day has appalling possibilities. Isolated towers there are no longer; but, especially in lower New York there are nests of towers. Fire in the upper story of one tower may spread to a whole nest—"with possible loss," experts say, "of two billion, and a dozen insurance companies wiped out."

No wonder, then, that Chief Croker has his night headquarters on the edge of the congested district, in Great Jones Street! It is there that in winter he averages only three hours of sleep a night; there that he answers calls from 220 alarm boxes; there that he allows himself never more than two minutes by auto to get from Great Jones Street to a fire at the farthest point in the district—the two minutes meaning from the time he is awakened by the telegraph that clicks by his ear as he lies in bed with his clothes on.

FIRE FIGHTING IN MID-WINTER

THE FIRE BOATS AT WORK ON A BURNING STEAMSHIP IN NEW YORK HARBOR

It was by the "nervous system" that Croker received that third alarm that brought him tearing through Madison Square. There were twelve thousand such alarms in the five boroughs of Greater New York last year. Three thousand of them came to Croker at his night headquarters between midnight and dawn—an average of ten a night.

They have the electric system of alarm so perfected now that it is operated by ticker and tape, just as in Wall Street. Thus is registered not only the street number of a fire, but the very *floor* at that moment in the grip of the Red Plague.

And now, at the engine and truck houses, even if the men are asleep in the bunkrooms upstairs, they make the hitch and turnout in four to eight seconds—by jumping out of bed and into trousers and boots all in one movement, and then sliding down the polished pole.

"Why, when I first became a fireman," said Chief Croker, scornfully, " they used to take twenty seconds for a turnout. Think of it! Twenty whole seconds! What a ridiculous waste of time!" And the master fireman added: "Five years of listening to the fire alarm telegraph will kill any but the most robust of men." Yet he himself has been listening for nearly five times five years.

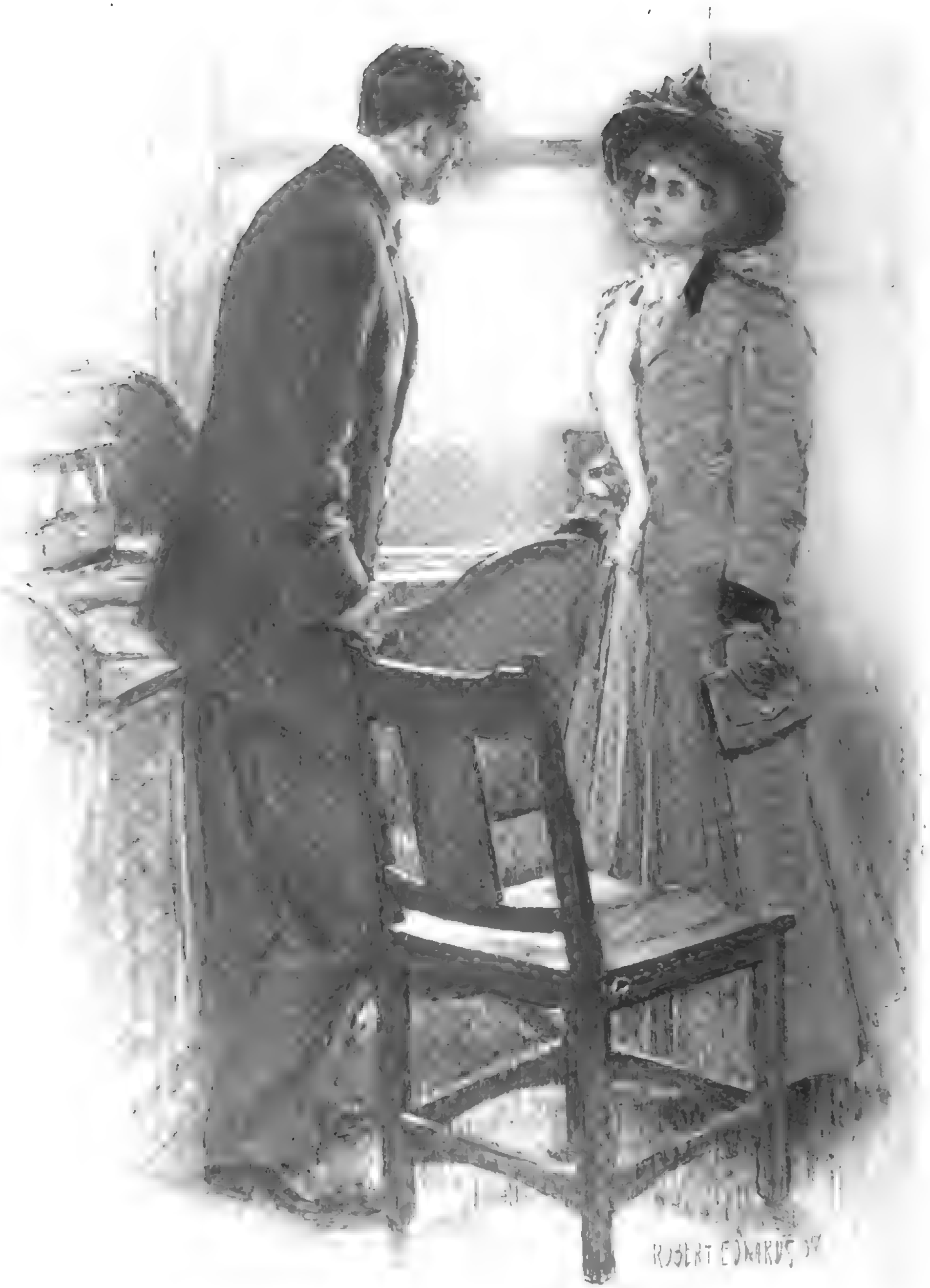
The Traveler

By Richard Le Gallienne

'Twas moonrise on the tenth of May,
I met a traveler walking fast—
I called his name, and bade him stay:
"Old friend, we meet at last!"

All strange and dark and tall he seemed
Under the rising moon—
He turned and said: "I never dreamed
That we would meet so soon!

"You are too young to be my friend—
All hope and boyish breath—
Are you quite sure you know my name?"
"Your name," I said, "is Death."


ROBERT EDWARDS '07

"YOU ARE IN TROUBLE, MR. STEELE"

The Mysterious Miss Messiter

By Horace Annesley Vachell

Author of "The Hill," "The Face of Clay," etc.

Illustrations by Robert Edwards

"MISS MESSITER wishes to see you, sir."

"Miss—Messiter?"

"The sister of the late Mr. John Messiter, sir. She asked me to mention that."

"Oh! Show Miss Messiter in."

"Yes, sir."

The office boy vanished. Adrian Steele stared at the ceiling. In his mind's eye was John Messiter, that queer youth whose wares he, as literary purveyor, had offered to the American public. In more senses than one young Messiter had proved an unknown quantity. He wondered what Messiter's sister would be like.

When he looked down she was standing before him. So quietly had she entered, that he was unaware how long she had stood in front of his desk. He rose, offering a chair and an apology.

"I beg *your* pardon for startling you," she said.

He flushed slightly, for she had startled him—an experience sufficiently novel to be embarrassing. Slowly he drew his eyes from a face which remained vividly impressed upon his mind. Messiter's sister presented the always remarkable contrast of soft light hair surmounting dark eyes and brows and lashes. One might hazard a guess that the owner of it had suffered either in mind or body, possibly in both. Serenity informed the mouth; the voice had soothing inflections; no trepidation betrayed the suppliant. At the same time, Messiter's sister wore shabby clothes, although they became her vastly well. Her gloves were darned; her veil had been carefully mended; her hat could not have cost more than a few dollars.

"What can I do for you?" said Adrian.

"I have brought a manuscript."

"Of your own?" Unconsciously he assumed the editorial tone.

"Of my brother's."

"I should like to see it very much. Your brother, Miss Messiter, did good work; it had quality. Had he lived, he would have made an enduring mark." She bowed quietly, holding out the manuscript, which Adrian took. Then, with a certain hesitation alien to him, he said:

"Have you offered this elsewhere?"

"No; he wished me to offer it to you first."

"But pray pardon me!—Mr. Messiter died more than six months ago, and——"

"I could not bring it before."

Adrian turned over the first page. The title of the manuscript, a short story, arrested his attention. Messiter had the knack of finding arresting titles.

"I'm sure to want this," he said pleasantly. "And in view of the fact that this is your brother's last piece of work——"

"There may be more," said Miss Messiter, displaying for the first time an unmistakable nervousness.

"Indeed! You have come upon a bundle of manuscripts—eh? I hope you will give us the first refusal of all of them." Again his tone became professional. "Would you let me see everything? I'm not prepared to say now what terms we could offer, but if you will trust me——"

"John said I could trust you."

Adrian's keen eyes softened.

"I'll read this at once and write to you. Will you send me the others?"

"I'll bring them—later. Could you—would you"—her voice for the first time quavered—"p—p—pay for this on acceptance? It's not customary, I know, but——"

"You shall have a check to-morrow if it proves available. It is almost sure to prove available."

Miss Messiter gave her address, and then took her leave. Adrian had a thousand matters clamoring for attention, but he fell into a reverie, staring at the manuscript on his desk. Presently he picked it up and read it through with ever-increasing interest. He told himself it was the best thing poor Messiter had done. He seized his pen, filled a check, and despatched it by a special messenger.

Miss Messiter acknowledged the receipt of the check, but she made no mention of her brother's other manuscripts, an omission which Adrian resented. When the proof was sent to her, the editor asked for an interview; the proof, carefully revised, reached him next day in an envelope which contained nothing else. Adrian told himself that he felt "cheap." None the less, in the interests of his magazine, he must try to secure Messiter's unpublished stuff. He called upon the sister at the address she gave him, but Miss Messiter, as the maid informed him, was "not at home."

The story, when published, challenged controversy. It was attacked and defended with equal warmth. But, inevitably, interest in Messiter and in Messiter's ideas waned and vanished.

Six months passed. And then, one afternoon, Messiter's sister called again at the office. Adrian greeted her coldly. Her appearance, however, thawed resentment. The poor lady looked thin and ill; the lines upon her face had perceptibly deepened.

"Why did you not come before?" said Adrian.

"I had nothing to bring," she faltered.

As Adrian was staring at her, she held out another manuscript about the same size as the first. Adrian took it with a smile, curiously compounded of derision, amusement and sympathy.

"They kept it six months, did they—and then returned it?"

Miss Messiter raised a pair of large, perplexed eyes to his.

"Who kept it?" she demanded.

"Confess," he said, lightly, "that you sent this to some other editor. I dare say you thought our check was not quite large enough—eh? But it was larger than any your brother received in his lifetime——"

"The check was for a sum much larger than I expected," she interrupted. "I have not sent this anywhere. I brought it to you first."

Adrian tried—very unsuccessfully—to conceal his impatience.

"My dear Miss Messiter, I beg pardon, but, on my soul, your—your procrastination is no trifling matter. You must know that your brother's work excited a demand for more—a demand only sustained and increased by supply. Commercially speaking, this manuscript—which, mark you, I've not looked at yet—would have been worth just twice as much to us four months ago. Be frank with me. Why did you not answer my notes?"

"I had nothing to bring," she repeated, in the same faltering tone.

"This must have been in your possession then?"

She made no answer.

"I regret that I saw so little of your brother. What I did see interested me profoundly. He told you to trust me. Why do you not do so?"

"I—I couldn't. You mustn't ask me questions."

When Adrian replied his voice had lost its authority, and gained, instead, a persuasiveness infinitely more eloquent.

"I wish to be your friend. Let me help you, if I can. I'm not blind. You are in straits. You are alone——"

"What is it you wish to know?" she asked.

"That is better. We are beginning to understand each other. What do I want to know? Well, to begin with, the truth concerning these mysterious manuscripts. That last one, for instance—when was it written?"

"If I tell you the truth you will not believe it."

"I ask you to trust me, Miss Messiter. You must feel that I trust you. I am not putting these questions out of idle curiosity."

She looked positively hunted as she replied: "That last story was written the day before I brought it to you."

"I beg pardon——"

"It was dictated—communicated, if you prefer the word—by my brother."

Adrian stared at her, confounded.

"Communicated by your brother John, who died a year ago?"

"Yes."

"And this," Adrian tapped the manuscript beneath his hand, "was also, I presume, communicated by him to you?"

"Yes; the day before yesterday."

Adrian withdrew his eyes from her face, which was delicately flushed. Two hypotheses occurred to him. Either this girl was crazy, or else she had written the stories signed John Messiter herself: the second seemed the likelier of the two.

Then, as he concluded an interrupting conversation through the telephone, she added quietly, "What an amazing discovery this wireless telegraphy is!"

"Yes," said Adrian, eyeing her intently.

"Telepathy, too — you believe in that, Mr. Steele?"

"Some of the experiments recorded have been remarkable," he admitted.

"But you *don't* believe what I told you just now," she said softly.

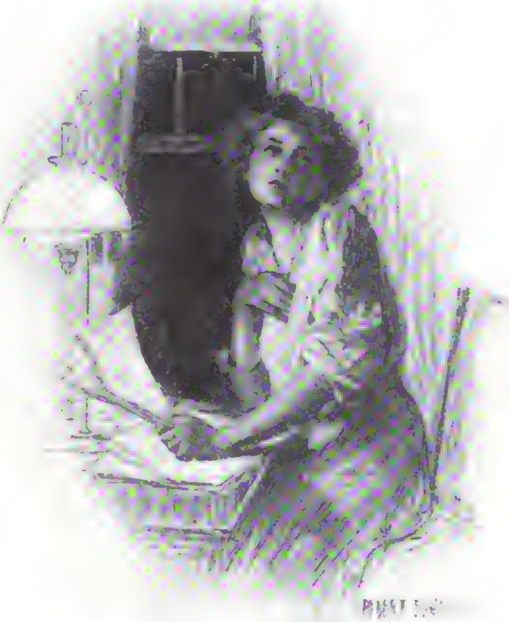
"If you would tell me a little more. Come—begin at the beginning. Did you live with your brother? Did you share his ambitions?"

"Yes," she said quietly. "We were twins, orphans, and everything to each other."

Adrian stared at the pattern of the office carpet, because tears lay in the eyes of his visitor. When she spoke again her voice had changed. It seemed as if it came from an immeasurable distance, sublimated, as it were, by vast spaces.

"His ambitions were never realized," she continued. "He touched the fringe of them just before he died. And he knew that if his strength, his poor frail body, had not failed, he would have held what he desired so vehemently in the hollow of his hand. At the last, it was terrible: the struggle, the hopeless struggle, to live a little longer, a few months, so that he might taste—success——

"The night before he died we were alone. And then—and then——" Her voice died away in a fluttering sigh.



"THE VOICE CAME FROM OUTSIDE, WHISPERING MY NAME"

"Yes, yes." Adrian bent forward and took her hand. It was cold, limp, and transparently thin.

"He said that he would try to—to come back. And he did."

Adrian was conscious of a shock. Reason revolted against what was incredible. And yet—and yet—her face suffused truth.

"You saw him?"

"No; I heard him."

Adrian read the terror in her dilated eye. "It happened months after he was buried. I had brought myself to look over his papers. I was reading an unfinished manuscript. I cried because it was unfinished, because he had tried so hard to finish it. Oh, it all came back, that last scene—his poor face, his thin fingers, clutching the pencil, and then the—end! Oh! I hated, hated, his work, because it killed him. And yet I loved it, you understand, because it was his—his, not a part of him, but all of him. Just as I came to the last illegible line, I heard his voice in my ear.

"I was sitting by an open window, and the voice came from outside, whispering my name, 'Christine—Christine!' And I answered, 'Yes, John,' almost without thinking. And then he told me to get a pen and write down what he was about to say. He finished the story which—which I brought to you next day."

"The story I bought and printed," said Adrian.

"Yes. I like to think, now, that he was permitted to help me, you understand, that it was not done for any selfish motive. I had come to the end of my resources. But I cannot deny that I was terrified. It made me ill—very ill."

"And this?" Adrian touched the second manuscript.

"I had spent the check you sent me. And he came again. I had prayed that he would come. Was it wicked? If I had not been—in want——"

"In want? And a hint to me——"

She silenced him with a gesture so delicate, so eloquent of pride, gratitude, and shame, that Adrian flushed.

"He came," she continued. "And he dictated what I have brought you to-day. That is all."

Adrian jumped up. Crossing the room, he flung the window wide open. The cool air flooded his brain. At the same moment, the office boy appeared with a message. This interruption restored to Adrian self-possession and self-confidence. Miss Messiter arose, drawing on a pair of carefully darned gloves.

"Must you really go? I shall want this." He indicated the manuscript.

"It is—it *is* his, you understand."

"Certainly; it is by John Messiter, if you say so."

Her eyes flared.

"But," she held his glance, "you don't believe me; you think me not mad——"

She had read his thoughts with uncanny subtlety.

"And, that being so, I can only say good-bye, and thank you."

Adrian stammered out:

"May I—you will f-forgive me—but—as a f-favor to me——" He retreated to his desk and pulled a check-book from a pigeon-hole. "S-s-something on account——"

"No. Well, then—yes. I am in debt. My landlady is a good creature. But she, too, is struggling."

Adrian filled in a check, thrust it into an envelope, and begged her to say no more. She took him at his word, bowed, ignored his outstretched hand, and left the room.

He sat down and plunged into the manuscript. Yes, yes; who could doubt that this was woman's work? She was a genius—half crazy, half starving, and wholly charming; a creature of fascination.

Adrian had found life simple. Now, without gradation of any kind, it became complex. He felt that he was floundering, if not foundering, in a sea of speculation. Miss Messiter obsessed him.

It had become plain to Adrian that he loved this Miss Messiter, with a love differing from anything of the kind experienced before. One measures adequately the strength of this attachment by the statement that this shrewd, cool-headed man was willing to marry, on her own terms, a girl he had met only twice. If she imposed silence, he would ask no questions. He wrote a letter entreating permission to pay her his addresses. She sent one line in reply:

"Not till you can swear that you believe what I told you."

About four months later she called at the office for the third time. Adrian was so shocked at her appearance, the attenuation of her features, the pallor of her skin, that he exclaimed instantly: "What have you been doing?" She displayed an irritation which he rightly attributed to physical weakness.

"Will you sit down?"

She refused the chair he offered. Her large, clear eyes lingered on his face.

"You are in trouble, Mr. Steele."

He betrayed his astonishment by a sharp intake of breath and the too quick "How did you know? I've not told a soul."

"And it is serious—very serious."

"So! you read minds, too? Yes, it is very serious."

The look of bewilderment on his clean-cut face provoked a smile from her—a smile which puzzled Adrian more than anything that had gone before, for it was the smile of superior knowledge, yet tender, pitying, and magnanimous. The smile provoked him to unconsidered speech, to almost brutal frankness. That he, who had grasped all he wanted with a sure, tenacious clutch, should find this fragile woman so elusive, so intangible, became an insupportable exasperation.

"You try me too much!" he exclaimed. "I tell you that *you* are partly responsible for a misfortune which has overtaken me. I have been obsessed by your mysteries. I have neglected my work. And I must pay for such neglect. Well, I'll pay, if you'll own that for some inscrutable purpose you've tried to make a fool of me. You have the satisfaction of knowing that you have succeeded."

"Oh!" she said faintly.

At once he felt ashamed of his outburst. She looked so pitifully small and weak.

"It's all right," he said, confusedly. "I take it back. I don't believe that you—you—could have deliberately deceived me."

"And this misfortune of yours? Will you tell me what it is?"

Adrian nodded. Her eyes seemed to suffuse a strange power of perception. He went on to say that he was the sole trustee for a niece whose fortune of some fifty thousand dollars he held in trust. Certain securities had been taken by him from his bankers to look over with a view to reinvestment. Adrian recalled bringing the package from the bank, carrying it to his office, and thence to his apartment. He could swear that no one save himself and the manager of the bank knew of its removal from the bank's safety vault. And yet, within forty-eight hours, some of the negotiable securities, amounting in value to ten thousand dollars, had been stolen, or at least had mysteriously disappeared.

He stopped, confused, remembering that she had divined these troubles before he had declared them. Then he burst out: "How did you know?"

She did not answer. Again it struck him that she was horribly ill. Her next words arrested his attention.

"If I could help you! If I had the strength——"

"The strength?"

"If I could ask—John!"

It was a supreme moment for both of them. Her brother's name quivered from her lips, a mere sigh. Yet it smote Adrian with inconceivable violence. He was trembling when he said:

"Have you heard from John lately?"

He could not keep an ironical inflection out of his voice. This cursed John, this infernal spirit raised by a weak woman's fancy to stand between her and her happiness and his happiness! She replied meekly:

"No; I did not dare. I have not asked him, but if you——" She faltered, blushing, irresolute, turning aside her graceful head.

"I—I ask you to ask him? Never!"

His hatred of this imaginary brother was written plain upon his face. She understood instantly.

"How hard you are!" she exclaimed. "And how incredulous of everything which you can't see and feel and hear! Good-bye!"

Their hands met; he noticed how her fingers vibrated at his touch. A voice within struggled for utterance. He wished to say: "Christine, I love you with all my heart and soul." The same voice whispered that he must speak now or never, that it was not yet—too late.

They parted. After the door had closed behind her, he sprung forward, irresolute, his features twisted by indecision. And then the habit of a lifetime seized him. His face grew impassive, his relaxed muscles became rigid; he returned ponderously to his desk, once more the obedient slave of that tyrant, his reason.

For some hours he worked feverishly, making up the time he had squandered, imposing upon himself a penance of unremitting labor, of undivided attention to the innumerable duties of an editor. The pile of letters to be answered dwindled to small proportions. He heard his assistant leave the office; the boy, first to come and last to go, ran off whistling. Doors were slamming all over the big building as men stopped work for the day. Soon, Adrian was sensible that he and the hall porter were left alone. Still, he wrote on and on, trying to blot out the pathetic face of Christine with ink.

And then suddenly his telephone bell rang. He picked up the instrument, astonished and perplexed. Who was ringing him up at seven in the evening? And how did they know that he was in his office at such an hour?

"Who is it?" he asked. "I am Adrian Steele."

"I am Christine Messiter."

Adrian recognized her voice at once. The tone of it seemed stronger, clearer, more vital. Yet he asked anxiously:

"Are you ill?"

"I am quite well," came the reply. "You are alone. Will you go at once to your assistant's desk? In the middle drawer you will find a small bunch of keys. One of them—a Bramah key—unlocks the japanned box which you will find in the lowest right-hand drawer. In the japanned box are the missing securities. Will you look at once?"

"Yes," said Adrian, confounded; "but——"

A faint voice murmured: "Good-bye."

Adrian hesitated. The obvious questions—the how, and why, and when—rushed to his lips, but never passed them.

"Christine," he said passionately, "Christine—are you there?"

"Yes."

"I love you—do you hear? And I am coming to you. Wait for me! Christine, do you love me?"

He strained his ears to catch her reply, but it came to him so faintly that he supposed something must have gone wrong with the instrument.

"I—love—you. I—shall—wait—for you."

And then—silence!

Adrian shut up his desk, and put on his hat and overcoat, before he remembered Christine's message. Great Heaven, how had such knowledge come to her? He rushed into his assistant's room. His desk was locked, but the middle drawer happened to be open. The small bunch of keys met his eye. He pulled at the lowest right-hand drawer—that, surely, would be locked. No. By some mischance the patent lock of the fluted lid, which ought to have locked the desk and all drawers in it, had failed to work properly. Adrian saw the japanned box.

The securities were there.

With a trembling hand, with a beating heart and throbbing brain, he thrust them into his pocket, and replaced the box and bunch of keys. He had a strange look of awe upon his face as he went downstairs.

Passing through the hall he noticed the porter and a couple of workmen, and paused to ask what they were doing at such a late hour. The telephone, he was told, needed adjusting. The job, however, was nearly done.

"Is it disconnected now?" Adrian asked.

"Yes, sir, and has been since six. You needn't worry, Mr. Steele; it will be in good order before business hours to-morrow.

Adrian rushed up the street and into Broadway, whence a hansom bore him swiftly to the address of Miss Messiter.

The landlady—not the maid he remembered—opened the door.

"Where is Miss Messiter? She telephoned to me—not half an hour ago."

He was pushing by, when she clutched at his sleeve. Something in her stupid, kind face arrested him.

"We've no telephone in the house, sir. Miss Messiter come home about four. I took her a cup of tea. I'm sure she's not gone out again; she's in the second floor front."

Adrian was half-way up the stairs before she finished her sentence. He knocked at Christine's door, inclining his head to hear her quiet: "Come in." There was no answer. The landlady, breathing very heavily, joined him, and opened the door. By the light of a reading lamp Adrian could see Christine lying back in her chair, asleep and smiling in her sleep. The landlady and he approached silently. The landlady touched the hand which lay upon the arm of the chair. Then she screamed out:

"O my God! She's not asleep. She's—she's dead!"

A POWER HOUSEBOAT ON THE HUDSON

Ideal Summer Homes Afloat

By Earl Mayo

Illustrations from Photographs

YOUR representative New Yorker is skeptical of any offered diversion that promises relief from the oppressions of the midsummer season in the city without the handicap of distance or expense against it. He regards houseboating with suspicion—until he tries it—because the fly whose presence in the ointment of enjoyment he regards as inevitable is not visible in the perspective. He is fortunate if he has an acquaintance who will invite him to test its joys. It is in this wise that I account for my own yielding to the lure of the houseboat.

It came about through a chance meeting with my friend Fletcher on a day when the sun beat mercilessly on the pavement and the air was pulsating with the heat. My involuntary sigh for an escape from the city brought a prompt invitation to meet him later in the afternoon at the Jersey ferry for an overnight visit to his "summer place."

When we entered the train at Jersey City I regretted my acceptance, for the sweltering interior of the coaches made one gasp vainly for breath. Fletcher plucked my sleeve as we pulled up at a station half an hour out.

"Second stage of our journey," he said, as he led the way to a trolley car. "It improves as we go along."

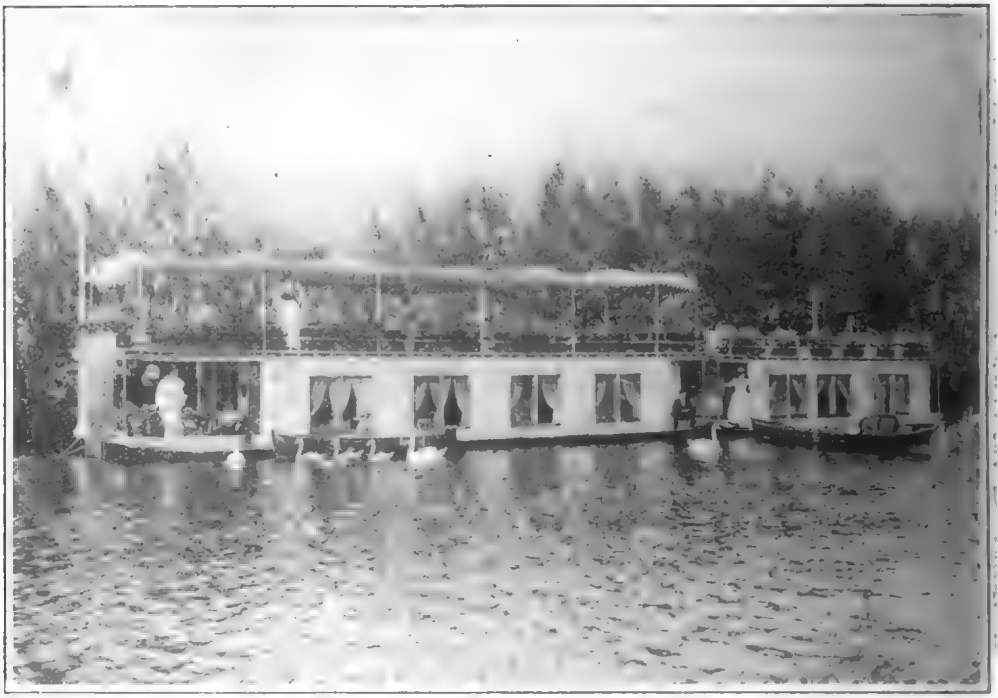
The open car was an improvement, for it bowled along at a swift clip as soon as we cleared the town and raised a cool breeze that struck gratefully on our hot faces. Presently we alighted by the roadside.

There was no visible habitation near at hand, and I looked about doubtfully, but I followed my companion through an opening in the roadway fence and along a path that led toward an irregular line of woodland to which he called my attention.

"That's the river," he explained. "We'll soon be at home now."

As we passed underneath the trees along the water's edge a turn in the path brought us into view of a sloping bank on which a skiff was drawn up. Without delay my companion took off his coat and hat, rolled up his sleeves, placed himself at the oars and bade me push off.

I suspected that my temporary abode was to be a tent on the river bank, but even the prospect of red ants in the butter and caterpillars on my coat-collar seemed less forbidding than they would have been earlier in the day. Truth to tell, it was very



A HOUSEBOAT ON THE THAMES NEAR LONDON

pleasant on the river. Looking up, I could see that the sunlight still touched the tops of the trees, but we were in the cool shadow. Fresh country scents were wafted to us: now the sweet odor of new-cut timothy from a meadow bordering the bank, and again the moist fragrance of a deep wood.

A NIGHT ON A HOUSEBOAT

Rounding a bend in the stream, Fletcher poised his oars and bade me look ahead if I would view his summer home. I looked, and saw, anchored a short distance offshore in a sheltered cove, a species of craft that could not deny its relationship to the scow family, a rectangular, unbeautiful floating house, its roof forming a sun-deck protected by an awning. The vines in the window-boxes along the main deck level had climbed up the sides of the house, giving an arboreal effect that was heightened by the ferns and other plants ranged about the upper deck.

"That's our summer cottage, the houseboat *Eliza-Ann*," said Fletcher proudly. His tone was that of one who exhibits an unquestionable treasure.

I am a seasoned houseboater myself now, but I shall never forget the joy of that first night on board the *Eliza Ann*. The dinner was a hearty, homely affair, a real houseboat dinner, served by the son of the cook. But the dinner was only a prelude to the long delight of the quiet evening.

It was just on the edge of twilight as we climbed to the upper deck—roof garden would be a more appropriate name—and stretched ourselves out on the benches for our after-dinner pipes. The awning had been rolled back, giving an unobstructed view of the sky to which the vanished sunset still imparted a soft violet tone. Oh, the blessed quiet of it!

By and by the summer moon came up, bathing the low-lying Jersey hills in its flood of silver light, throwing into blacker shadow the borders of the river where the trees grew thickly, lighting a brilliant pathway along the middle of the stream, revealing a world of universal peace, a world of solitude inhabited only by ourselves. From somewhere in the depths of our gently swaying home came the sound of a banjo, picked not unmelodiously by the son of the cook, blending as harmoniously with the pervading quiet as did the faint echo of enchorused frogs from farther up the river

HOUSEBOATING IN THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES

and the occasional subdued note of a nightbird in the nearer wood.

Such air is a resistless soporific, and, though it seemed a species of sacrilege to break the spell of the magic night, my heavy eyelids inclined me to a ready acceptance of my host's suggestion that we turn in. No sooner had my head touched the pillow, or so it seemed, than I was aroused by the noise of Fletcher's thumping on my door, summoning me to a morning dip. On the way to town I revealed the tenor of my thoughts by asking," "How much does it cost?" I know Fletcher well enough to ask such a question.

THE COST OF HOUSEBOATING

"So you like it?" he laughed. "I thought you would. To tell you the truth I am saving money by it. The boat costs me five hundred dollars for the season, which is less than I would pay for a summer cottage. Next year, though, I am going to economize by having my own boat. I find that for from a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars I can build one that will serve my needs and that will present a creditable appearance. Then, too, our supplies cost us less than they would in any suburban village, for we make our purchases from little country shops or from convenient farmhouses. Entertaining costs us little, for any but the simple life is out of harmony with houseboating. And finally, we combine travel with our other advantages. We have explored two Jersey rivers this season, and in another week or two we'll drop downstream and get a launch to tow us down the bay and around into the Shrewsbury."

This ability to move one's habitation without the usual troubles of moving, to combine travel with home comfort, and to change one's scenery without changing abode is one of the charms of houseboating. There are a number of New York houseboaters who do this, going to and from the city for a part of the season to New Jersey points and for another part to Long Island waters.

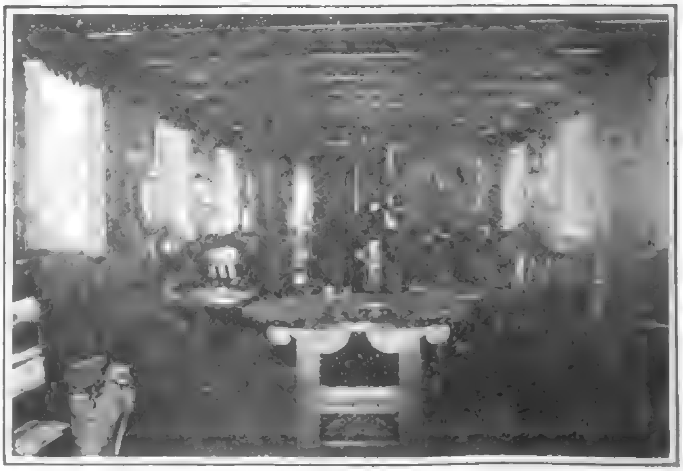
One great point in favor of houseboating for the man of moderate means is that it possesses all the attractions of yachting without involving great expense. On the other hand the millionaire need not feel himself barred from participation in its delights through fear of its cheapness, for one

THE HOUSEBOAT DRAWING-ROOM

may spend as much or as little as he likes on his boat. A friend of mine up the Hudson has built himself a very comfortable—though not very sightly—boat, with room for four persons, at an expenditure of less than fifty dollars and a few days of labor. One of the best-known New York houseboats, that of Mr. Lewis Nixon, is said to have cost fifty thousand dollars to build and a thousand dollars a month to maintain. This boat carries a crew of ten, has the engine equipment of a high-speed yacht and becomes a houseboat merely by reason of her broader lines and great roominess, including a clear deck one hundred and ten feet in length.

Between these two extremes are dozens of shapes and sizes and styles of houseboats. Roughly these may be divided into two classes; those that are equipped with power—steam, gasolene or sail—and those that are without means of self-propulsion. For the man with only a few hundred dollars to invest in a boat the latter class will recommend itself for the reason that it costs less to build in the first instance, and is far less expensive to maintain after it is built. No crew is required. Servants may be dispensed with. Some of the larger boats that are without sail or engines carry a power launch for making short trips or for towing when it is desired to change location. With a small houseboat, however, an ordinary skiff will answer all requirements in the way of shore communication, and a launch or tug can be hired to do the towing at a reasonable cost.

That non-existent person, the average man, is likely to desire a houseboat costing in the near neighborhood of a thousand dollars. For this sum he can realize a boat between thirty and forty feet in length, consisting of a scow body (the draft should be not more than two feet), a rectangular house imposed on this, containing a dining-room, kitchen, bath and two or three sleeping rooms, and an awning-sheltered upper deck, which will be the main living-room in pleasant weather. This sum will include simple furnishings, chairs, tables, beds and the necessary stove. Five hundred dollars will provide a satisfactory boat for a man who can purchase the materials and supervise the building, while boats may be rented by the season at prices ranging from a hundred and fifty dollars upwards. Five young New Yorkers, clerks and office men,

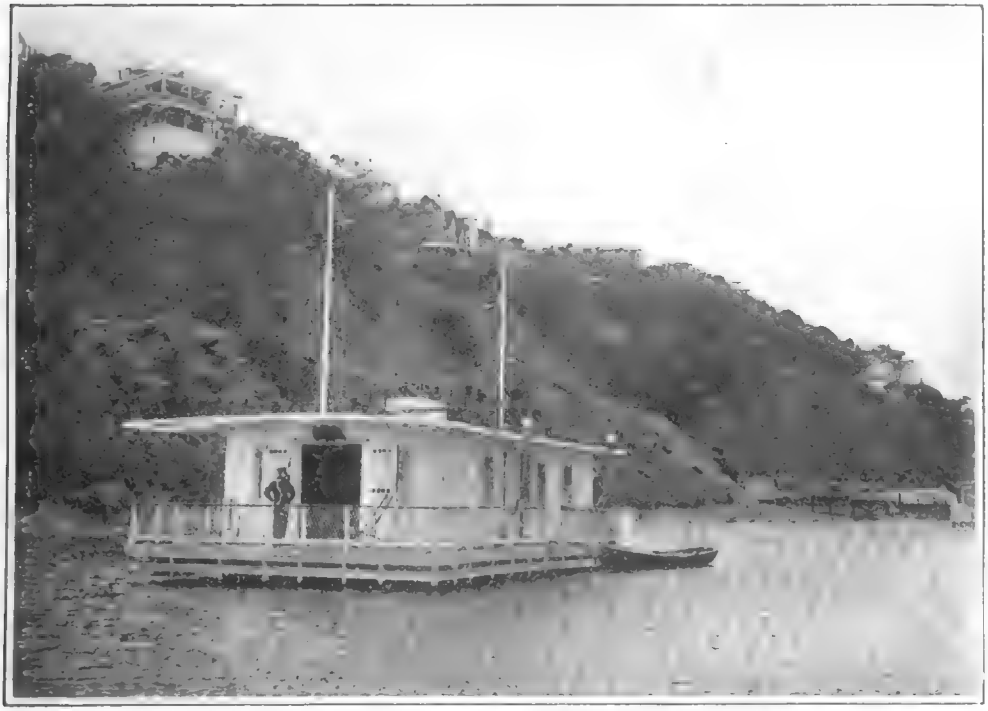


WHERE A SUMMER DINNER IS ENJOYABLE

who have occupied a small houseboat on Sheepshead Bay for three seasons, reckon their living expenses, including rent and train fare, at between eight and ten dollars a week apiece. Houseboating costs about as much as any other scheme of summer living.

Even where a liberal scale of expenditure may be indulged in, the interior furnishings of a houseboat should be plain and simple. On a small boat room is at a premium. The smallest number of servants and the least amount of furniture conduces to the realization of the main purpose of the houseboat quest.

In general there are practical objections to the more expensive kinds of furnishings. Mahogany or other highly polished furniture would be ruined on a houseboat. Plain mission or enameled iron and wood is much more durable, as well as more appropriate. The walls should be of plain wood enameled or stained, or else covered with burlap or other inexpensive hangings. Wall paper in a houseboat is a delusion and a snare. A fireplace is practicable and useful in damp or chilly weather. Kitchen utensils should be not too numerous and of materials that will not rust. Enameled iron beds are generally more successful than built-in berths. Box couches in the living-room are sometimes useful in providing for surplus guests. Plenty of cushions, plenty of lounging places, a few good books and musical instruments to while away rainy days, the best of plumbing and a reserve stock of canned goods and staple supplies are essentials of houseboat comfort. Of course no one should attempt to build or furnish a boat without consulting some person of experience. The above observations are intended merely to suggest the pervading purpose to be kept in mind in such an enterprise.



A VERY SIMPLE HOUSEBOAT NEAR BELVEDERE, CALIFORNIA

The essential charm of houseboating is its leisureliness, its irresistible invitation to loaf and invite one's soul. The English, who know how to rest, after some centuries of practice, have developed it into a veritable cult, although they are confined practically to one small river, as compared to the thousands of miles of waterways available to Americans for this purpose. All summer long the Thames with its gay and beflowered houseboats presents a delightful picture of comfortable aquatic life, and in Henley week some two hundred such craft, of almost as many shapes as sizes, form the chief feature of the most attractive water carnival to be witnessed anywhere.

FROM CANADA TO FLORIDA

The houseboat, however, is steadily making its way into popular favor in America. While there are more about New York than any other American city, little colonies are springing up here and there in every part of the country.

There is hardly a city of considerable size that has not within easy reach some body of water adaptable to the houseboat. On the Mississippi there are perhaps a score of boats belonging to residents of the river cities. One of these mid-Western houseboaters is Mr. Frederick Weyerhauser, the lumber king, whose fortune is said to rival that of John D. Rockefeller. On the lakes of Wisconsin and Minnesota, and on some of the Southern rivers, there are a number of houseboats. On Kootenay Lake in Canada is a houseboat village built originally for the convenience of sportsmen, but now become a pleasant gathering place for summer visitors. San Francisco Bay has a colony of its own where the jolly social life approximates English conditions.

In Florida the fashionable and comfortable features of houseboat life have been developed more largely than in any other section of America. It was there that houseboating as a recreation was introduced in this country by Pierre Lorillard, who built a large, luxurious boat and accompanied it on its cruises by a stable boat carrying his horses.

The material features of houseboating are important in so far as they affect the enjoyment of its ideal features which present the side of real importance and attractiveness. Realization of the latter proceeds only from experience. One cannot impart by ink or spoken word the sense of freedom and calm content that comes to the houseboatman as he tilts his chair against the rail in the soft summer evening and surveys the watery domain of his particular lake or bay or river stretch—his by right of adoption and possession, yet without cost or care of maintenance. His is the unbought glory of the gorgeous sunset, of the slow-gathering purple shadows of the soft summer night. For him the breezes gather the fragrance of wood and field or the more acrid but no less pleasant odors of the salt meadows.

Toil has small parcel of his lot from the time he steps upon his home deck until he leaves it again. He feels no dread lest the telephone jangle to summon him back to business cares or lest acquaintances drop in on ill-timed occasion to call. He need not worry about what the neighbors say because he has no neighbors unless he so elects. Time is no longer his master but his slave. He has time for companionship with favorite books in the hours spent in the hammock under the awning; time for friendly talks in the cool darkness when thoughts that stir but feebly at other times come easily to utterance; time for long and dreamless sleep; time even for thought—and how many in our day and generation have time for that?

THE HOUSEBOAT COLONY ON SHEEPSHEAD BAY

The Sorcery of Zoe

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

Author of "Priscilla's Love Story," "New England Legends," etc.

Illustrations by Walter Biggs

THE automobile was going at a great clip over the high, lonely road, where a wide and desolate country fell away on either side into cold, moonlight distance. The chauffeur, perhaps, enjoyed it; his feet were cold, but the rest of him was alive with the joy and delirium of speed. But the bundle in the tonneau, tossed about from post to pillar, did not enjoy it at all.

A large part of the bundle consisted of rugs and furs and cloaks and numberless other wraps; but the core of it was a young girl who gasped for breath, and felt as if she were part of a comet flying through dreary space. The Mivarts, her aunt's gay cousins, with whom she was going to spend the week, had sent the car for her; there was to be a grand ball there to-night, and a round of festivities afterwards.

She had not wished to go; but her Aunt Sophy had said it was high time; and dispatching her luggage by express the day before, had seen her dressed in her own ancient brocade ("It won't jam," said Aunt Sophy, as she wound yards of amber beads about the girl's white throat), and then encased her in so many layers that had she been thrown from the car she would have fallen only as a bundle of wool that falls and is not hurt. The girl was afraid of the Mivarts, who, with two exceptions, Oliver and Philippa, she knew but little; afraid of Stevens, the chauffeur, afraid of the speed, afraid of the wind rushing by like a wild spirit; and her teeth chattered—teeth pretty as pearls. But as they descended nearer civilization, Stevens obeyed the laws so far as going only twice as fast as the law allowed. At last, after several short corners that threw her like a bale of shawls from one side to the other, the machine stood panting and roaring, and she was lifted out and borne into the house where half a dozen people came to meet her and take her to the fire blazing up the big chimney.

Mrs. Mivart and her daughter, Philippa, and their cousin, Oliver, had all run to receive her, and began, with laughing and pitying exclamations, to unfasten her innumerable wraps, Colonel Branscombe not far away. As garment after garment was peeled off, she grew smaller and smaller, and at last a brilliant little butterfly emerged from the chrysalis, a tiny yellow butterfly, hovering a moment over the armchair and then sinking exhausted into its depth. Colonel Branscombe plunged the poker into the fire, and brought quickly a glass of port from the dining-room cellaret, and having held the red-hot poker in it a moment till it bubbled, he put the glass to her lips. She drank it without a question; opening a pair of great blue eyes and looking up at him while she drank, till he withdrew the empty glass.

The hot and pungent draught swept through her veins like sweet fire; she had never in her life tasted such a thing; the room seemed immense, Mrs. Mivart's face was something appearing out of a cloud, and Colonel Branscombe's eyes, looking into her own, seemed the very stars of heaven. In a moment, however, she had regained her poise, but those eyes, with their dark brilliance of black diamonds, always remained the same in her thought.

"The idea of Cousin Sophy's sending that child all this way in a ball dress!" said Mrs. Mivart.

"Aunt Sophy said I would be as warm in that as in anything else, with all the wraps," said Zoe, with some spirit.

"Sophy lives in a world of her own——"

"A pleasant world," said Zoe. "She is always doing something for people; and she is the great lady there, you know. Oh, yes, it is very pleasant there," she added, wistfully, and seeking Colonel Branscombe's smile again without knowing it.

"You shall come up with me to your room," said Mrs. Mivart, crossing the rug and putting her hand on the girl's soft hair. "These pretty locks must be dressed again, and the crumpled things smoothed out. The people will be coming soon. This is your first ball? You must enjoy it."

She was a resplendent little creature when she came down, like an incarnation of sunshine, and stood with Mrs. Mivart and Philippa to receive the guests. It was not long before she was whirling like a little golden flame among the dancers. "You dance like thistle-down set to music," said Colonel Branscombe.

"That would be such irresponsible dancing," she replied.

"You were made for a nun," he said.

"Oh, no, no!" she exclaimed. "One might as well be dead. I read once of a wicked nun who was walled up alive; and I thought she was walled up alive, any way!"

"I have a friend who is a nun; she is the happiest person I know."

"Happy! Oh, it would be worse than Aunt Sophy's life; with nothing to look forward to—nothing to live for——"

"She has you."

"Oh! But what am I?"

"I suppose she would say you were a little dear."

"She would be much more likely to say I was a little minx. Aunt Sophy is very severe. She is very fine and upright, you know."

They had left dancing and were walking now in the long verandah, which had been glassed in, and filled with evergreen trees from the wood.

"Why, there are the stars!" she exclaimed. "I thought it would snow after the moon had set."

"You brought a change in the weather."

"I am glad. I love to have the stars out. I feel as if I were being taken care of when the stars are there."

"They are great sentinels; outposts of some unknown army of power."

"Oh, there is Oliver. I promised to dance with him."

"And I with Philippa."

Oliver led her away. "So you were poaching on Philippa's preserves," he said.

"Aunt Sophy would say that was an alliterative assertion. But I don't know what it means."

"That the gossips think Colonel Branscombe——"

"Do you mean—oh, you can't! I didn't hear the name—it isn't possible——"

"Yes, it is. The Colonel Branscombe who has done such wonderful things in the Philippines."

"And I have been chatting to him like a marmosette!"

"It seemed to please him."

"Oh, Cousin Oliver!" And her eyes were like forget-me-nots dashed with rain. "I sha'n't dare look at him again. To think—after all he has done! A hero—and I such a fool!"

"I can't have you talking like that of a little cousin of mine. Branscombe's a great fellow. But when it comes to fairies, the best knights in the kingdom went down before them, you know."

"He has left the army, hasn't he?"

"Who? Branscombe? Yes, after his last wound. He has a big fortune, and the old place on the hill where the gardens overlook the mountains and the intervales, and of course he needs a wife, a sort of stately wife, the gossips think, like Philippa."

"Philippa is stately, isn't she? She is very, very beautiful, don't you think?"

"She is the most beautiful thing in the world," said Oliver.

"Oh, Oliver! And you are in love with her, too?"

"That isn't too much luck for Philippa, you are thinking."

"Philippa couldn't have too much luck! But if he is in love with her, it is hard for you——"

"I haven't a chance with him in the field, you mean?"

"Cousin Oliver, if you don't mind, I won't dance any more."

"Tut, tut, I should think Branscombe was a little tin god on wheels!"

"He was! He is! I mean—What is a tin god? But I read about him. I thought if I only could see him—far off—and now to think how I chattered——"

"Come, now! I won't have this. Who is Branscombe? Not the only man in the world!" And he led her to the tea-room and dipped a glass of punch for her. And whether the wicked draught went to her head or her heels, there was no more thought of slipping away, and for the rest of the night she danced like a little wild flame till the music stopped; and went to her room a tired, flushed and dishevelled miniature moenad, a butterfly with its wings drooping down.

It was late in the forenoon when she waked, full of happiness. And then as if a cloud had come across the sun, a strange depression, a something she had never known before, suddenly made the world dark. What had happened? And all at once it came over her. She knew very well what had happened! In the moment that she had looked up into those eyes, with their brilliance, that moment, by what electric touch and thrill who could say, her heart had sprung from her keeping and was Colonel Branscombe's. And he did not want it! Oh, shame! And she fell back and buried her head in the pillow. Her blush seemed to burn her from head to foot, and the tears in her eyes were scalding.

But crying would never do! No one must know. One could keep one's shame, one's sorrow to one's self. Oh, how Aunt Sophy would jeer! She would be sure to find it out! There must not be a chance of that. She must conquer the thing, she would! But oh, oh, oh! And she wept again with shame, with sorrow, and, in spite of all, with a certain secret joy. Perhaps the joy was because she cared for some one so worthy; perhaps because she cared at all, she did not know. Perhaps because it was Philippa and not another—her dear Philippa whom she had loved since babyhood, who every summer had come to her for a little while, and made her ideal of perfect girlhood, perfect womanhood—Philippa, tall and dark, with her brown eyes, her brown hair, the rare, swift sweetness of her smile. She could give him up to Philippa. Give him up—— Shame! She had never had him! She was a disgrace to her name—to love unregarded! She knew very well she was a little fool; Aunt Sophy had said once that nothing but folly was to be expected from a person whose face had such dimples. But love at first sight could come to a silly girl as well as a wise one; and she didn't know about his caring for Philippa; and it was love just as much as if it had come by slow degrees and imperceptible advances. It always would be love! And she saw herself going through life with this secret, this burden, this shame; and then it seemed as if her heart would break with pity for herself.

She had come out of her bath, her hair ringing in yellow curls over her head, when Philippa, tapping on the door, came in.

"Oh, you little picture!" cried Philippa.

"Am I so very little?" she said piteously.

"You are so very charming," said Philippa.

"Philippa, dear, no one thinks so but you."

"And Oliver. And Colonel Branscombe, and——"

"Colonel Branscombe," she cried, her brush suspended in the air. "Oh, Philippa, I hope you are going to be very happy!"

"So do I, dear," said Philippa. "And I mean to be. Colonel Branscombe is going to help me. For mamma is——"

"Oh, of course he will!"

"If only Oliver——"

"Poor Oliver!"

"Yes, isn't it too bad? And mamma is so determined to have her way. And all that wealth and fame are nothing in my mind beside the—the love——"

"Oh, Philippa, you are always right. The love is so beautiful. And if one has the love, one needn't think about the wealth, but just take things as they come. Only you know he will be so glad to surround you with all that wealth can give. And just to be with him——" and suddenly the tears spurted and she dropped the brush and hid her face with both hands.

"You dear little sympathetic thing! I'll have you talk to mamma for me; perhaps you can influence her. She won't listen to me—won't hear a word Oliver says. Tell her, if she still feels so that—that—if it wasn't so undignified——"

"You'd run away!"

"And have an end to all the fuss."

"Your mother would like a fine wedding, you mean? What makes you mind? I believe he would. So great a man can't be married quietly, a man the whole country honors; and——"

"Oliver?" said Philippa.

"Colonel Branscombe," said Zoe, her face like a rose in the glass.

An instant Philippa, for all her dignity, stared open-mouthed. "Zoe!" she cried then. "You are the most generous, the most magnanimous darling alive!" And with a burst of laughter she ran out of the room, and left Zoe still trying to get the better of her rebellious curls.

A gay luncheon was in progress when she entered the dining-room and Oliver was telling of some exploit of Colonel Branscombe's, because that gentleman would not tell it himself, and only continually interrupted him with gay corrections and contradictions. "Well, well, Branscombe," said Oliver. "We all know you never forced an ambush of the savages without losing a man——"

"I wonder why we consider it so noble to commit wholesale murder and get off safe," said Mr. Osmond, "that we must be modest about speaking of it."

"Perhaps because we don't consider it so. I wondered a little, when I read it, why Maurice Hewlett, in his last novel, made his hero a butcher," said Branscombe laughing.

"I remember when I was a child," said Zoe, suddenly half-frightened at her own voice, "that I cried, thinking the regiment marching by was marching to be shot. And an old soldier looking on said they needed no pity, they had the satisfaction of being the noblest men on earth, giving their lives to their country. And greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

"Colonel Branscombe is fortunate in having such an apologist," drawled Mrs. Bolton. "The enthusiasm of hero-worship——"

"Oh, we were all young once," said Mrs. Mivart.

Zoe's face was carnation now. Covered with confusion she found herself trembling and trying to conceal it, when Colonel Branscombe came round and took the vacant chair beside her.

"You are very good to speak so kindly of my profession," he said in a low voice.

"Oh, I—you—I don't mean——"

"I shall refuse to believe you didn't mean!"

"It—it is not your profession now?"

"But it was. It will be again."

"I thought you had resigned."

"That is a mistake."

Then it was plain he did not come into a fortune, as she had understood. And that was why her Cousin Mivart objected. She was very near saying so, but stopped, overcome afresh by her indiscretion. "I—I wasn't asking! I don't know what you will think——"

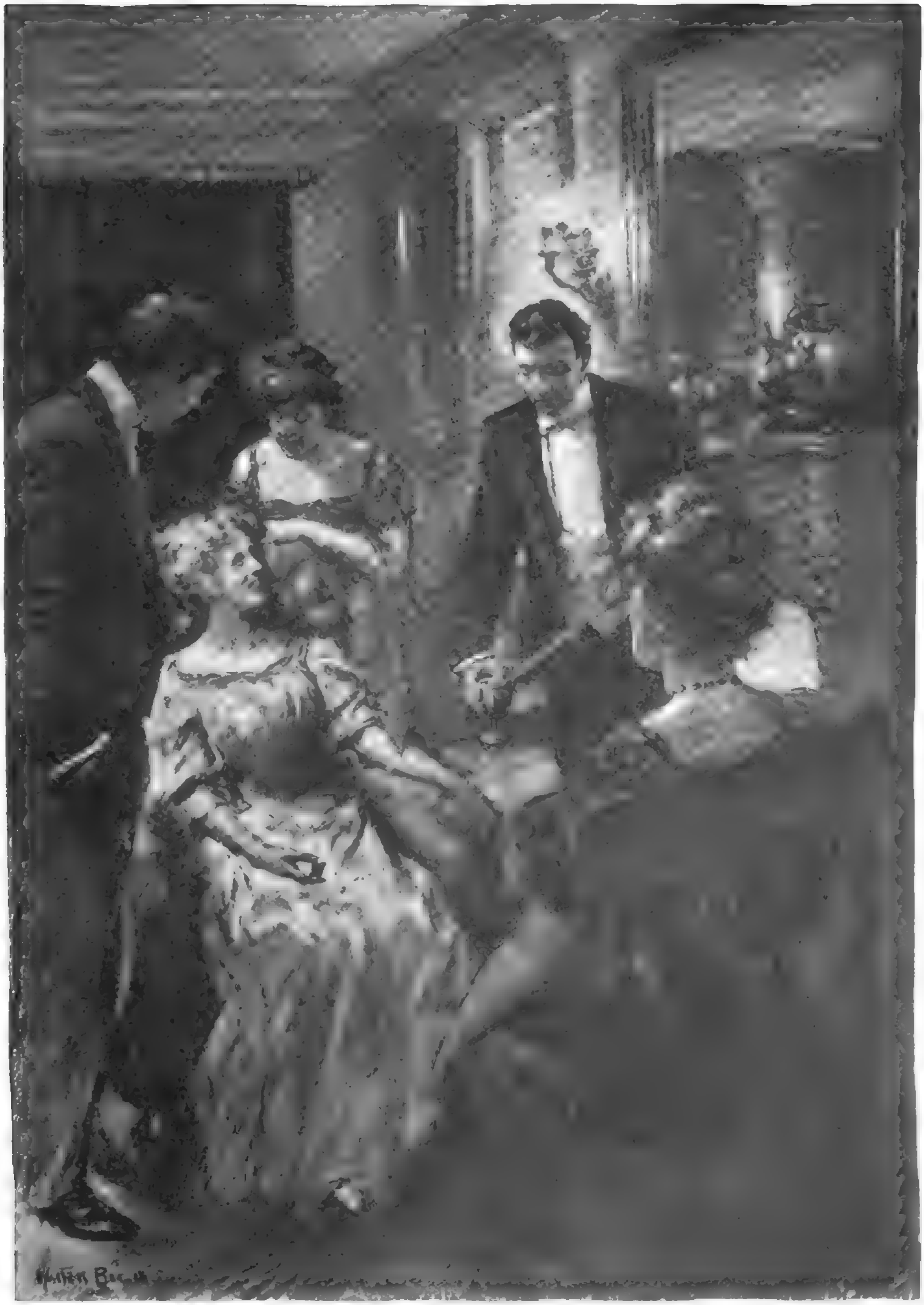
"I think if you are going to follow the hunt with the rest of us you should be getting into your habit," he said. And she pushed back her chair, making a little gesture of good-by, and left the room, calling herself a simple fool who didn't know how to speak properly to the best, the noblest, the greatest of men. She hurried into her habit, buttoning everything wrong and buttoning everything over, and trying to find a veil that should hide her eyes, and flying down to the impatient group below, and scrambling into her saddle like a little cat.

"Oh, it makes no difference. My father was a soldier, and I was all but cradled in the saddle," she said in answer to Oliver's questions about the horse. Colonel Branscombe should not think her panegyric of the soldier was on his account. And yet—why shouldn't he? What belonged to him he ought to have. Render unto Cæsar.

"Ringold, an old hunter," said Philippa. "But he's as staid as——"

"As any one who has sowed his wild oats," said Mrs. Bolton, from the runabout.

Perhaps he had been, but just now as they cantered along, having missed the meet, and meaning to fall in with the hunt at various turns of the road, Ringold had pricked up his ears and given a meaning whinny. He had recognized the pack coming over the hill, and the pink coats following, with three fences before them, and, as one rider and another vaulted over, at every fence Ringold rose on his feet and went through the motion of jumping. And at last, as the full hunt swept across the road taking the fences, the old sport in him leaped up, and he bolted and was after them. If Zoe shook the rein and gave him his head she never told—and he, too, had taken the fence, and was after them and abreast of them, going like a bird with a leaf on his wing. The leaf clung, till a rabbit hole caught Ringold's foot, and down he went, and the leaf with him.



HE HELD THE RED-HOT POKER IN IT TILL THE WINE BUBBLED

It was an unconscious little shape that Colonel Branscombe hurriedly lifted and held with one arm when he had remounted and went galloping back to the house. Long before he reached it, however, Zoe had come to her senses. For a moment she lay bewildered, and then slowly realized what had befallen, and that she lay in his arms as they sped on. She was aware of no pain, aware of nothing but that she lay in his arms, and that she had no right to be there. For another moment she was conscious of wishing to lie there forever, or to close her eyes and go out of life. And then the blood rushed from her heart to her face. "Oh, you must put me down!" she said. "I am quite, quite all right!"

"We will see about that," he said, his grasp continuing the same. But when at last he sprang from the saddle she managed to free herself, and stood a moment, red as a rose, and then made a dash for the door, and found herself unable to reach it, or to move another step, for an excruciating pain in her foot, and had to submit to being taken up-stairs to the sitting-room, where the Colonel left her that he might find a maid. "And all your afternoon made horrid!" she exclaimed.

"Made unlike any other day in life," he returned, as the portieres swept together again.

Hot water and bandages had reduced the disabled foot to a nearly normal state by the next afternoon; but Zoe chose to say nothing about it, and to keep to the lounge in the sitting-room where Philippa insisted on having her, meaning so to hide herself in a measure till the day named for her departure. Philippa and Oliver spent a good deal of time with her, rather to her wonderment and trouble, as she felt Philippa ought to be with Colonel Branscombe, and moreover lest he should be saying to himself "She is with that little terror!" Her cousin Mivart, Mrs. Bolton and one and another dropped in and dropped out, and Colonel Branscombe came with an orchid blossom from the greenhouse, which as he had himself brought the plant from the tropics, he took the right to pluck. He was sitting opposite her sofa, and was just taking the flower from her hand again, in explanation of some point, when Mr. Osmond opened the portieres and instantly retreated with round eyes and a muttered, "Oh, I didn't mean to intrude!" Five minutes after Mrs. Bolton's pretty face stared with apparent surprise an instant, and then turned and ran out, crying, "Ten thousand pardons!"

Oliver sat at a table near by with his book, but the visitors had not observed him, and Philippa was unseen in the alcove. "What an absurd nuisance that woman is," said Oliver.

But Zoe, who, in the instant of its presentation had meant to wear the flower and then to press it in a book and keep it forever, helped herself across the room from sofa to table and chair, and left the orchid with Philippa. "Please give it some water," she said, and got herself out of the room by another door lest Colonel Branscombe should see the tears that overflowed like the sudden overflow of a brook after rain in the mountains beyond. But Colonel Branscombe saw them.

Outside the door she met Mrs. Mivart. "Really, Zoe," said that lady, with a sweet mockery in her suave voice, "I didn't know you were such an adept in flirtation. Where did you learn? But are you not going a little too far? People are talking, dear child." And no one saw Zoe again that day.

It was the next day, Zoe having forsaken the sitting-room and betaken herself with a book to a big chair in the music-room, a great rainstorm having its way with the the world outside, that Colonel Branscombe found her, having with him a collection of pictures of the islands where he had won his distinction. And before he quite knew it, assured by her innocent interest, he was telling of certain adventures and their outcome, and she was listening with shining eyes, flushed and breathless. "Oh, you make me patriotic!" she cried.

"Make you?"

"Aunt Sophy says patriotism is nonsense. It is caring for the family of some one else more than for your own, when you go into battle. She says there is no America since all the nations of the earth have drowned it out——"

"On the contrary, they are being raised and regenerated by the impact of our laws and institutions."

"Oh, I shall say that to Aunt Sophy!"

"Your Aunt Sophy would have been a tory?"

"She is an ogre," said Oliver, who had come in and was hunting up a sheet of music.

"No, no, you mustn't talk so about Aunt Sophy! She is true and brave——"

"Brave! She is scared to death by a notion! The notion that you may marry me."

"I? You? Why, you are like my own brother, Oliver. She never would have dreamed of such a thing. She doesn't want me to marry any one."

"Is your Aunt Sophy—unmarried?" asked Colonel Branscombe.

"She—I——"

"Her husband ran away—small blame to him," said Oliver. "And she thinks poorly of husbands, you see. I would as soon face the chimera as to ask Aunt Sophy for the hand of her niece."

"What is a chimera?"

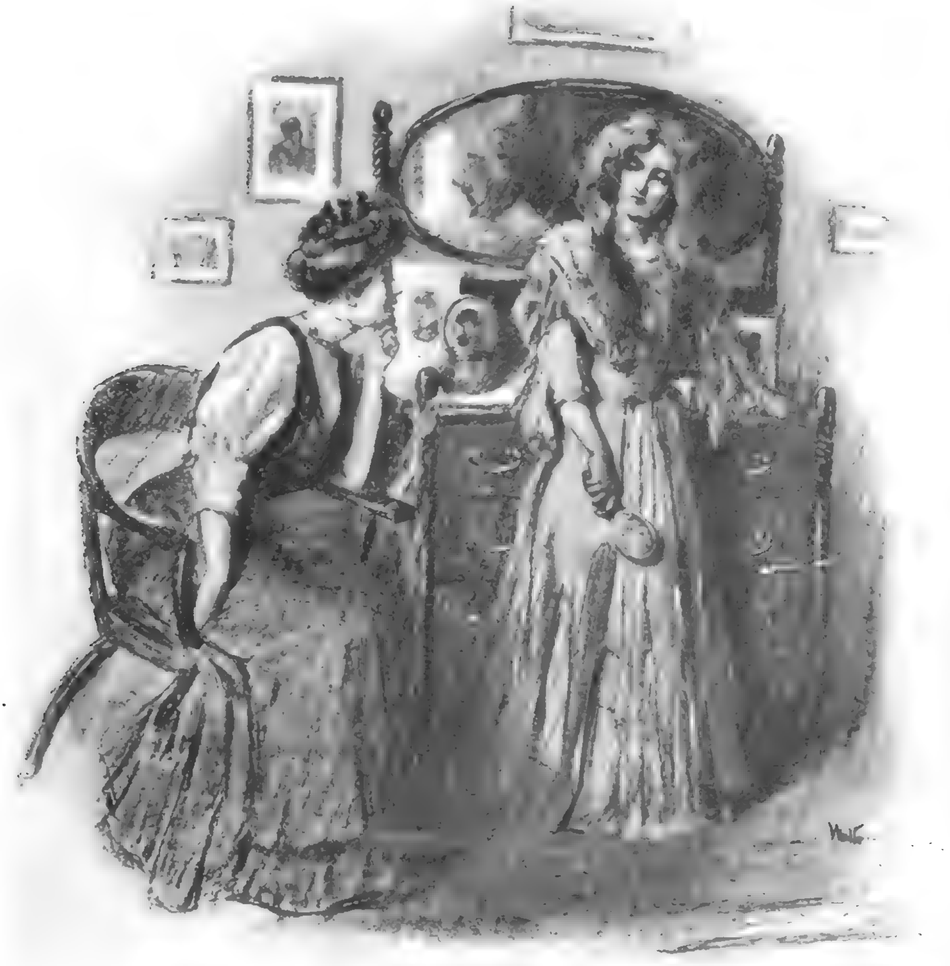
"A flaming dragon who guards fair maidens from champion lovers."

"Will you be glad to go back?" said Colonel Branscombe, gazing at her.

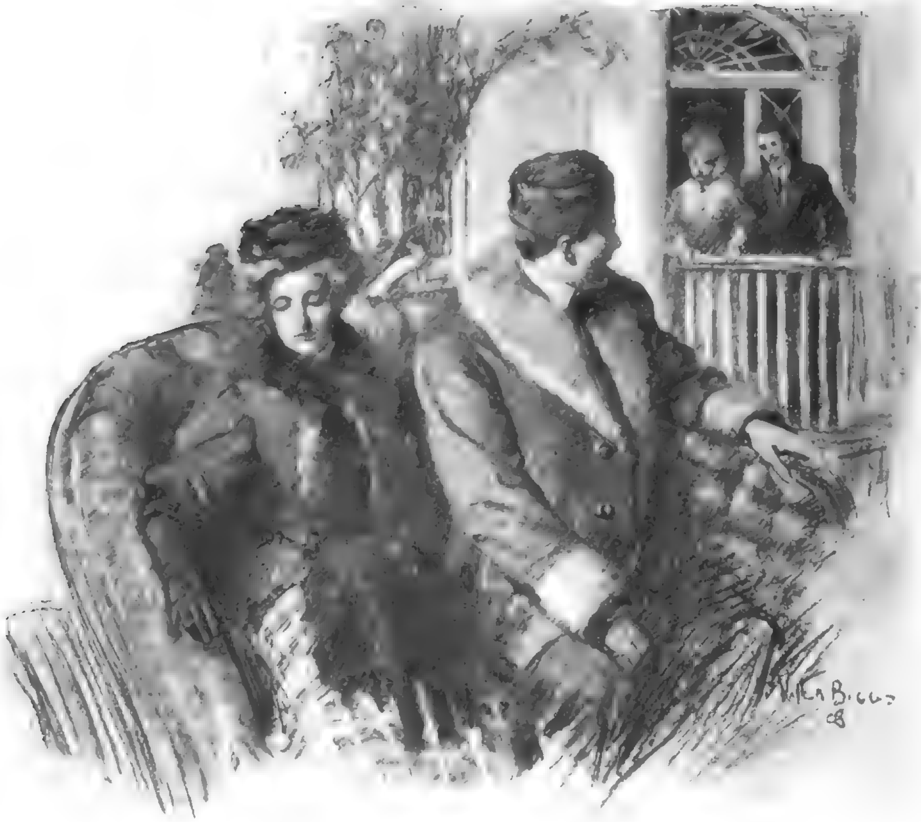
She returned his gaze for half a moment, silently, unconsciously, and then started up, regardless of the lame foot's pretences, and rushed from the place like a small whirlwind.

"Zoe," said Philippa, coming to her that night. "I am going to tell you a secret."

"Oh, you needn't tell me, Philippa, dear," cried Zoe, the lace of her nightgown sleeve



"ZOE!" SHE CRIED, "YOU ARE THE MOST GENEROUS DARLING ALIVE!"



"I AM GOING," LAUGHED THE COLONEL, "TO FACE THE CHIMERA"

falling back from her uplifted arms till she looked like a spirit taking flight. "I know it now!"

"That Oliver and I mean to be married—whether or no? How bright you are! You see, if Oliver isn't a millionaire, he has quite enough. And I have something. So it isn't at all imprudent. Mamma is really very fond of Oliver; and when it is over she will be all right."

But here Mrs. Mivart tapped at the door and said that if Zoe was going off to-morrow Philippa really should have some consideration and let her get to sleep now, and then carried Philippa off with her, and left Zoe wide awake till daybreak.

Of course Zoe understood she was being dismissed in disgrace. For her Aunt Sophy had said she might stay a second week, if she were asked. She put her things together in a sort of fury, had one little troubled dream before she rang for the maid to bring breakfast to her room, and then going down, gave her Cousin Mivart at the foot of the stairs as stately a good-bye as her height allowed.

Stevens was wrapping the robes about her with quite minute care, when some one, clad in furs to the eyes—she did not at first see whom—came down the steps, and took the seat beside her. "May I?" he said. And Zoe fell back in her corner whiter than a snowdrop.

"Why, Colonel Branscombe!" cried Mrs. Mivart from the open door. "Where in the world are you going?"

"You will see me again shortly," he said, "it is not good-bye. I am going," he said, as he replaced his fur cap and laughed at Oliver, who had just appeared behind her, "I am going to face the chimera!"

ELIZABETH BRICE

Religion *via* Greasepaint

By Harris Merton Lyon

Illustrations from Photographs

I AM willing to argue, with all the argument there is in me, that religion can neither be hammered into nor hammered out of a human being by argument. People never debate about religion; they debate about theology. Indeed, given any gathering of clever people, they will debate about any ology—sociology, for instance, and monopolology and symbolology. In a recent play ("The Servant in the House") a very clever playwriter debates ably about sociology and symbolology and a very good company of actors, the Henry Miller Associate Players, have made a very interesting play out of his long-drawn-out argument. It is a good play, though, we will say, and deserves to attract audiences and make money and all that.

But the trouble is that the press agent, being a very good press agent, held a "clergyman's night"—the play centers around the soul struggles of two bishops and a vicar—and there was great comment about the "powerful religious influence" of this drama and its "arraignment of orthodox religion." As a matter of fact, it is orthodox theology that the play arraigns; and, if it have any powerful influence at all, this is not a religious influence but a self-gratulatory influence upon sociological "argyfiers." By sociological "argyfiers" I almost mean socialists. "The Servant in the House" is as a hot-meat pie beneath the belt of a hungry Socialist. It is the sort of play to make him look around the audience at another Socialist and say: "Well, old top, this is our kind of stuff." But if you are a Socialist, read no further. What I have to say is of interest only to church members.

"The Servant in the House" is written in velvet-footed Ibsen fashion. That is, you do not see a play; you see an argument. You think you are looking at a play, of course, but gradually things begin to go dizzy before your eyes and to sound hysterical in your ears—for instance, where the lady says, "Oh, how beautiful!" after the drain-cleaner has told her how nasty and filthy the drains are. It is then that you may know a Symbol is creeping up behind you on the gum shoes of Ibsen to thwack you in the nape of your neck with an Ibsen argument. Religion, as I have said, never behaves in this fashion. Religion is never subtle. Only the very clever modern mind is subtle. Therefore it is impossible for the very clever modern mind to be religious. Therefore our fashionable preachers have a hard time of it. Therefore, also, I think it is most absurd to speak of a play made up of Ibsentiment as a play wielding a "powerful religious influence."

RELIGION IS MELODRAMA

I think that if any plays are to wield a powerful religious influence they will be melodramas. For every religion is a holy melodrama, and that one which sweeps the widest gardens of the globe and enthralls the vastest masses in the fiercest fervor is the most gloriously melodramatic of them all. All the pageantry and pomp of all the creeds that have smitten the soul of man since the beginning of time—the clashing of Israelite cymbals, the trumpets of Rome, the chantings before the brazen immensity of Buddha, the sultanic majesty of the mosque of Saint Omar, the tinkling bells, the incense, the stained windows, the very miracles of Jesus, the stone god and stonier priests of the Aztecs, the ferocious tortures of martyrs and witches, he street-corner exhortations against hell-fire, the visualizations of Hell itself and of Heaven and of Paradise, the imagery of angels and demons and of Mephistopheles, of Jupiter the Thunderer—all are the properties of an exalted melodrama, a melodrama sometimes loud and furious, sometimes as tremulous as a soft organ-tone, but always a melodrama trying to paint with poetry upon a mighty canvas some vision of the Mystery, for all the world to gaze at and comprehend.

IDA CONQUEST, PLAYING IN "THE WOLF," A CANADIAN MELODRAMA BY EUGENE WALTER

A DARING PORTRAYAL SUGGESTING CHRIST ON THE STAGE—SCENE FROM "THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE," SHOWING WALTER HAMPDEN AS MANSON, ARTHUR LEWIS AS THE ORTHODOX BISHOP, AND TYRONE POWER AS "THE CLEANER OF DRAINS"

The common mind does not argue about these things; it accepts them, as it accepts noise and hush, romance, virtue, and very broad comedy. I say that last word because there is, after all, something spiritual about a slap stick. The common mind accepts religion because it is melodrama, just as it accepts poetry because it is melodrama. Either that, or it does not accept them at all.

If Paul had been named Dare-Devil Dick and had gone out with a slingshot in each hand and had crept to the edge of a hill and had bagged three Romans in tit-tat-toe order, and had then written up his achievement in a style to resemble "Bang! Bang! Bang! Three-shots-rang-out-on-the-still-air" order, there is not a ten-year-old in the land who would not have understood the apostolic heartaches and endeavors, who would not have sympathized with this more heroic Paul. In other words the broad human appeal in the Bible is its melodramatic appeal, and not its metaphysical appeal. Peter slicing off the high priest's ear is really a bit of "comic relief"; its counterpart in Bowery melodrama is the attempt of the tramp to rescue the heroine.

But these are details. The grand thing is, that religion overfloods the heart and mind, willy-nilly; that it drowns argument and analysis; that it carries away its converts illogically, but passionately, caught in the passion of its melodrama. And so we come back to the stage again and to religion tentatively conveyed *via* greasepaint.

If I am right, we can then understand why "The Hypocrites" partially succeeded and why "The Evangelist" flatly failed. The first was partially successful melodrama; the second was flat cynicism and argument. And so I say there is more of a "powerful religious influence" in the rattle and crash of "Ben Hur" or in Marguerite's picture thrown on a screen in the nick of time to save the regenerate Faust, than there can ever be in all the plays of all these schools of Ibsen. Give these folk their won praise as social seers, debaters and expounders, but do not speak of their dramas as exerting a religious influence.

MAY TULLY, APPEARING IN VAUDEVILLE IN MATTHEW WHITE, JR.'S, SUCCESSFUL PLAYLET, "STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN"

"THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE"—THE SAVOY

As a parenthetical paradox, no drama—not even melodrama — exerts a religious influence. It is impossible to convey religion *via* greasepaint. Argument—yes. Religion—no.

What Charles Rann Kennedy's play does do is to pummel the dogmatic orthodox church and teach the doctrine of human brotherhood, and for this reason every clergyman should attend it. "We hold the league of Heart-to-Heart the only purpose of the earth," as one poet has phrased it. A character in the play, Manson (Walter Hampden), is dressed to represent the Nazarene. He it is who, as the butler, the "servant in the house," brings about peace and good will among men. The story of the play makes interesting reading but the play, admirably acted as it is by a cast almost the equal of the wonderful

THE DESHABILLE DRAMA IN LONDON—LENA ASHWELL (RECEIVING LETTER) IN "DIANA OF DOBSON'S," TO BE PRODUCED HERE NEXT SEASON

Fiske cast in "Rosmersholm," is lame, blind, halting, tedious drama.

There were three brothers, Joshua (Walter Hampden), Robert (Tyrone Power), and William (Charles Dalton). Joshua and Robert sacrificed everything to give William an education for the ministry. Then Joshua went away into India and was lost for a number of years. Robert became a drunkard, his wife died, William adopted his daughter, and he himself, cast out by William's wife, turned to cleaning drains for a living. As the Cleaner of Drains he becomes a symbolic figure in the play, representing the bulk of the working class, the men upon whose labor the sweetness and cleanness of society depend. William's wife, Anna, (Edith Wynne Matthison) has a brother, a bishop, hyperorthodox, blind and deaf (these are Symbols) and commercialized. At the beginning of the play Anna herself is living in a narrow ellipse of British thought. William, however, is beginning to doubt himself and his usefulness as a clergyman. He is a vicar in an English village.

LOUISE DRESSER

The curtain goes up on a morning-room scene in William's house. There is great anxiety and preparation, for William and Anna are expecting his brother Joshua, Bishop of Benares, and her brother, James Ponsonby Makeshyfte (Arthur Lewis), Bishop of Lancashire, to come in time for breakfast or luncheon. Manson, the butler, is of course really Joshua, but this is unknown to the Vicar and his household. They all suppose him to be merely an East Indian servant with a penchant for wearing his native robes about the house. The other bishop, Anna's brother, is a grouchy old skinflint who has heretofore never set foot in his sister's house because of his dislike for the

"THE KNIGHT OF THE SORROWFUL COUNTENANCE"—E. H. SOTHERN IN HIS NEWEST RÔLE, AS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA man she married. This is Hatred Number One. Hatred Number Two gets its dramatic presentation when the Cleaner of Drains stalks into the room in his muddy attire and denounces Vicar William for having stolen away his daughter's love. These two hatreds it is the purpose of the play to have Manson, the humble servant, dispel by his gentleness and tact. In the compass of five acts he does so, readjusting William and his wife upon a new basis of living, casting out the skinflint bishop and all that he represents, restoring the daughter to her Drain Cleaner of a father, and making everybody under the vicar's roof happy and friendly. As the curtain falls Manson reveals himself as the long-lost brother, Joshua, Bishop of Benares.

MORE DESHABILLE DRAMA—CLYDE FITCH'S "GIRLS" AT DALY'S. THE GIRLS ARE RUTH MAYCLIFFE, AMY RICARD AND LAURA NELSON HALL

"GIRLS" — DALY'S

It is a short laugh, rather than a far cry, from this Serious Servant to the farcical Fitch "Girls." Mr. Fitch has been writing some very witty things lately, much wittier than the things the witty critics try to write about him. Through no fault of his did "Toddles"—amiable, farcical "Toddles"—fail at the Garrick, after two gloomy March weeks. Toddles and his lines were really funny; the supporting company was not. In the case of "Girls" at Daly's, however, the company, headed by Laura Nelson Hall, is of an all-around excellence and is likely to succeed famously. One point before we plunge into the narrative of the play: Are the farcical possibilities of the boudoir, the pajama and the nightie to become a stage fixture? And is the theatrical season of 1907-8 to go on record as the great season of *deshabille* drama? We have witnessed this year the hectic bedroom scene in "The Thief"; we have tittered at Toddles, in mauve pajamas, languidly receiving his morning callers from the throne of his brass bedstead; we have fidgeted nervously on our seats as Laura Nelson Hall and the two other "Girls" turned down the light and prepared to dispose themselves upon

THE BEAUTY OF BROADWAY—A PARADE OF THE CASINO SHOW GIRLS IN "NEARLY A HERO" divan, Morris chair and folding bed for the night; and now it is said that Charles Frohman will import "Diana of Dobson's" this spring and we will get a cross-section view of how a girl's dormitory retires to slumber.

Be that as it may, Pamela Gordon (Laura Nelson Hall) hates men. She certainly is a man-hater; and so is Violet Lansdowne (Ruth Maycliffe). She is also a man-hater, — with her fingers crossed. And so is Kate West (Amy Ricard); and all three of them live in a "studio" in a New York apartment house. And one night just after they have come down to the footlights in their nighties and made the audience hold its breath, a man crawls in their window. He is being chased through the apartment house by another man for purely Clyde Fitch reasons and he ducks for cover into the den of the man-haters. This is the introduction of Edgar Holt (Charles Cherry). Result: These man-haters fall in love with him.

In the next act Pamela and Violet have obtained positions—or got jobs—in Mr. Holt's law offices, though of course they don't know it is his office. He is away on a vacation and the other partner has hired them. Then Mr. Holt comes back. Then Pamela and he quarrel. Then Pamela resigns and goes back to her studio—to starve. Violet, who has fallen in love with a Mr. Loot (Leslie Kenyon), a clerk in the law office, also resigns and starves. In the third and last act—you may not believe it—but every one of those man-haters has just as good as engaged herself to be married, and honestly, girls, the leading lady is paired off to the leading man!

"DON QUIXOTE"—THE LYRIC

If Paul Kester could have really dramatized the loose series of incidents which surround the serio-comic figure of Cervantes' Quixote, Mr. Sothern would have a very interesting play at the Lyric. As it is, the affair is pretty tiresome. In passing, it is well to remark that the curtain rose at 7:45 p. m. and dropped finally at 11:45. The incident of the wineskins is played off stage, there is no attempt to give the fight with the windmill, and, among other departures from the narrative we all know, a Number Two love-plot is introduced between two supernumerary characters. Dul-

THE NEWEST QUEEN OF COMIC OPERA—SOPHIE BRANDT, IN "THE WALTZ DREAM" cinea does not figure in the play; neither does Rozinante. But Sancho Panza has—in both senses of the word—a "fat" part, too fat a part, a most boisterous, stage-filling, time-taking fat part. He and Quixote are the only two characters — the rest is background—and the buffoon has as many lines as the demented Don. Mr. Sothern's work proclaims him an intelligent, apt, neat-handed master of the stage, modeling his eccentric part with exquisite care. We see the half-crazed eyeball, we hear the reverent, deep tones, we feel the innate pathos of such a condition as that in which the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance is revealed. And all is done naturally, unostentatiously, consistently. "Don Quixote" will never be the popular favorite rôle for Mr. Sothern, but it will be welcome for at least one night and one matinee a week as an excellent representation of a dearly beloved old character.

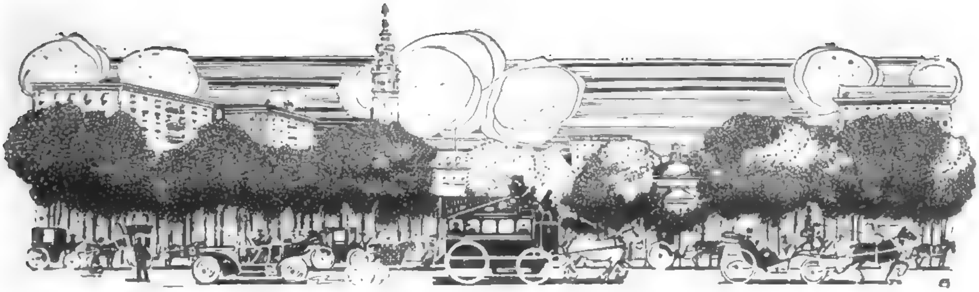
"The Wolf," by Eugene Walter, author of "Paid in Full," brings Canadian melodrama of a good sort to the Bijou. The story is the conventional one about a villain, a yellow-headed heroine and a hero, and winds up with virtue satisfied. Miss Ida Conquest's metallic and intellectual genius—and it is genius—fits in ill with the fulsome stupidity of the backwoods heroine, but the hero, played by William Courtenay, is a strong, manly, appropriate character. The new play is by no means the equal of "Paid in Full," but it is pretty good melodrama, and Eugene Walter is a good, vigorous writer of plays.

LINA ABARBANELL, AS SONIA IN "THE MERRY WIDOW"

In passing, it is worth mention that a typical New York critic actually criticized this play a week before it came to town, closing his festive remarks with the significant line: "Eugene, we're laying fer yuh!"

It is by such asinine, puerile and uncharitable methods that many—too many—Gotham critics conduct their marvelous columns of comment anent the drama. Does not most New York "criticism" consist in "laying fer" every one who gets a play produced?

This particular clairvoyant, who estimated the play so many days in advance and turned his estimate into a denunciation of Mr. Walter, defended his action on the ground that he was passionately jealous of Drama's fair name.



Prominent People in Picture and Paragraph

IN the course of her recent visit to New York, Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose novel, "Robert Elsmere," created a sensation of which reverberations are still, after the lapse of twenty years, felt from time to time, has taken an active part in various enterprises, both local and national, to the betterment of the condition of children in the cities. For many years Mrs. Ward has given her great personal and literary influence to ameliorate the hard and joyless existence of the little dwellers in the slums in England. Indeed, the movement in this country, which under the auspices of the Playground Association of America has attained a national scope, was inspired by the work of similar associations in England. Its purpose—to secure for children in all cities their natural birthright, that of play under natural conditions and elevating leadership—was most eloquently and appealingly set forth by Mrs. Ward in her speech at a dinner given in her honor by her numerous admirers late in March.

In her work for children, Mrs. Ward is following an inherited bent of her nature. Her father was Thomas Arnold, the critic, son of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, dear to the hearts of generations of boy readers of "Tom Brown at Rugby." Her uncle was Matthew Arnold, the poet. Mrs. Ward, whose name is Mary Augusta, was born in Hobart, Tasmania, fifty-seven years ago; she was educated in England and France and married, when she was twenty-one, T. Humphry Ward, the distinguished English journalist, editor and author. She did not begin to write for several years and was just thirty when her first novel, "Milly and Olly," was published. This book met with scant success, which did not deter the author; four years later came "Amiel's Journal," which achieved a vogue, followed the next year by "Miss Bretherton," and then, two years later, by "Robert Elsmere." This novel attained one of the greatest successes in the history of recent English letters; it was translated in nearly all modern languages, was praised and denounced with equal warmth. Twenty years ago, to make a hero of a free thinker in religious matters required courage and strong conviction. Were the book to be published today it is doubtful if its theme would excite even an echo of the clamor it stirred up then. Since its publication Mrs. Ward has

Photo by Barnett, London

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, THE FAMOUS ENGLISH NOVELIST, NIECE OF MATTHEW ARNOLD, NOW IN AMERICA published nine novels, all distinguished for their thoughtfulness and careful craftsmanship. As a novelist she has won more than temporary repute. "Lady Rose's Daughter" and "The Marriage of William Ashe" have been successfully dramatized. Mrs. Ward will spend some time in America, but, it is said authoritatively, is not here to gather material for a novel of American life. She and her husband will tour the country.

A LAWYER WITH 25,000 CLIENTS

IT is good to find certain fine characteristics of bygone generations still being put to good use by posterity. The sturdy fighting qualities of old Jonathan Edwards have found a worthy trustee in Merrill E. Gates, Jr., his descendant, a young lawyer of New York, who has probably a greater number of clients than any other man in the United States, unless it be the attorney-general, who is presumed to represent about eighty millions of us. Mr. Gates numbers his at over twenty-five thousand, but it should be added that they come to him on the *e pluribus unum* principle reversed. From one in this case come many, his original client, The Legal Aid Society of New York, being a sort of refuge for the oppressed poor, especially the foreign-born, who, ignorant of our laws, are too often the confiding prey of the unscrupulous, the loan-shark, the rapacious landlord, and others who lie in wait for their prey from over the sea. As counsel for this useful organization Mr. Gates manages to keep pretty busy. Just at present he is directing a crusade against keepers of sailors' boarding houses and sea captains who make a cheerful practice of "shanghaiing" helpless sailors, who having partaken too freely of water-front whiskey, are kidnapped and shipped aboard outward bound vessels. Such victims are coming to regard Mr. Gates as their most powerful protector, and by the same token the offenders are beginning to realize that the prison bars are no mere illusion. Mr. Gates is a graduate of Amherst, in the class of 1896, of which institution his father was president from 1890 to 1899. He recently married Mary Underhill Woods, grandniece of Johns Hopkins, founder of the university, and daughter of the late William H. S. Woods, president of the Bowery Savings Bank.

Photo by Marceau

MERRILL E. GATES, A LAWYER WITH THE LARGEST NUMBER OF CLIENTS IN THE WORLD

A FAMOUS WOMAN PLAYWRIGHT

MRS. HELOISE DURANT ROSE is an American woman who has achieved distinction in both France and Italy as a writer of unusual power, while her talent has remained almost unnoticed in her own country; and curiously enough her main achievements have been in that branch of literature which is, ordinarily, quickest to leap the ocean boundaries and gain international repute—the drama. It will surprise many New Yorkers to learn that Mrs. Rose is not merely a native of this city, who chose to adopt two foreign languages as her mediums of literary expression, but actually the author of no less than fourteen plays, more than half of which have been produced abroad.

In many ways the most interesting of these is her "Dante," for the inception of this drama dates back to the lifetime of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who was a close friend of the author, and the first among her associates to commend and encourage her idea of founding a practicable acting play on the life and the love-history of the immortal Italian poet; and its completion, years after his death, was recently followed by its acceptance for production

MRS. HELOISE DURANT ROSE, AN AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT WHO HAS ATTAINED FAME ON THE FRENCH AND ITALIAN STAGE

by the most eminent of contemporary Italian players, Ermete Novelli.

AMERICAN TENOR WHO RIVALS CARUSO

"THE American voice" has come to have a real significance in the music world of recent years, for on the operatic and concert stage American singers have been slowly gaining preëminence for native vocal gifts. The success of Geraldine Farrar and of Ellen Beach Yaw are notable incidents in this development. Largely, however, this preëminence has been won by women; until recently, American men, as a rule, have not achieved the success of their sisters. Every rule, generally, has its exception, and the notable exception to this last stated rule is Ellison Van Hoose, who recently, it is said, received an offer of ten thousand dollars a year to sing in St. George's Church, London. This salary is the largest ever offered a church singer, but Mr. Van Hoose preferred to remain in America for, foreign as his name sounds, he is an American by birth, training and conviction. Mr. Van Hoose was born in Tennessee something over thirty years ago; as a boy he had an alto voice of great richness and range which his mother, an educated musician, trained. When he was about fourteen he gave up the study of music and on his graduation from college at the age of seventeen, he took up mechanical and electrical engineering and devoted himself to this profession for eight years. In 1895, however, his artistic instinct reasserted itself so strongly that he cast engineering to the winds and took up singing as his life work. He sang for several years in churches in New York and then became a member of the Damrosch Opera Company. He made his first appearance in an important rôle with that organization at the Boston Theatre, Boston, singing Erik in "The Flying Dutchman," and scored a pronounced success. He remained with the Damrosch Company for two seasons, meanwhile repeating his success abroad in the London Promenade Concerts and in a series of recitals. He is the only American male singer who has received a royal "command" to sing in Buckingham Palace, where he sang privately for the late Queen Victoria. He has sung with every important orchestra and oratorio society of America, has toured in concert with Madame Melba and Madame Sembrich, and is considered to-day, next to Caruso, the greatest living lyric tenor. Next year it is hoped he will appear in opera.

A FINANCIER WHO FIGHTS GAMBLING

OF all the methods of acquiring a fortune none seems to have lured the average American so powerfully as dabbling in stocks, including bucket shop gambling. In the fight now being waged against the bucket shop, Ogden B. Budd, president of the Consolidated Stock and Petroleum Exchange, locally known as the "little" exchange, has assumed a commanding position. What one man of tireless energy,

ELLISON VAN HOOSE, AMERICA'S GREATEST LIVING TENOR personal power, unimpeachable business reputation for shrewdness and honesty and wide influence could do, he has done. Back of much of the recent legislation aimed against the bucket shop, the practitioners of that gentle and profitable art of separating the fool from his money have viewed with alarm the menacing figure of Mr. Budd. Personally he is anything but menacing, and it is hard to conceive that this genial, urbane, and gentle-voiced man should be greatly and justly feared by his enemies.

Photo by Marceau

OGDEN B. BUDD, PRESIDENT OF THE CONSOLIDATED STOCK EXCHANGE AND FOE OF "BUCKET SHOPS"

Mr. Budd is some forty-seven years old, a New Yorker born and bred, and has been in Wall Street since his graduation from the College of the City of New York. When he was twenty-four he became a member of the Consolidated Exchange, and has been closely identified with it ever since. He was elected president in 1906, and enjoying the confidence of the members, and with a thorough knowledge of the workings and machinery of the exchange, his administration has been notable. Through his initiative the Exchange has built a magnificent home on Broad Street nearly opposite the New York Stock Exchange, where its business has increased by bounds.

MISS KATHERINE ELKINS, THE FIRST AMERICAN GIRL TO MAKE A ROYAL MARRIAGE

THE MOST TALKED-OF GIRL IN AMERICA

THE coming marriage of Miss Katherine Elkins to the Duke of the Abruzzi, has brought to light the interesting information that the now world-famous young woman of Washington's inner official circle will be the first American girl to whom history has ever granted the title of royal princess. Miss Elkins will not become a mere duchess, as the generally used title of her fiancé might imply, for the Duke of the Abruzzi is also the Prince Luigi Amadee Guiseppe Maria Ferdinando Francesco, brother to the king.

The silence preserved by the principals in regard to the engagement gave rise to many contradictory stories in regard to the actual wedding plans; but Washington society quickly satisfied itself that these plans were, nevertheless, complete, and that the ceremony would take place early next autumn, with the official stamp of royal approval represented by the presence of King Victor Emanuel.

Miss Elkins first met her future husband a year ago, when he visited Washington. She was one of many guests at a reception given in the duke's honor, and his attention was first attracted to her by her refusal to greet him with a formal courtesy—the manner adopted by other young society women on this occasion.

ATHLETIC AMBASSADOR

THIS twentieth century is the era of youth. In initiative and achievement the young man is to the fore, and it is but another evidence

Photo by Jaeger, Stockholm

BRUNO SODERSTROM, SENT BY SWEDEN TO STUDY OUR ATHLETICS

of the spirit of the times that the first modern nation to accord athletics official recognition should be the youngest in the brotherhood of kingdoms, Sweden. She has not only recognized athletics as a legitimate field for national cultivation but has, for the first time in modern history, appointed a commissioner whose duty is to study the athletic conditions in other countries and to recommend improvement of athletic methods and the introduction of new sports for the people. This commissioner, a sort of ambassador for athletics, is now in America; he is Mr. Bruno Soderstrom, of Stockholm, one of the foremost athletes in Sweden, who won high honors in vaulting at the Olympic games in Athens. He has come to us as the personal representative of King Gustavus V, who is deeply interested in the encouragement of athletics and physical culture of his people. The king found that America furnished the best field for study and ordered Mr. Soderstrom to come here, make an exhaustive study of our system and present his report in such form that the government can take the matter into consideration. Mr. Soderstrom expects to remain nearly a year and to go over the whole field thoroughly. He says that athletics have been popular in his country only since 1890, when the first national meet was held. Since then, interest has grown rapidly, and not only have the native sports, such as skiing, hockey, ice racing, and the universal forms of athletics, been developed, but various foreign sports, notably association football, been introduced. It is likely that baseball will be introduced on Mr. Soderstrom's return, since he has become an enthusiast in the game.

Mr. Soderstrom thinks and says frankly that American athletics and American athletes are the best in the world.

A MISTRESS OF BUSINESS

IN a handsomely furnished office in Wall Street, at a high roll-top desk, and on a revolving chair that never creaks as chairs sometimes do in less well kept offices, sits a golden-haired, clear-eyed young woman of crisp utterance in pleasant voice. One gets the impression of entire self-confidence grounded upon accurate knowledge from Miss Katherine M. Giles, known to the "street" as Miss Kate Giles. Miss Giles issues the Giles Cotton Crop Report, which is read in every English speaking and several other countries. Last year she enjoyed a phenomenal triumph. Her estimate of the cotton crop proved to be right and the Government's estimate wrong. Miss Giles is to-day one of the most trusted business statisticians in the country, a reputation she has earned by ten years of hard and brilliant work. She first went into business as stenographer in the office of a stock statistician, but after learning all that her employer could teach her, she set up in business for herself and by her thorough grasp of affairs, her constant application and shrewd observation rapidly won the confidence of the business world. Her specialty has been compiling reports on the cotton crop, but she has done much the same work on order for many other industries. Her work has been highly remunerative.

"It is the pride of my life that I know how to collect cotton statistics," Miss Giles says. "It

Photo by Byron

MISS KATHERINE M. GILES, AMERICA'S EXPERT COTTON STATISTICIAN pleases me greatly that my reports are well known and acknowledged to be reliable. No human being can estimate exactly how many bales of cotton may be raised in a year, or how much land will be planted to cotton, but a good estimate can be made, and it is my pride that my estimate has never been far out of the way."

A DARING WOMAN EXPLORER

SOME years ago the scientific world was excited by the report of Dr. R. L. Garner, who after years of life and study in the African wilds, declared that monkeys communicated with one another by a system of sounds that amounted to a crude half-formed language. Dr. Garner declared that not only did the animals converse with one another but that he himself had, as it were, learned the language and could carry on a conversation in the best simianese. He was wont to visit monkey cages and talk with the occupants, much to their pleasure and the enjoyment of the spectators. No one else has ever acquired the learned doctor's proficiency in *lingua simiana,* but it is patent to even the cursory student of animals that they do have some means of communication of a higher order than a mere startling cry of alarm. An American woman, Mrs. C. William Beebe, wife of the curator of ornithology in the New York Zoölogical Gardens, has become convinced, it is said, by years of study in Canada, the United States, and Mexico, that birds have a language, and in pursuit of her study has, with her husband, fitted out an expedition and is now voyaging, up the Orinoco River in Guiana, South America. Mrs. Beebe is an ornithologist of established scientific reputation, won by her individual work and by her work with her husband. She is the first American woman, too, to conduct explorations into the heart of South America. Before her marriage Mrs. Beebe was Mary Blair Rice, a Virginian by birth and inheritance. She is an attractive young woman who impresses the observer as being of the domestic type rather than the highly trained, venturesome scientific investigator that she is.

MRS. C. WILLIAM BEEBE, EXPLORER, WHO BELIEVES BIRDS TALK

AN INTERNATIONAL PHYSICIAN

DR. FRANCIS DELAFIELD, during his long and active professional career, has come to be one of the best known and most justly distinguished of New York physicians. Not only is he a famous practitioner, but his contributions to medical literature are especially numerous and valuable, his most noted work, "Studies of Pathological Anatomy," being a standard volume of reference.

Dr. Delafield was born in New York nearly sixty-seven years ago, on August 3, 1841. His medical instinct was to some extent an inheritance, his father having been one of the founders of the association of the Alumni of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, where he himself now holds the position of professor emeritus. He was a graduate of this college, having matriculated there after his preliminary education

Photo by Pach Bros.

DR. FRANCIS DELAFIELD, LEADING NEW YORK PHYSICIAN, AUTHOR, AND PATHOLOGIST at Yale and before continuing his medical studies and researches abroad.

BANKER AND EDUCATIONALIST

TO occupy the two leading positions of two big New York City institutions—one financial and one educational—is the curious achievement of A. Barton Hepburn, who is not only president of the Chase National Bank of this city, but president of the Academy of Political Science at Columbia University. Mr. Hepburn, who first became prominent in public affairs in 1879, when he was made chairman of the Assembly's special railroad investigation committee, has had a most varied and interesting career, having been, at various periods, city examiner, comptroller of the currency under the late President Harrison, and eventually head of the Third National Bank, which last office he retained until its consolidation with the National City Bank, in 1897, when he became vice-president of the combined institution.

He resigned this position to take charge of the Chase National Bank, yet his constantly active financial occupations have never prevented his following a literary instinct and contributing in a large degree to contemporary letters. Mr. Hepburn's thorough and invaluable account of money-growth, "The History of Coinage and Currency," has attained a deservedly high place among books of its class, for its compilation, requiring minutest research and almost endless investigation, was in one sense a labor of love, and a remarkable achievement for one whose interest led mainly in directions far afield from literature and its necessities.

Photo by Hollinger

WILLIAM HAYES WARD, FOR FORTY YEARS EDITOR OF THE "INDEPENDENT"

Mr. Hepburn was born in Coulton, New York, in 1846. He was educated at Middlebury College, Vermont, from which institution he afterward received the degrees of A.B. and LL.D. More recently, also, the degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him by St. Lawrence University, of Canton, New York.

Photo by Lippincott

A. BARTON HEPBURN, AUTHOR AND PRESIDENT OF THE CHASE NATIONAL BANK

AN ATHLETIC MARVEL

RAPIDLY forging to the head among American sprinters is Leroy B. Dorland, a nineteen-year-old New York boy who, in the National Indoor Championships, recently captured the championship for the three hundred yard run in record time. He is one of the youngest athletes in the country to hold a national championship, but he is an old hand at competing and many athletic honors have fallen to his lot. His first appearance on the track was as a member of the one hundred pound midget relay team of the High School of Commerce. So excellent was his work that Mr. Andre Fontaine, the former champion of France, took the boy in hand and it is due to his excellent training that Dorland has developed into the sterling performer of to-day. In the season of 1906-7 he established three track records that stand to-day: he did the 440-yards in 51 3/5 seconds, and the 600-yards in 1 minute 16 2/5 seconds. He then made the 300-yards in 32 4/5 seconds, winning from the scratch. As a member of the track team of the Seventy-second Regiment, New York National Guard, he has made that regiment's athletic record almost a national one.

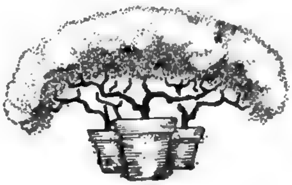
Dorland stands five feet eight inches and weighs about one hundred and sixty pounds; but as he grows stronger, his speed increases. His youth, vitality and consistent improvement point to a noteworthy record-breaking future.

LEROY B. DORLAND, THE TWENTY-YEAR-OLD NEW YORK SPRINTER AND NATIONAL CHAMPION

DEAN OF EDITORS

FOR a period of nearly forty years, readers of the *Independent* have turned every week, with keen anticipation of shrewd, sane and sound comment on matters of passing public concern, to its editorials, and during that time disappointment has not been their lot. Two generations of readers have sought this department for timely wisdom and two generations have always found it. In the history of journalism such a lasting hold on a constantly changing audience is well nigh without parallel and its uniqueness loses none of its quality in view of the fact that this feat has been accomplished chiefly through one man, Wililam Hayes Ward, who has been the *Independent's* managing editor for thirty-eight years. He has been the writer of editorials, influential in 1870, still influential in 1908. The intellectual power which this record manifests is extraordinary. Few men outlive their intellectual contemporaries; fewer advance with the progress of the generations; fewer still have kept well in the van of that progress. Among these, however, Mr. Ward is a noteworthy figure. And his task has been all the more difficult in the nature of his work. The *Independent* has been always a journal conservative in tone, with a tendency to weigh the theories of the day with a most deliberate hand. Thoroughly convinced of the wisdom of this method, Mr. Ward has known how, nevertheless, to carry out the policy without offense or apology, with such delicate tact that sane and shrewd have been the adjectives universally applied to his utterances.

Mr. Ward is the dean of American editors: he was born in Massachusetts seventy-three years ago of old New England stock, and received the usual education given New England youths intended for the ministry. He studied at Andover Academy and later at Amherst College, from which he graduated in 1856. He then studied at the Andover Theological Seminary and was ordained in the Congregational ministry. Shortly after he married Ellen M. Dickinson, who died in 1874. In his early years in the ministry he devoted his attention to the study of Assyrian history and monuments, and some years later headed an expedition which unearthed the ancient city of Babylon. In the field of Oriental archæology and the study of Assyrian remains, he has won international fame both as investigator and publicist. He has written extensively on general topics aside from his editorial work.



HALF LENGTHS

Losing to Win

By Frances Harmer

THEY climbed slowly up one of the terrace-like flights of steps which lead from the Park to Morningside Heights. As they gained the topmost step, they could see the dark line of the Elevated road, where a train glided around the curve like a fiery snake.

"So it's to be called off, then?" John North's voice cut into the silence around them, a silence emphasized by the distant roar of downtown traffic.

The girl shivered, and put out her hand to him.

"I can't help it," he persisted. "I can't wait any longer, Nell. I've got to have my home. I'm sick of boarding. It's two years, now——"

"Yes, dear, I know." She withdrew her hand. "But I can't leave them."

"I believe there'd be some one you'd think it your duty to wait for, if it were twenty years instead of two, that I'd been waiting." He was much aggrieved. "First, your mother——"

She stirred quickly.

"I know. I didn't blame you—wasn't I fond enough of her?"

She nodded, and put her hand in his again.

"But now, it's Katie, who's nineteen, and could look after herself. And the kids, who could go to their grandmother."

"Roger might," she said slowly. "But Grandma doesn't understand babies, and Nina would pine away—she's only six, and so—Oh, what is the good of going over it all again?" she broke off, with a sob. "If you can't wait at least a year——"

"I can't, and won't," he retorted, shortly. "Christmas sees me in my own house."

"It's off, then," she said faintly. "I'll go home, now, John."

"'Tisn't ten, yet," he remonstrated.

"No, but—— I'm going home." They walked in silence to the door of the Morningside flat-house where she made her home.

"Good night," said Nell, holding her face up bravely for his kiss. "I won't say come in."

He held her hand, reluctant to let her go. "You're thinking mean things of me, Nell, I know—but a man's got to have his home—a girl doesn't understand——"

"I think I do," she said in a low tone. "But I can't—I can't—give them up—even if I hadn't promised mother, I should feel the same. I hope you'll do well—I shall always care—oh, go, John, *go!*"

She ran into the door, which stood open, and he was left upon the step, with a curious mixture of relief, freedom and loss.

"It's well over," he mused, as he walked briskly away to his boarding-house. "I'd have stuck to her, if she'd have stuck to me. I'm blessed if I know whether I'm glad or sorry. She's the finest girl I ever knew—but I can't wait forever, and I won't begin housekeeping with those kids, either. I guess it's as well it's called off. Old Judd gave me a pretty broad hint the other day. Kitty's his only child, and she'll get what he leaves. She's not one of your serious sort, either. A fellow can have some fun with *her*."

John heard that Katie had set out for herself and that Nell was keeping the home together with what she could make at dressmaking, but heard no more. His love for Nell had been sincere. But being a practical man, and a stubborn one, he had put it aside completely. He was engaged to Kitty Judd, who would bring him three thousand dollars—as much as he had saved in seven years. And he liked her. She was a merry, unexacting, uncritical little thing. He would be able to manage her, too, he told himself, and she would enjoy life with him. She would not be "too everlastingly particular."

Yet, as the weeks sped on towards December, he found himself thinking more, rather than less, of his lost love.

"Now don't look so sober," expostulated his betrothed one night, by way of greeting. "Sometimes you are such a sobersides, I'm quite afraid of you! Dad's got tickets for the theatre, and you can take me somewhere afterwards. But he wants to speak to you first."

From the interview John emerged, frowning. An invitation had been given him to become a partner in the business, a little hardware shop in Harlem, and it meant a tremendous rise for him. Yet he was not elated, for he had been given an insight into business methods which he had never before suspected.

"I declare, I'd like to talk it over with Nell," he thought, as he turned the handle of the drawing-room door. "But I know exactly what she'd say, of course."

"Well!" was Kitty's astonished comment. "I thought you'd come in on your head—and off it," she added with a laugh.

"I'm pleased, of course," he said, pulling himself up. "Only, Kitty, I don't quite like some of the ways. I——"

She put her hands to her ears.

"Don't you dare talk business to me, sir," she admonished. "I never want to hear a word about business—so now you know. Didn't you bring me any candies—not one? You are a stingy sort! You should have seen what *some* young men—that I threw over for you, sir—used to do! Bob Gunter gave me long stemmed American beauties, and crystallized violets every night for three weeks!"

"Bob Gunter is richer than I am—and he wasn't saving up for a little home," smiled John. "I'll get you some chocolates before we go to the theatre."

"Yes, John—and, let me tell you I don't want any dear little home. I want to board at a real swell place, and have a wild time. We don't want to be shut indoors every evening, do we?" She came over to him coaxingly. "We're going to have a fling,—that we are!"

The next few weeks were very busy ones. John was given a new desk in Mr. Judd's office. Then the crash came.

Only the soundest of the little East Side retail establishments weathered the financial storm, and the firm of Judd, North and Company went under at the first breath of the panic. A week before the wedding day, John found a pale and terrified girl awaiting him, with the news that her father had disappeared, and that all the money in safe, bank, and till, had also vanished.

The Judd family rallied round their defaulting relative's daughter, and a home was found for Kitty, with her father's sister. The wedding was, of course, postponed. John had to begin again, at the foot of the ladder—and three thousand dollars were not to be saved in a hurry. He did not easily obtain another situation, for his long connection with the Judd firm made possible employers suspicious. But he had pluck, and endless perseverance—which won out. Once in a berth, his work precluded all fear of his losing it.

Kitty was a sore trial to him, in those days of anxiety and suspense. She fretted about her father, about fate, and about John himself. She didn't care what happened to her now. She hated living with Aunt Jane. He must—he simply must—make it possible for her to be married quickly, and get away.

"Why, she expects me to help with the house, and look after the children," sobbed the child. "And Dad never let me do a thing—not a thing. Oh, I wish I'd never been born!"

And John, tired, dispirited, after a hopeless day's search for employment, had to put his cares on one side, and comfort her. There were moments when he wished that he could break with Kitty. He knew that he did not really love her. But he was filled with a great pity for the child, who had gladly and freely given herself to him, when she had been, as she thought, very much worth the giving. And yet he could not keep the thought of Nell always away. How she would have greeted him, cheered him, encouraged him!

Then, one night he met her on the subway. The car was crowded and she was standing. She accepted his seat with a smile, and a blush, and he took her strap. She told him that she did needlework—principally shirtwaists—at home, and that the children were well.

"I mustn't let Santa Claus forget them," he remarked as he helped her on the platform, and then, "I'm coming your way."

They walked on in silence, till they came to the Park, its trees bare now of leaves, but lovely still.

"You heard about old Judd?" he said, after a moment.

Nell nodded.

"It was dreadful—but how the poor man must be suffering," she suggested.

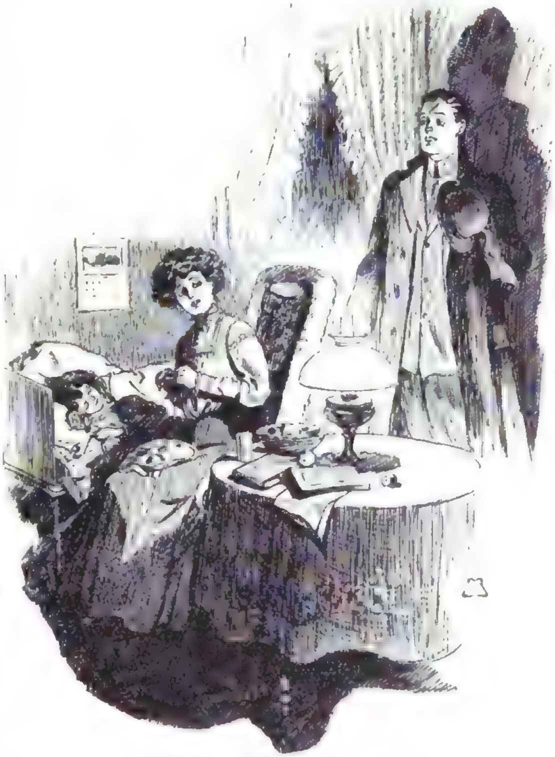
"Not half as much as he's making others suffer," growled John. "He's got all the money, too. But I mustn't whine. I've got a pretty good berth, and I'm on the ladder, if I am starting again. Tell me how you are doing? And how is Katie?"

"She's doing fairly well—I don't like her friends," Nell's brow clouded. "Myself? Oh, I'm doing very well," she added cheerily. "I get as much sewing as I have time for, and don't think for a moment that I'm not happy."

"I hope you are, indeed," he said, looking at her earnestly. Then he bade her good-night.

John sat silent beside his little betrothed that evening, thinking that he must not see Nell again.

"I've been a fool—a fool," he thought. "And now I've got to foot the bill. It's a kind of comfort to know that Nell wouldn't have me, if I did throw Kitty over. Nell! *Nell!* How she would help a man out!" His eyes clouded



HE STOOD BEHIND HER CHAIR

"You haven't heard a word I've said," came in grieved accents from Kitty.

"How do you know?" He forced a smile. "Say it again and I'll tell you if I did."

"John—how much longer must we wait?"

He sat up.

"If you mean you'd rather board ——"

"I would."

"Then—we might pull it off in the New Year."

Kitty considered.

"And *where* would we board?"

"Some place where they'd take us for fifteen a week. I could not pay more."

"Fifteen a week—for the two of us!" Kitty shook her head. "We couldn't get anything I would stand for that."

"No," said John, relieved. "Then, we must wait—mustn't we?"

"I don't believe you mind," pouted Kitty. "You're not the same, somehow."

"I've had a tough time, remember—out of a job for three weeks, with all the rest."

"Fifteen dollars a week—for two—*no.*" Kitty's tone was crisply decided.

Then she suddenly burst into tears.

"You don't care. You'd as soon wait."

John's heart throbbed with a great pity.

"Don't say that, Kitty," somehow, his voice, to his own ears, seemed to hold an echo of Nell's clear tones. "I'll get a home for you as soon as ever I can. And, once you're in it, I'll do my best to make you happy.

Christmas came and went. John chose a wonderful doll for Nina, a fine mechanical engine for Roger. To Nell he sent a pair of gloves and he put this little note inside: "Merry Christmas, dear. I mustn't see you again. But I'd like you to know, for your Christmas, that I know what I lost when I lost you. Good luck to you. John."

With the New Year came a raise in wages for John. In a crisis he had asserted himself, and had shown what he could do. The firm expressed their appreciation. Of course, his first thought was "If only I could tell Nell," but instead, he bought Kitty a box of chocolates, and went early to call at her aunt's.

The perverse little thing was in a new mood, and flung his offering pettishly from her.

"You'd better save up for our wedding," she said, impatiently. "I wonder how much longer we'll have to wait? Bob Gunter used to beg me to elope with him."

"Elope *with me,*" John put his arm round her. "Come, I've got good news."

Kitty sat up, her eyes sparkling. They talked of ways and means, and, it was settled that they need wait no longer. They would have a quiet wedding in ten days, take the week's holiday he had been offered, and have a trip—a real honeymoon.

John was out on business for the firm the next day when he met an old acquaintance.

"Hear you're going to get tied up," said his friend. "Wish you luck. Heard of that poor girl you used to go with—it's rough on her."

"What?" The syllable was like a cannon shot.

"Little brother fell down—both legs smashed—can't live. Hope they fire the driver who did it. Hope——"

But John had gone.

He made straight for Nell's home, and walked in—right into the little dimly lighted bedroom.

On a narrow bed, lay the little fellow. The curly head, the little white face, the eyes that dumbly wondered and questioned, that besought help—how they burnt in upon John's brain and heart!

Even Nell, with her tense young form, and her face of straining agony, was less vivid. By the bed stood a young doctor.

"It's nonsense—absolute nonsense," he was saying. "My good girl, he'll be ten times better off in a hospital."

His eyes met John's. The two men understood each other, instinctively.

"He will, dear," said John, taking her hand.

The little figure on the bed stirred ever so slightly.

"No,—Nell—no," whispered the faint little voice.

Nell moved to him, her whole being one impulse of passionate, protecting love. She smiled into the questioning eyes, and turned to John. The doctor considerately withdrew.

"But I have no money, and he must go as a city patient," she said, her eyes imploring his. "Oh, they may say what they will—it *is* different! I couldn't see him—I——"

"But if we could pay? *I* can! I've been promoted. You wouldn't mind then? He would get better care."

Nell turned to him.

"You? Oh, but——"

He had seen the relief on her face.

"Square it with him," he said, nodding to the little sufferer. Then he went out to the doctor.

"Put off our wedding for a month? Why?"

Kitty's voice was accusing. John's conscience was by no means at ease.

"I had to spend some money, dear—the child—the little brother—of a friend——"

"Well, we just can't put it off," said Kitty, decidedly. "I've heard from Daddy. He's in Seattle—doing very well. He wants us to go out to him at once. He's sent me my journey money, too. So you tell those people —I don't know their names—that we're off next week. Dad says you'll do first rate in Seattle—you'll be his partner, of course."

"Stop," said John quietly. "Understand this. I neither go to Seattle, nor become your father's partner. I stay at my job. That's settled."

Kitty looked at him, her eyes snapping.

"*I* am going," she said. "I'm sick of New York. Dad says *I shall* make a hit, out there. Oh, you can't mean it. You'll come?"

She watched him intently.

"No," said John. The word fell like the stroke of a sledge hammer. "We'll be married in a month, Kitty, and I'll do my level best for you. But I'm not going to give up what I've got here for uncertainty out West—I'm not going out West, or into partnership with your father, at any price."

"Very well," said Kitty. Her face was white, her breath came quickly. "I won't ask you to stay to-night. I've got to write to Dad."

"Tell him I wish him luck," said John. "That's all I have to say."

He felt a little lost as he stepped out into the January cold. Theatres did not very much appeal to him, and his heart being with Nell's little boy he went in to the hospital. The doctors told him the child's injuries were not as bad as they had at first feared. They even hoped that he might not be permanently lame.

A great load of care and pain seemed lifted from John's heart as he thanked the attendant, and sauntered away. Before long, he found himself near a great church not far from Central Park. The choir was practising—strains of rich and solemn music floated out to him—music that made him think of Nell. Ah, but he must not think of Nell; he must do his best for Kitty, poor little soul; he would be very gentle with her—very patient. When the music ceased, he decided to go home—that is, to go to his shabby little hall bedroom. Perhaps he wouldn't be so lonely when he had Kitty to go home to.

As he turned on his light in his room a thick letter stared up at him from his table. Kitty's writing!

"You and I would never get on. I've known that for some time. So we'll just call it off. When you read this Bob Gunter and I will be on our way West—that is, if you read it late enough. We're going to get married to-night. Kitty."

Nell looked up from her sewing, when he arrived there a half hour later. He stood behind her chair. Nina was asleep on her cot, the doll he had sent her in her arms. Then Nell rose and moved towards him.

"I called at the hospital," he cried. "He's doing well. And I'm a free man, Nell, free. I'll take good care of you and the kids—*Nelly!*"

THE GIRL IN THE CAR

By
Sarah Josephine Baykes

LAMBERT stood at the bottom of the veranda steps, looking up at a girl in a white gown above him. Anger drew unfamiliar lines about his mouth, and his eyes were distant; she regarded him hostilely, as she might have looked upon a stranger. He had become so suddenly strange and unrecognizable, that the change her impetuous words had made in him startled her into a more reckless invective.

Westward, beyond the tennis courts and the lake, the sun was setting in a red mist. It had been a very warm day, and the lake lay limpid and unruffled. The leaves drooped in the stillness.

Jim Lambert's big motor stood throbbing on the gravel sweep before the cottage. Lambert, when he spoke, could scarcely be heard above its pounding.

"All that is unnecessary, Rose. If I have offended you unpardonably, you have only to say so."

"I can never forgive you—*never.*" Her lips trembled upon the emphasis, while her eyes scorned him.

"And that is dismissal—absolute?"

She nodded. Her heart gave a little frightened jump as she did it, and she nodded again—angrily.

"You condemn me finally, without allowing me any answer whatever? How terribly unjust!"

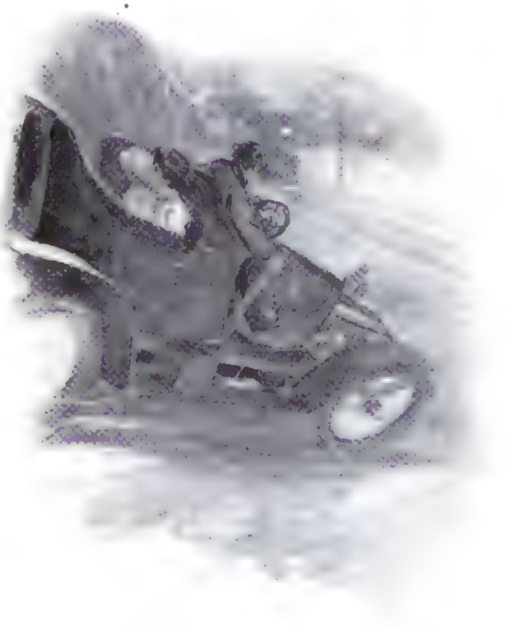
"I know what I saw and what I feel. Isn't that enough?" Her voice whipped the air.

"If you find it so, I have nothing to offer. It's going to be unpleasant for both if I come here again, so I may get my racquets and clubs from the east porch?"

"Certainly." Her cheeks burned redder as he turned and disappeared around the corner of the house.

Rose stood still facing the sunset. Her hands fell forward; the fingers, relaxing, dropped open, the little flames of wrath burned less brightly in her eyes. For the storm that had been raging in her heart for the past few days was quite spent now. It had broken with even more violence than she expected, and the words that she had waited impatiently to say, she had said boldly and with conviction. She was very glad. But she had not expected Jim's attitude. She had not intended final dismissal. That she realized now.

The machine still stood palpitating with the shaking throb of its motor, for Jim had run it up the drive expecting her to step in and ride away with him as she had done many times before. It was a big red car, speedy and durable, and as familiar to her as Jim himself. Presently she might see it disappear for the last time in the curve of the lake road, and Jim, with the sunset light on his uncovered head, would not even turn to look back, would ride out of her life.



A WHISTLE SHRIEKED SUDDENLY

Yet Jim had been unpardonable. She flamed into wrath again at the thought of his offenses—a flash of anger that burned out quickly, leaving her quite unresentful. In spirit she forgave Jim at that moment, altogether and for everything. Yet if he came back with his lips still in that hard, unfamiliar line, it would be impossible for her to say a word or put out a hand to keep him. A thought flashed into her consciousness—an inspiration that carried her down the steps almost with one bound.

She wrenched open the door of the machine, and scrambling into the tonneau, crouched down upon the floor. The linen robe covered her, but it was stifling beneath it, and she gasped uncomfortably. Lambert's returning footsteps frightened her into silence, though when he came up to the car and threw the racquets and clubs heavily upon her shoulders, she had difficulty in suppressing a cry of protest.

He sprang in forward, and started the car almost before he was seated. It ran swiftly down the drive, and out along the road, and Rose pressed her hands against her hot cheeks with a little thrill of doubt. She had saved herself the agony of seeing Jim and the car glide into the distance without her. But without a doubt she was horribly uncomfortable, and she had yet to learn how Jim would receive her when he discovered her in the character of a stowaway.

The car flew along over the road with increasing speed. Jim was driving it very fast, and Rose was thrown about between the seats, while she reached out groping hands to steady herself. She wondered where Jim was going, and how soon it would be wise for her to rise to the comfort of the cushions and tell him, with truly feminine logic, that, although she meant every word that she had said, she could not permit him to leave her.

She ventured presently to raise her head from under the robe, and looked down to see the road slipping from under her with dizzying swiftness.

In a moment she would put her hand on Lambert's shoulder and——

Without warning the car sprang forward, just as she rose to her knees, stretching out a hand to pull herself upon the seat. She was flung face forward upon the cushions. The road flew away behind her, a long dun-colored ribbon unwinding its length from under the tires with appalling swiftness. The trees rushed past; the hot, dry dust rose in a choking cloud.

Rose twisted about, and saw Jim bending tensely above the steering wheel. Faster and faster flew the car. What madness possessed him she could not guess. She dared not speak now, nor dared touch him, lest one startled turn of his hand on the wheel dash them both among the trees at the roadside. She thought that when they reached the town he must drive slower, but he did not. Again and again, as they passed teams upon the road, she held her breath; death seemed so certain.

White as her white gown, she crouched upon the floor, her hair blowing wildly about her face, her elbows braced against the seat behind, while she caught her breath in a soft panting, lest she frighten Jim with the sudden knowledge of her presence.

They swept up the hills, rising as though on wings; they plunged down with a sinking, sickening speed, and the miles flew by almost with the minutes. The sun, disappearing below the farther hills, a dusk grew slowly about them.

With a sudden rumble, they crossed a bridge, and the white railing flashed at them through the dimness. They swished through a muddy hollow, and the water flew from under the wheels into the car. They plunged through the dark corridor of a wood; beyond they sped up a hill, and, as they turned the crest, and dashed down the incline, a whistle shrieked suddenly, there sounded the thunder of iron-railed cars, and a streak of light shot about the curve below.

Rose, in a panic of terror, flung her arms across her face, waiting rigidly for the horror which she saw against her tight-closed lids—the splintered car—herself very white beneath it—but most vividly Jim—Jim suddenly crushed and quiet, before she, with her own lips, could still this tempest, which was of her creating.

It seemed as though the machine must tear itself to pieces, with the jarring grind of the brakes. It leaped, jerking, with the shock. The roar of the train rose to a deafening thunder, a climax of turmoil, then—it passed with a shriek into the distance, and the car stood still, unharmed, beside the tracks.

Rose's heart began to beat again, slowly, in big throbs, and she opened her eyes. Jim was leaning quietly back against the seat cushions, with his face turned calmly, almost regretfully, toward the tail-lights of the express; his hands rested loosely upon his knees; his shoulders drooped.

Rose sobbed suddenly into the growing stillness and Jim turned, neither very swiftly nor yet slowly, until he looked into her eyes. He put out his hand and touched her as though she were a ghost.

"My God!" he said, "Rose!"

She nodded, the tears running weakly over her cheeks, and she tried to rise, but she was stiff and cramped and her knees trembled. Jim leaned over the seat, and drew her up against him. He started to say something and choked, but she knew, as his arms tightened about her, of what he was thinking.

"Don't," she whispered, putting her cheek against his. "Don't say anything. We were both mad—quite mad."

PICCADILLY BILLY

By William Allen Johnston

WE called him Piccadilly Billy—we, his American friends in London. We all lived in a flat in Iverna Court, Kensington; and we worked for a big American electric company, the same company that called Billy to London.

Billy had always yearned for England, and English ways. He began wearing London clothes during his senior year in college, and joined a cricket club as soon as he was settled in New York. He cultivated a habit of taciturnity, was gruff toward women, smoked a pipe on the streets of New York, and struggled manfully with an honest distaste for Scotch whiskey.

He interviewed Shipman and Pierce very keenly when those worthies returned to New York for their holiday and gloated in his secret soul when they spoke of punting on the Thames, of getting a chop and a pint of "musty" at the Cock Tavern, of week-ends on the Continent—well, he'd make London, Billy told himself, if he had a leg left under him.

It came at last. Shipman was recalled to America to fill an executive position in the Chicago office and Billy, who had his wires well laid and a cautious but determined finger upon them, went home one night walking on thin air with his orders for London sticking proudly from his pocket.

He encountered some problems on the boat going over. The man who sat next to him in the dining-saloon said a cautious "good morning" to him the third day out, and after a long stroll on deck and an evening at whist they became fast friends. Billy put him down as a fine fellow, and he was. There are no better. We know him, for he comes to the flat very often and we've all been to his country house at Dulwich for tea and tennis.

He pronounced Port Said "Port Syde," and spoke of the "Dyly Myle," but he was evidently a man of wealth and finest character, and Billy thoroughly respected him and was proud of their acquaintanceship.

One afternoon as they were smoking on deck a tall, slim young man with a fashionable stoop and walk swung by their chairs. "There's a fine type of the English aristocrat!" Browne said proudly.

This was enough for Billy. He found a copy of "Who's Who" in the library and discovered that "De Farietta" was a county esquire with landed estates and a long lineage. He smilingly approached De Farietta the following morning.

That gentleman was most agreeable. He offered Billy a scented cigarette and they spent the morning talking about Newport.

That evening over the whist table he told Browne about the conversation, and Browne looked somewhat astonished, Billy thought.

"He's a mighty fine fellow," said Billy sincerely.

Browne looked shocked. "Oh, of course," he said.

"Seems to be very much of a gentleman," said Billy.

"Oh, he *is* a gentleman." Browne looked horrified.

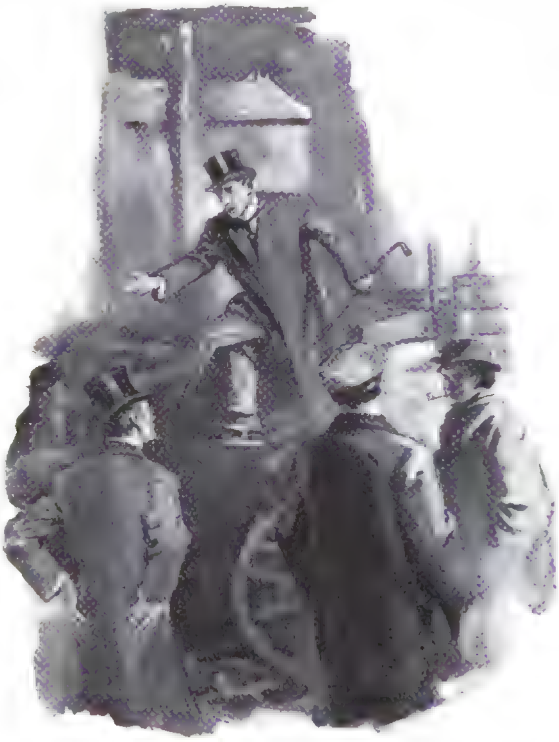
"Yes, he seems to be," said Billy pleasantly.

"No, he *is*," said Browne firmly, and Billy laid awake that night and tried to solve the problem of gentlemen who *are*, whether they seem to be or not.

He was further confused the next morning, when he asked Browne to meet De Farietta. "Do you know," said Billy, relating the incident to us, "that he firmly refused. 'No, I don't wish to obtrude myself,' he said!"

Again, in conversation, Browne included himself and Billy in the sweeping statement: "Of course, to us of the *middle* classes——" Billy gasped and looked at Browne. Browne looked stolid and satisfied. But Billy rankled inwardly. He went for a copy of "Who's Who in America," turned to his father's name, and showed Browne the distinguished paragraph. Browne read it calmly, and then skimmed the pages. "Oh, yes," he said indifferently, "all *Americans*."

Billy's train from Liverpool pulled into Euston Station on a cold, cheerless day in September and he was soon jogging along to his hotel in a cab. A dismal green mist enveloped everything; he could see scarcely further than the end of his nose. He was conscious of the congested traffic of the Strand, of the passage of huge, clicking, smelly motor 'busses and the hoarse cries of "cabbies," and then he swung into a long lane and stopped before the imposing entrance of a big hotel.



"'E'S HOFF IN 'IS 'EAD," SAID THE COCKNEY

We found him there three days later; his letter sounded like a call for help, so we came quickly. He was seated in the American Room—that refuge for homesick Americans—looking longingly at the huge eagle which frowns bravely down from the wall beyond the refreshment bar. Billy was glad to see us. He wrung our hands at least three times all around, and wanted to order everything in the hotel. We didn't ask him if he liked London. We just let him talk.

He had been hunting lodgings that day. Every landlady was an army officer's widow. He had called at ten addresses in all and promised each to return. He had to do that to get away. They all asked him what salary he got. They, at least, said Billy sadly, seemed to like Americans.

He had just been looking over the advertisements in the papers. One offered rooms near Russell Square, "suitable for Americans and actresses." Now what in the dickens did that mean? asked Billy testily.

"Why is a hen?" said Pierce sympathetically.

"Say, no joking, what's wrong with me?" blurted Billy. "I've been treated like a dog without a license ever since I struck this bloomin' town. Do I show any symptoms of small-pox? Do I look dangerously insane? Am I still in quarantine? What's the matter, anyway? Even the waiters are on to me. The more I tip them the more they seem to despise me. First they treat me with dignified scorn and seem to serve under protest as though I were an intruder. Then when I really do order a civilized meal and don't insist on being served with raw meat they look surprised.

"Yesterday at luncheon I asked for a bottle of claret. The waiter looked over my head several minutes and then said contemptuously, 'You wish the wine-man, sir.'

"After several minutes the wine-man came. He is a large, pompous individual covered with brass *lingerie* and several loops of silver log chains worn décolleté.

"'A pint of Saint Julien,' said I. 'And hurry, too!'

"He, too, looked over my head. 'Saint Julionn,' said he!

"'Allow me to explain,' said I. 'If you give the second word a French inflection, you must treat the first word in the same way. Don't call one "Saint" and the other "Juli-onn." And don't bring it now. I've finished!'"

"What did he say?" we asked delightedly.

"Oh, he never heard me," said Billy sadly. "Looked over my head and said: 'Very well, sir, one pint of Saint Juli-on!'

"And say, look at the Indian Prince approaching," continued Billy excitedly. "Watch him!"

The coffee-man, an Indian with white turban and complete native regalia, walked majestically by. "Do you think he would notice me?" said Billy. "*No!* He'll stop at every other table before they signal him. Of course *they* drink coffee, the others. I don't. I'm not accustomed to it—yet. It hasn't reached America. We make tea of wild herbs.

"Well, why is it so?" asked Billy plaintively. "And what's the matter with the place? Doesn't the sun ever shine? Is it always dark and gloomy and dingy—and disheartening? Do they arrest you if you whistle, or sing, and act happy? I'm going back!"

"No, you're not," said Shipman. "You're going to Iverna Court with us. You'll come around all right. We've all been through it. Get your luggage together and I'll call a cab."

So Billy came with us; and he lived on and learned. He found that many things were responsible for the British attitude toward Americans. In the first place the daily press printed each day the most astounding and misrepresentative dispatches, dated New York. One day startling headlines would preface an account of a frightful railway accident on some road that Billy had never heard of, in which some "three hundred and fifty lives" were lost. Billy kept busy explaining at length to intelligent Englishmen that the American roads were really not laid without ballast, and that the passengers were not carried in cattle-cars.

Alternating with the railway news were strange accounts of millionaires eloping with their stenographers, of fiendish murders among the "Smart Set" of New York, of freak dinners, freak houses, freak everything. Even the staid and respectable *Globe* announced gravely one day that the residents of Fifth Avenue, New York, growing tired of their twenty-five story apartment houses, had taken to living in tepees and tents placed along that thoroughfare!

When Billy's attention was called to this by a group of Englishmen at lunch with him, he said, "Oh, that's great! One can hear the melody of the pines every night and breathe the sweet fragrance of the balsam. Then there are fine trout streams along the avenue—a little wild, you know—you might get lost in the underbrush—but the mountains are magnificent." And his auditors looked grave and thoughtful.

Billy grew to understand the full meaning of British insularity. He met well-educated Britishers in London who had never visited the Continent. Their attitude was, everything in England is right; therefore everything outside of England that isn't English is wrong.

The effect of it all upon Billy was peculiar. He liked England; but he hated its blind prejudice. Its traditions appealed to him; but he wanted age without dinginess. In spirit he was uncompromising; but outwardly he became the ideal Englishman.

He gave himself over to the tender mercies of a Piccadilly tailor and told that astonished worthy to "go as far as he liked," make his clothes fit as badly as he pleased. He kicked his shapely "Yankee" shoes under the bed, and bought an outfit of sturdy English "boots." When he joined the Sunday parade in Hyde Park, with frock coat, high hat, cigarette, crooked stick, and an orchid in his buttonhole, no one in all the crowd save Billy himself knew him for an unregenerate American.

New Year's day we decided to make "New York" day, with an appropriate celebration. We all met at the "Cock Tavern," had a late luncheon and then adjourned to the little smoking-room upstairs. In a cozy alcove, where Tennyson used to sit and sip his coffee, we gathered about a brown bowl of steaming punch.

We smoked and talked and sang. We talked of "little old New York" from the Battery to Harlem. We beseeched the uncomprehending waiter to "give my regards to Broadway" in seven different keys, and promised to take him back with us. It was a great and glorious day. Billy, radiant in a Piccadilly outfit of tweeds and channel great-coat, said decisively that if he felt any better he could not stand it.

"If we only had the County Council here to-day," said Jenkins, "I believe Billy could effect a London-New York, perhaps even an Anglo-American, alliance of customs and observances." This was an unfortunate remark, for Billy at once grew sad and thoughtful.

About seven o'clock the crowd broke up after an individual toast all around. Shipman and I went to the Savage Club to meet a friend and take him out to dinner; the rest went on to Simpson's for a "cut off the joint"; Billy, morose and retrospective, walked up the Strand in solitary grandeur, bound for Piccadilly.

In half an hour we, too, were walking in that same direction with minds intent upon the music and bright lights of the Trocadero. Just as we wheeled around from Victoria Street our attention was caught by the sight of a large crowd along the curb to the right.

On the top of a huge dray, one foot resting on the dash-board, a slim, nervous man in a huge channel coat was talking in a high, excited treble and waving both arms madly at the crowd. "Now what may that be?" said our English friend. We drew closer. "'Pon my soul," ejaculated Shipman, "it looks like—it *is*—Billy!"

There were fully five hundred people before him, and more were fast arriving. A semi-circle of cabs with excited auditors leaning far out over the dash-boards were drawn up behind him. Lorgnons and lorgnettes flashed here and there in the hands of wondering dowagers; and opera-cloaked young ladies in smart victorias and motors swayed this way and that to get a look at the orator.

"'E's hoff in 'is 'ead," said a sympathetic Cockney, taking note of our solicitous faces. "I see 'im when 'e comes up. 'E was walkin' along, when 'e steps on the corns of a tall party, wot 'ad two lydies with 'im. 'Dreadful pahson,' says the tall party, 'vulgar Hamerican, mind your feet,' says 'e. Then the young toff begins to talk and hi sy, 'e does talk. Then the crowd pushes 'im back and 'e gets on the dray. But 'e keeps on talkin'; blymme 'ow 'e can talk! Look at 'im!"

"*Ex*trawnary!" ejaculated a tall, military-looking gentleman with a sad-drooping moustache. "*Ex*trawnary! *These Americans!*"

Two bobbies at this moment pushed their way calmly through the crowd, and Jenkins and I, fearing for Billy, followed close in their wake. Our Cockney friend swung in behind.

Billy was talking well. He told them they were asleep, blind, narrow, prejudiced, bigoted, egotistical, unfair, ungenerous. He said they were spoiling a great nation's friendship, a friendship they could have for the asking, a friendship they might greatly need. He beseeched them to sweep the veil of narrow prejudice from their eyes, to look at Americans as they are. "I'm an American," he shouted. "Do I look dangerous? Is there anything wrong with me? Do I resemble a wild man?"

"No," yelled the Cockney exultingly, "you look like a bloomink toff!"

The two bobbies were reaching up to lay the law's hands on Billy, when a heavy-set, gray-bearded, distinguished-looking man, who had slipped up unnoticed from a cab at the outset, gravely intervened. "Let him speak," said the old gentleman quietly; and to our astonishment the bobbies tipped their hats respectfully and stood at attention.

"Oh, Lor," said the Cockney, gasping, "hit's the Lord Mayor 'imself!" There was a craning of necks and a low murmur from the crowd: "The Lord Mayor!"

We took courage. "Go it, Piccadilly Billy," said the obstreperous Jenkins. The Lord Mayor turned ever so slightly, took Jenkins and us in with a forbidding frown, and turned his grave attention to Billy.

The orator was closing with a ringing peroration, and as the last word left his lips he turned, looked all about him, looked frightened for a moment, then foolish, collapsed weakly, and sat down upon the side of the dray.

The Cockney jeered, and the crowd scrambled forward; the two bobbies looked nervously at the Lord Mayor; and the latter stepped up to Billy.

"Young man," said he in a voice that swept the crowd and was heard in the outer circle of cabs, "I congratulate you!"

A murmur of surprise swelled up from Billy's audience, and the Lord Mayor turned right about and held up his hand for silence. "Last night," said he, "before the Chamber of Commerce, I spoke upon the same subject you have heard expounded this night. I tried to voice these same ideas, for they are mine also. I only wish I had expressed them half so well as you have just heard them." Then turning to Billy: "Will you go on with me to my club? We will discuss the matter further. Perhaps we can perfect there an Anglo-American alliance."

NOUCHETTE

By Anna Farquhar

NOUCHETTE was one of the rare blossoms that spring pure and sweet from the mud of the Tenderloin. Formerly Ma Mère and Mon Père had kept a jolly little eating place, and life was a cycle of chatter and blithe culinary triumphs. But one day Death blew his trumpet in the wide-awake ears of Madame, the French emigrant of the seventies, and she took up her cross and followed him. Monsieur was incredulous. There could not be a world without Tensè, he insisted to his perplexed little daughter, Nouchette. At any rate, he cared nothing for it, even though one could still throw dice—his one passionate amusement. Not many months after the trumpet blew again in the French quarter, and fat Jean went to join his wife.

Now, in her two tiny rooms up high in a lodging house, Nouchette, after two years, seemed to live without care even though she worked the whole day long. Everybody who knew her adored Nouchette, but did Nouchette adore anybody beside her kittens, her flowers, and her embroidery? Such embroidery! Composed as she went along, reminiscent in color and design of medieval rose windows and illuminated texts, things that the girl had never laid eyes on! Her only models were the flowers she always kept blooming in pots on the window sill, the litter of kittens ever freshly supplied, and the sky as seen from her window. No one knew what she did with these eternal kittens, after the first six months. Where were the old cats of maternity? Nouchette answered, "It is a miracle, *n'est-ce pas?* To be old is to be dead. We are all young in my upstairs. What say they? 'The youth of bloom?' Yes. That is me."

Men came and went, but she cared for them all as a little girl loves her dolls—lavishing on the newest the most attention. At least so it seemed, but Nouchette was inscrutable.

It could hardly be said that Nouchette had principles, but she had what often takes the place of them with women—perfectly balanced refinement and reserve. She went out gayly with her suitors, but they brought her back at reasonable hours, and she always said good-night at the street door — which was not the usual way with the other girls of the quarter.

Of all her friends she treated Picquart D'Invilliers most inscrutably, for she was softer spoken to him. If she had teased him more than the rest one might have believed in his chances, but—Madame, the landlady, shook her head doubtfully. Who could tell about Nouchette? There was the Englishman from the Fourteenth Street department store. Nouchette shot lightning at him from eyes and tongue. Why not he? He was beautifully blond and tall and strong, and he loved the dumb animals, played with her kittens, and brought her flowers. But Nouchette kept on embroidering, smelling her geraniums and humming light tunes handed down to her from the Parisian boulevards of the seventies.

"Marianina, when you said to me,
That your love would never fade away,
Maidens sometimes break their vows, they say,
Did you know what love might mean?
'Tis a mystery so rare,
Bringing naught but grief and care——"

"Mais, horrible!" she would break off laughing, holding a glorious piece of embroidery at arm's length. "Songs always end in those disagreeables! 'Grief and care!' But maybe they are the shadows that make the picture. See! Those leaves must be dark. The rose would not show without them. I take them so. Voila! The life it blooms for me."

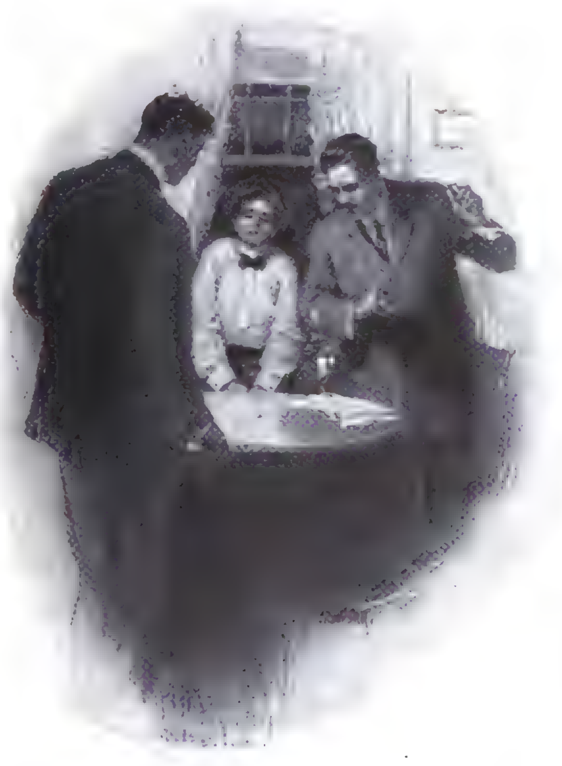
It was spring, but a fire still burned in the grate. The girl passionately loved warmth. Everything in the room was touched by glow and color. Odd bits of her mother's china were neatly arranged here and there. Old French prints Nouchette herself had water-colored gave tone to the walls, while on the mantel her father's dice-box stood in state, a highly reverenced souvenir, and Ma Mère and Mon Père in daguerreotype reposed side by side close by, always sympathetically mated. The six kits gamboled about their huge wicker basket set at one window; Nouchette and her flowers bloomed at the other.

"Marianina, I will love no more,
Yet, alas! I cannot sever
I must dream and dream forever ——"

"I wonder if there is a forever? *'Forever!'* It means *one* always. Strange! How could it? The dark comes—I must stop work or light us up, kit-cats. Which say you?"

She dropped the embroidery on her knees again.

"It was with Ma Mère et Mon Père 'forever.' But I? No. Forever is not in me. I have it not." A procession of men she knew passed before her eyes, but the girl shook her head at them, they all passed. She leaned her head against the wall, dreaming, and one bright star came out to look at her. These men, they seemed to feel something she did not. Would it come? The auburn blond head of Tom Nuby, the Englishman, rose high above most of her world. Some day he might be rich. In America anything happens. To live in a palace on the Avenue! She saw herself sweeping through vast rooms and arched galleries—dreams of her ancestry—robed in wonderful embroideries like her own, beside Tom. Did she like tall blond men?. Picquart sometimes—The D'Invilliers had once been gentlemen in France. No. Picquart was only a clerk in a wine house. The man beside her in the great house—the picture faded into slumber.



NOUCHETTE STRAINED FORWARD TO SEE THE DICE

With a deep sigh she opened her eyes again to find Picquart standing respectfully, but ardently, watching her from the open door, his soft black hat held reverently before him in one hand, his head slightly bowed. Picquart's eyes had a mist across them. Bewildered, she glanced out of the window and saw the evening star. Picquart came in, softly closing the door behind him.

"Will you excuse? I knocked—none answered," he said. "I tried the door. I had a message. You were so beautiful—I looked. And now some one is coming. We must light up—quickly." As he spoke he struck a match, and when Nouchette answered the knock at the door the room was brightly lighted and Picquart standing under the gas jet examining the piece of embroidery, holding it reverently.

Tom Nuby, the tall Englishman, followed his own hearty voice into the room, but the two men saluted with bare civility.

"Hello, Nouchette," he cried cheerfully. "Get on your hat. The night is just right for anything." But the glance that showed him the Frenchman changed his own mood to one of barely controlled anger. He liked Nouchette but not her countrymen.

"See what Nouchette has done to-day—a corner completed. What a girl! What an artist!" Picquart observed, constraint but no hostility in tone or manner. "I also came to take Nouchette out."

At which Tom looked distinctly ugly. "H-m! That's as may be," said he, switching the side of one shoe with his walking stick. "Well, Nouchette must decide between us. We're both here."

"Nouchette," said Picquart caressingly, "say which of us you will go with."

"Oh, come on," cried the other masterfully. "You know you promised me one evening this week. I've already got tickets for the theatre." But the girl still looked dreamily from the window.

"The night is *très belle*," she murmured. "They say people live in stars. I wonder."

"Sometimes, *mon ami du coeur*," answered

Picquart, moving closer to her side. "Speak and say that I came first, Nouchette. Will you go with me?"

"Marianina, when you said to me
That your love would never fade away."

hummed Nouchette, smiling softly.

"Well, I like that," exclaimed the Englishman indignantly. "Nouchette, are you going with me? I can't wait long."

"Why can't you decide it yourselves?" she tossed back at them over one shoulder. "What difference is it? One is as good as another."

"Nouchette!" cried Picquart, heart pain in his voice.

"*Mais, oui.* Settle between you and I will go." But the Tokay-colored eyes were watching them both, narrowed with interest in spite of her affected indifference.

"Well, *I'll* settle it easily enough, my girl," said Tom grimly. "She's to go with me, sir—and I'm good to fight for it." The two men looked at each other in open enmity, the indifference of the girl firing them to do eager battle for her.

"Unfortunately, *gentlemen* do not fight in these days," returned the other. "But there are ways. Dice might decide the matter. I see the old box on the mantel there. . . Or, I'll toss a penny. . . Anything to oblige Monsieur—and Mademoiselle," he added bitterly.

"All right. I'll throw dice for it. The man that loses to go out of that door and stay out," replied Tom, and striding over to the mantel, he grasped the dice-box and significantly rattled the contents.

Nouchette, slowly turned about for a better view of them both, still perching on the window sill. She seemed to her own imagination to be in old France—the France of Ma Mère's stories—among the trees; she a great lady fought for by gentlemen with lace ruffles at their hands, powder on their hair, velvets, satins and flashing swords. Outside a German street band played a Strauss waltz, and on the floor the kittens chased each other hilariously.

"As you please," returned Picquart, glancing once more at Nouchette. "Play," he said, and the dice rattled on the table where the other had brushed aside the embroidery.

"Nouchette, do you understand? This is forever." Picquart turned to her asking the question painfully as he rattled the dice, holding the box in a nervous grip. She did not answer. "Very well, Nuby, I have no more to say. I play you."

Nouchette strained forward to see the dice turn up on her small table. Picquart handled the box rather as if he missed the flowing lace at his sleeves. The girl watched his every motion. Now it was Tom's game, played on his part with proud assurance. But each had another chance. Picquart threw. The men did not see her body double forward eagerly, while, with arms crossed on her knees, she leaned towards them—watching. At the moment Picquart, stepping back accidentally touched her piece of embroidery which slipped to the floor. Even then he remembered mechanically to pick it up for her. The play went faster and faster. Picquart won, but they must play off the tie. Nouchette crept closer and closer to the players. Mon Dieu! Four sixes! "Picquart! Mon ami!" breathed the girl at his side. "Let me play it off for you. Maybe I have Mon Père's great luck."

Picquart turned and for one moment looked at her steadily, then, shaking the dice high in the air with a trick he knew of catching them neatly again in the box, he cried, "Non! A girl play for a man. Non, Non! Think you I am afraid? Me? I play you, Monsieur Nuby."

He threw the dice and Nouchette leaned forward to see. A pair of deuces! Mother in heaven!

Nouchette slowly gathered herself up erect, and moved back out of the light. "Hard luck, my boy," she heard the victor exclaiming.

"You will say good-bye to me, Nouchette?" Picquart questioned, following her and standing close to her throbbing heart. "We have been long friends."

"No! Never!" she burst out.

"Not even good-bye? I thought you cared for me—*some. I* must say it then to you alone. Adieu—adieu. May God listen to your sorrows and guide the footsetps of your soul—my mother's blessing."

He turned to go. He had reached the door when Nouchette turned on the conqueror. "Do you know who I belong to? I?"

"To me now," he smiled.

"Never! I belong to myself. No man can buy or sell me. Did I say you would win *me* on a throw of dice? No. I did not speak."

Nouchette was magnificent, drawing her little figure up and pointing to the door. "You will go out there, Tom Nuby, and afterwards? Come or go as you like. My old friend Picquart will stay."

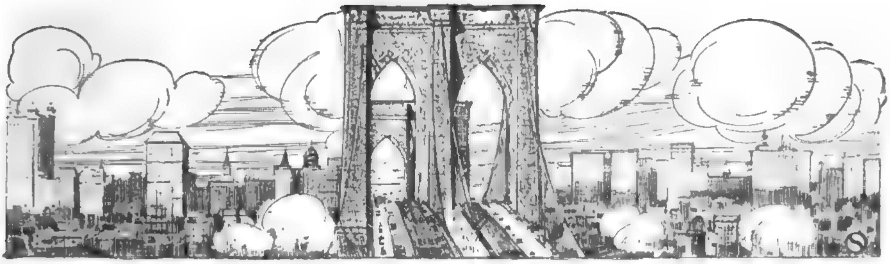
Picquart, transformed, took several steps toward her, breathing deeply. Tom tried to speak. "Go," was all she said.

So he went out sullenly, leaving the door open, but Picquart softly closed it after him.

"Nouchette! Sweetest delight! What is this you mean?"

She held out both arms, tears glistening in the Tokay-colored eyes; white teeth biting her lips for control.

"It means—*forever.*"



Editorial Notes

IF you did not understand President Roosevelt when he said, in effect, some time ago that he stood between this country and anarchy, you ought by all means to read "The Menace of the Red Flag" in this number.

A good many things have been charged against our corrupt capitalists and corrupt law-makers and corrupt law-enforcers, but at first glance it would seem a little bit looser talk than usual to accuse them of furthering the cause of anarchy. Yet that is just exactly what these people are doing. It doesn't do much good to talk about these things, to point them out and to "view them with alarm" unless every man jack of us who has a vote in this country is going to see to it that that vote is cast for the right man. Start in your own community and elect square men. That's the only way to root out the rottenness.

This, for instance, is what the Anti-Saloon League (see Mr. Phelps's article in this number) has been doing steadily, quietly, for fifteen years. As a result practically two-thirds of the United States is to-day free of the curse of drink. Look at the Anti-Saloon League people in your own neighborhood. See how they work to get honest men into the Legislature. That's the simple trick of it. You can have any kind of men in office that you want; it all depends on your vote, and we are pretty safe in saying that within the next twenty-five years this country is going to vote right, not once or twice, here and there, but everywhere and all the time.

ONE of the most successful features that BROADWAY has ever run has been Mr. Charles Edward Russell's two-part article on Trinity Church and the mystery which surrounds its management. In this connection we have an interesting letter from Mr. John A. Handforst, 149 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn. In part it says:

> "Mr. Russell's articles on 'Trinity, Church of Mystery,' have long been wanted; it is time we knew what Trinity Corporation is doing with her vast income. These articles have made a tremendous impression in church circles. Last Sunday night, at the after-meeting at the Church of the Ascension, presided over by the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant (one of the few clergymen in the city who are worth while), he was asked, 'What about the tenements owned by Trinity?' and it is said he 'looked ashamed,' and every churchman who has read the articles in your magazine will. Cannot the Legislature interfere and give the property to the rightful owners, the Episcopalians of New York City? Can nothing be done? As a communicant of the Episcopal Church, I thank Mr. Russell and yourselves for what you have done, and I hope the Church in New York will take up the matter and not rest till the property now controlled by Trinity Corporation is controlled by the Episcopal Church in New York City."

FOR several months we have been trying to find out just what you who read the magazine from cover to cover think about our art articles and our covers. We asked in a recent issue for some opinions, and back comes R. J. Deachman, of Vancouver, British Columbia, with a sprightly reply:

> "Where on earth did you get the cover for the April BROADWAY? What do you make out of it, anyway? To me it's typical of the frivolous—or near-frivolous. The inside—I mean the contents of the magazine—is fairly solid. How do you reconcile such a cover with the special articles on Bok, The Anti-Trust Fight and Trinity, Church of Mystery? Dig up and admit it's out of harmony.
>
> "I like your art articles—and think they will be appreciated by the people.
>
> "BROADWAY has improved, and still there's room."

Yes, there is room. The Metropolitan Life Tower in New York started out to be forty-eight stories high, making it the tallest office building in the world. The other day they got up to about forty stories and decided to tack a couple more on just to make sure that it would be the biggest thing in existence. That's the sort of room for improvement that BROADWAY has in front of it. We've got the right ideas—watch us from month to month. And by the way, the painting by Jules Denneulin which appears as our frontispiece this month is one of the most popular canvases ever exhibited in a Fifth Avenue show window. We are indebted to Messrs. Knoedler & Co. for permission to reproduce this droll masterpiece.

A LITTLE light on Arkansas is a welcome thing. A personal letter written by James H. Stevenson, an attorney in Little Rock, and coming to us through a mutual friend, says in part:

> "You will find an article in the current number of the BROADWAY, written by Herbert Casson, which touches upon the Arkansas trust situation. You will note that all of whatever credit is given for the enforcement of the Anti-Trust Laws in Arkansas is given to Senator Jeff Davis and the present Attorney-General, the Hon. W. F. Kirby. In point of fact, Jeff Davis never had anything on earth to do with the enforcement of that law. He was not even of counsel in any case brought under the Act. And all the pending suits were instituted before the term of Attorney-General Kirby began, and he has never, in any way, appeared in any of the suits. As originally instituted, Attorney-General Rogers and Prosecuting Attorney Rhoton were the official representatives of the State in all the suits. Mr. Kirby, who is a political adherent of Senator Davis since he came into office, has never offered the slightest assistance or suggestion in any of the cases, leaving that to Mr. Rhoton and associate counsel."

IN connection with the article in this number on the medical and sanitary needs of the United States army, here is a significant letter from one of the foremost medical officers in the army:

> "Mr. Hughes is building better than he knows, for such popular articles are sure to result in a revolution in military methods. There is but one criticism I can make—military folks are ruled by fear—it's the basis of what is called respect for authority. Now, sanitation will never be respected in the army in the wide world until it is feared, and I make it a rule to try to make disobedience dangerous. The War Department will not punish line officers who sicken troops by deliberately violating sanitary laws and ignoring the sanitarian. I could cite cases of frightful mismanagement in which not a single officer was punished, though every one should have been dismissed. After twenty-one years spent in studying this problem, I have concluded that a law is the only solution. The War Department is run by line officers who will not punish one of their number for ignoring the 'damned doctors who are trying to run the army.'"

DO you realize that once you start reading BROADWAY it is pretty hard to quit? That month after month the habit has been growing on you? Do you know the reason why? Well, here is something we read about ourselves the other day in the *Publisher and Retailer,* the leading journal of the news trade:

> "Actually, though, when it comes to naming the magazine any man may pick up at any time with the certainty that in it he is going to find something that suits him better than anything the dealer ever did for him, I should say that one is just now, and has been for several months, BROADWAY, which its publishers insist on calling the NEW BROADWAY MAGAZINE. I don't know whether BROADWAY is gaining the circulation it would have if the public suddenly got wise, but I do know that every magazine man I have met reads it closely, and what is better yet the *magazine holds its buyers.*"

BROADWAY *is* steadily gaining in circulation, and if some way could be devised for you to make your friends read BROADWAY and see what a really good magazine it is, we would go to half a million circulation at once. As it is we are whistling softly and climbing at the rate of seven to ten thousand a month.

AT this writing four-fifths of the first block of $50,000 seven per cent preferred stock, which we offered for popular subscription to our friends and readers, has been sold. No subscription is too small to receive prompt attention; in fact we would rather have three thousand than three hundred investors holding just the same amount of stock. Every day brings in additional subscriptions and words of warmest friendliness. Write us to-day for our booklet, *Profits in Magazine Publishing.* You will find it mighty interesting reading even if it does not make you decide to be a partner in BROADWAY.

THE NEW BROADWAY MAGAZINE

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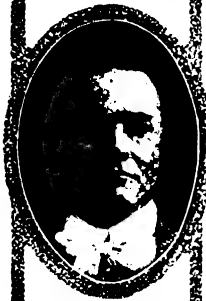
E. F. Benson

Louis Joseph Vance



Alfred Henry Lewis

Franklin Booth

Not Merely ONE, but TWENTY Big Features Every Month in BROADWAY

"THE BRIGHTEST MAGAZINE IN AMERICA"

It's the *usual thing* for a magazine to have one, or two, or three big features in each issue—BUT

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Here are a few of the Twenty Big Features in the May number:

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL has a vital, fascinating, mystery story. After reading in this April number the first part of his article on the great Trinity Church Corporation, you can't afford to miss the rest of it. This is not muck-raking, but it is an absorbing revelation—*a story that has never before been told.*

HERBERT N. CASSON also tells an amazing story in the next of his series on Corporation Lawyers in the May BROADWAY. It's a brilliant, comprehensive, all-embracing story of the United States' most important industry.

A RATTLING GOOD "WOMAN'S ARTICLE"—an article that's not only interesting but of positive value to every American woman. It deals with a phase of woman's life that is near and dear to her heart, and the stirring style in which it is handled will appeal to the feminine fancy.

IS CHRISTIANITY ON THE DECLINE? Are the

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE
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Also contains a feature article by that clever and sympathetic writer, May Warwick, on **"The June Bride."** Nothing could be of more timely interest to women than this delicious study of the Fifth Avenue girl's June wedding; what preparations are made, what ceremonies are held, how much money is spent—one of the most enjoyable and clever studies BROADWAY has ever printed.

MAY WARWICK

Another Clear-Sighted, Constructive Army Article

Following up our popular articles on tne **Army,** there will be a third contribution, this time taking up "the thing that is more deadly than bullets." "Shall the fever-camps of Tennessee be endured again?" asks Rupert Hughes in his article on Army Sanitation.

THE NEW
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There's a strong and striking personality back of every one of the Twenty Big features which make

BROADWAY MAGAZINE for July

"The Most Interesting Magazine in America"

A LIVE, alert example of the American journalist, with the will to do and the nerve to dare, is CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL. As an interpreter of the great problems that we American people are grappling with, he is in a class by himself—a real writer, a brilliant mind and an inspiring personality. Mr. Russell's journalistic achievements have made him internationally famous, and his own experiences would read like a romance. His penchant for digging up hidden facts and presenting them in vigorous language was impressively illustrated in his "Trinity—Church of Mystery," just published in BROADWAY. In these two articles Mr. Russell displayed the qualities which have hitherto won him his well-deserved fame. In the July number you will get Mr. Russell from a different angle in his satirical article on "A Rational Plan for An American Peerage." He has worked out a complete program for the establishing of a titled aristocracy in "the land of the free."

LUCILLE BALDWIN VAN SLYKE

ONE of England's foremost literary authorities recently said that the most distinctive note in American literature had been struck by EDGAR SALTUS. Certainly, his writings are true examples of literary art in its highest form, and the shafts of his clean satire hit home. Mr. Saltus has a world-wide reputation, won solely by the impressive force of his own genius. To the July BROADWAY Mr. Saltus contributes a trenchant article entitled "The Waiting Room of the Four Hundred." With barbed language he writes of some social climbers he has known—exposing their methods and pitiful devices for squeezing through the gateway of that social realm they deify—"Society."

FEW Americans have had such a varied, versatile and really picturesque career as BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG. His activities have brought him celebrity in more than one line of endeavor, and his individuality oozes out through his finger tips every time he wields his pen. Mr. Brandenburg got his first grip on life in a peaceful atmosphere as the son of an Ohio clergyman, but his after-years have been packed full of strenuous strife and notable achievement. He has won glory on the football field—he has carved his name up among those of the world's great war correspondents—and he has made his mark in literature as a writer of stirring stories. That's the man who contributes to the BROADWAY an article that every American will enjoy reading.

HERE is another figure that looms large upon the horizon of achievement—a writer who stands for big ideas and big ideals—HERBERT N. CASSON. A man of strong personality and strong convictions is Mr. Casson. At one time he was a minister but forsook that calling for a field where he could back up vigorous preaching with equally vigorous action. In 1893, he organized an army of ten thousand unemployed and marched to the Boston State House, demanding relief. And that is only one incident in a life that has been running over with incidents. When a man like Herbert N. Casson gets busy, things are liable to happen—and they're happening on every page of his great BROADWAY series on "Big Business and Legal Affairs" which has stirred up more comment than anything that has been written about trusts in years. Another article of this virile series will appear in July and others will appear later.

THE wizard of the American short story won't tell his real name, but he's known far and wide as O. HENRY. You'd think that the goddess of fame might induce Mr. Henry to reveal himself, but he completely cloaks his identity in his pen-name and never appears in print over any other signature. Mr. Henry is keenly humorous. He writes in a vein that makes his stories the best kind of a tonic, and that's one reason why he is so distinctly popular with story readers. Mr. Henry's contribution to the July BROADWAY is like a cool breeze on a hot day—welcome and refreshing.

WHEN ALFRED HENRY LEWIS was a newspaper man he set a rattling pace in finding and corraling "scoops" — news that other papers failed to get. His brilliant, analytical mind, his ability to write in a strenuous style that makes people sit up and take notice, and his wide acquaintance with public men, all combined to place him in a strategic position, and he became one of the most noted newspaper men in the country. But his success in daily journalism, great as it was, has been overbalanced by his success in literature. His Wolfville stories are rated among the modern classics. Everything he writes is chock full of virility, pressed down and running over, and every line bristles with human interest. Mr. Lewis is writing for BROADWAY some of the very best stories and articles he ever produced. Don't miss them.

EDGAR SALTUS

THE man who goes hunting with a camera plays an important rôle in the making of a great magazine, and one of the mightiest of these hunters is DAY ALLEN WILLEY. He wanders through the forest of picture-subjects, scorning the "small fry" on every side and stalking only the big game. Then his camera clicks with unerring aim, and the result is another great BROADWAY feature. Recently Mr. Willey trained his lens on the vast estate absolutely created by George N. Vanderbilt at Biltmore, North Carolina, which he will portray in the July BROADWAY in all its immensity and magnificence.

AMONG our younger writers, STUART GOULD has come to the front with wonderful quickness. He has a vivid vision and a trenchant pen, and his remarkable impressions of life are placed before BROADWAY readers in a style that is picturesque and vigorous. His article on the crowds of Manhattan will be a colorful feature of the July BROADWAY.

GEORGE HIBBARD was not satisfied with achieving success at law. He had still another ambition—to climb into fame in literature. And, being a man in whom talent and determination are finely combined, he has placed himself in the forefront of both professions. He is a member of the New York bar and continues to practise in Buffalo; but he gives most of his attention to writing stories—and he certainly knows how. They're stories with grip and go—the kind that everybody likes to read. Mr. Hibbard has written a story for the July BROADWAY entitled, "The Sporting Spirit." It is a great polo story with the rush of ponies and the daredevil spirit of the riders in it; it's one of the best of the series which Mr. Hibbard is doing for BROADWAY.

TO readers of BROADWAY there is nothing new in the name of GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER—*but* there is always something new and novel in his fiction. Take that story "Back to Broadway," in our last Christmas number, for example. If you read it at all you are bound to remember how the heroine—a resourceful manicure girl—rescued a multi-millionaire from an awkward plight. Well, Mr. Chester recounts another of her adventures in the July BROAWAY.

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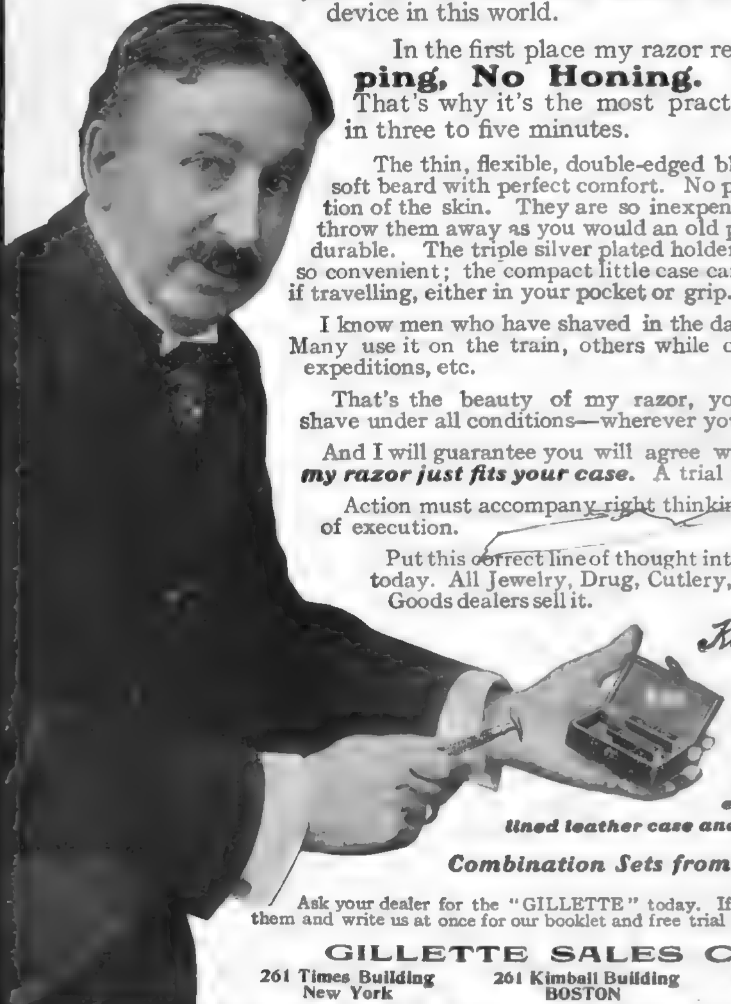

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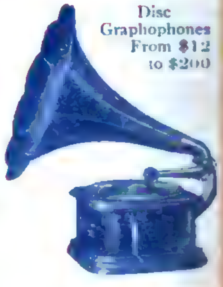

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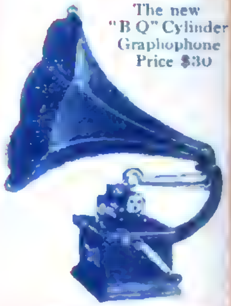

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By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

V. 20

THE NEW BROADWAY MAGAZINE

MAY 1908

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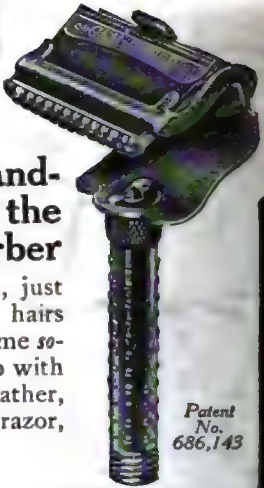
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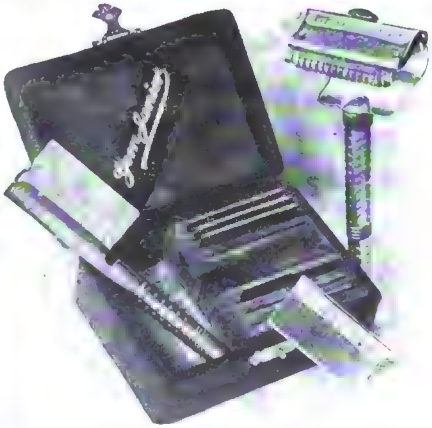
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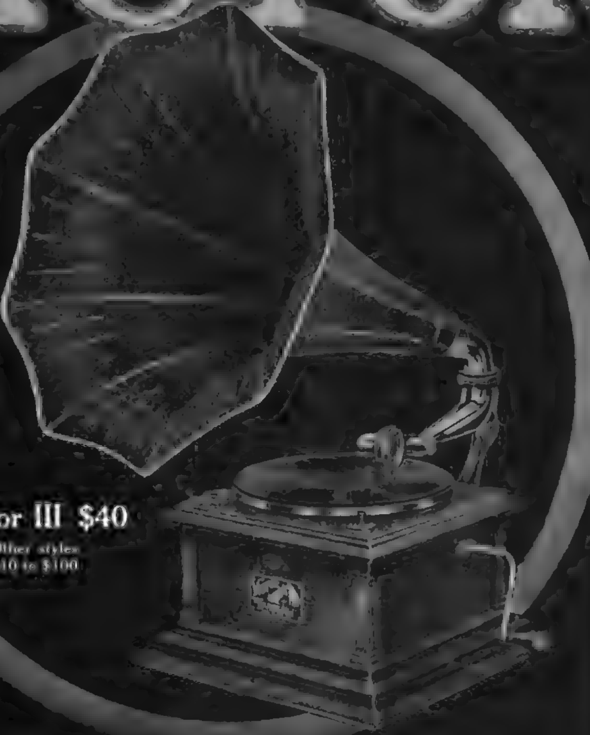

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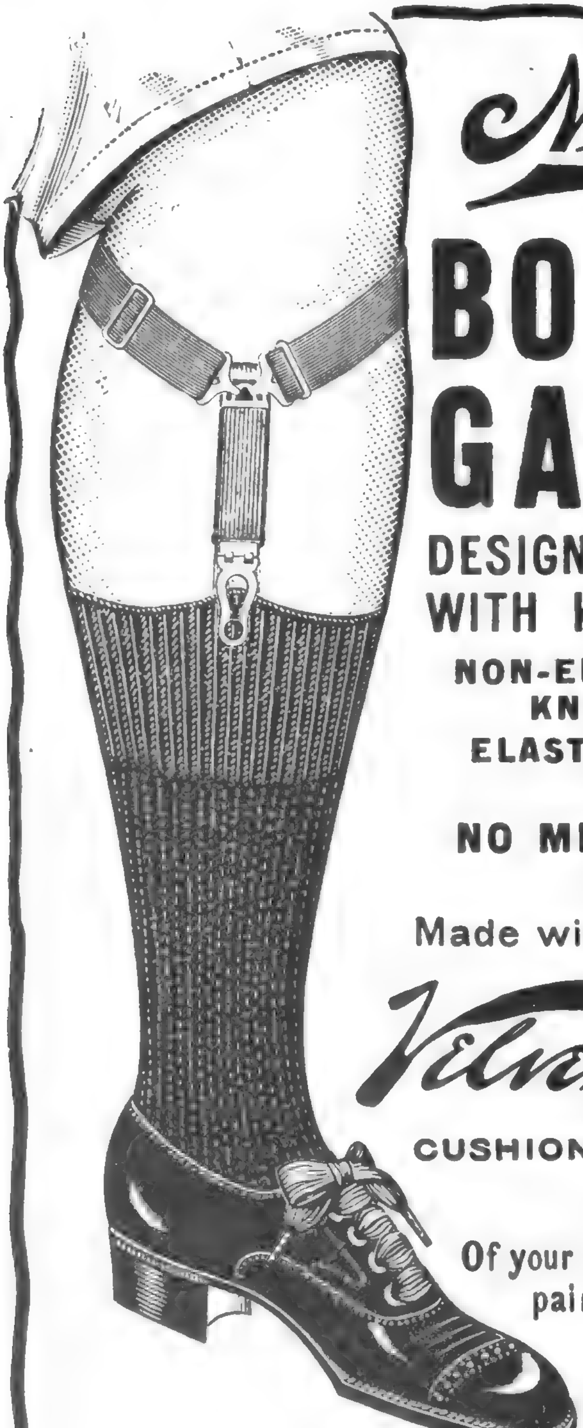

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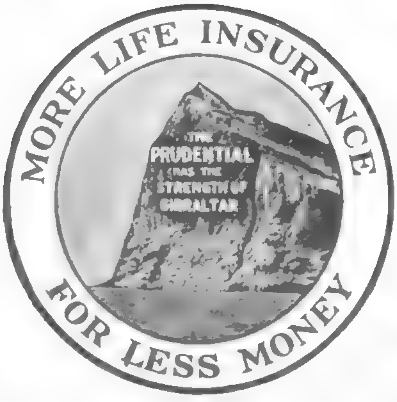
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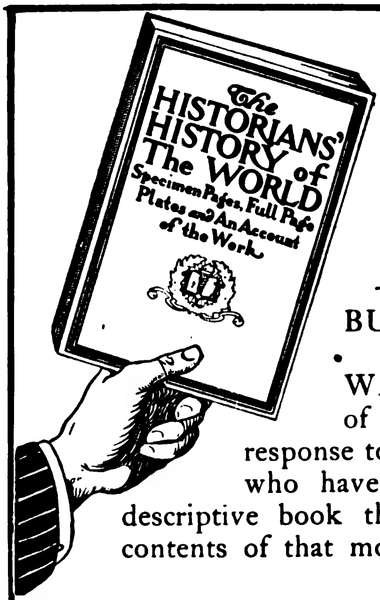
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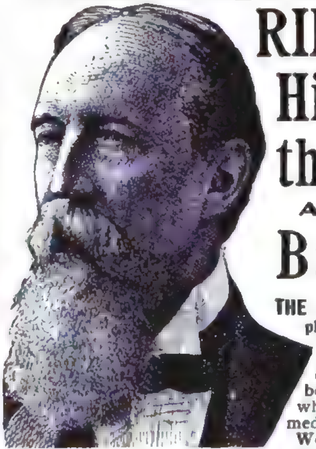

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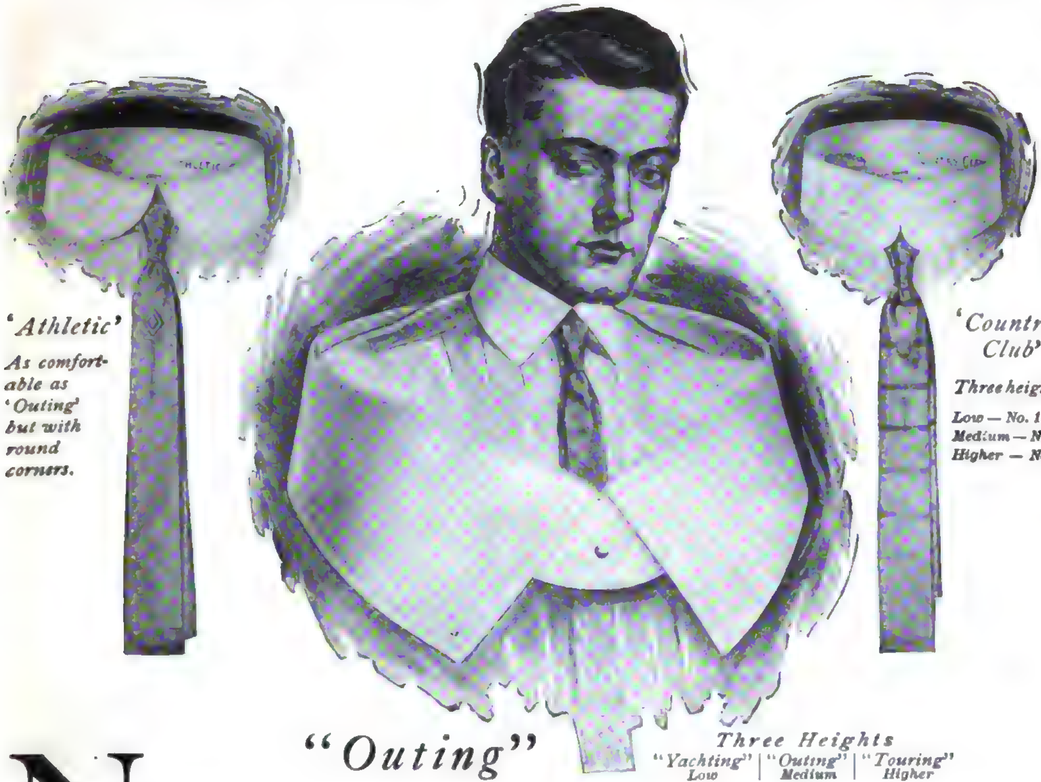

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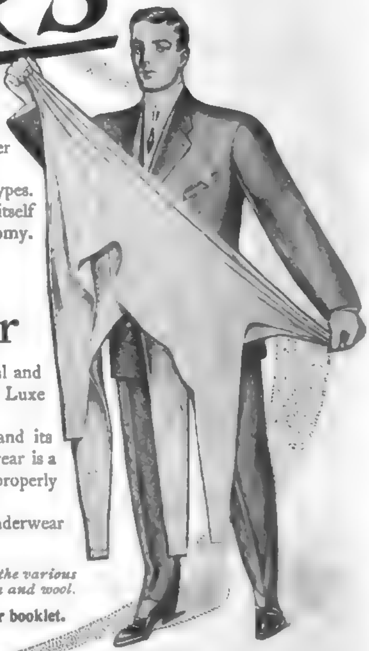

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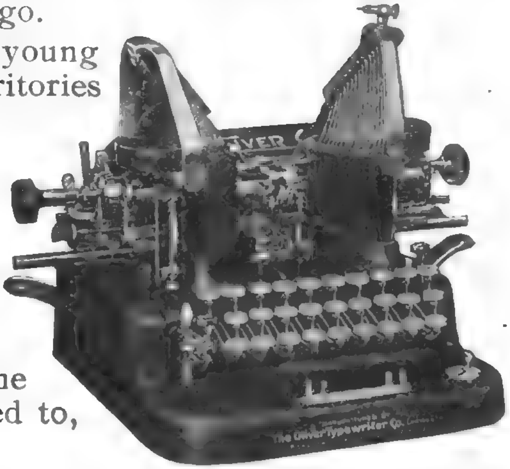

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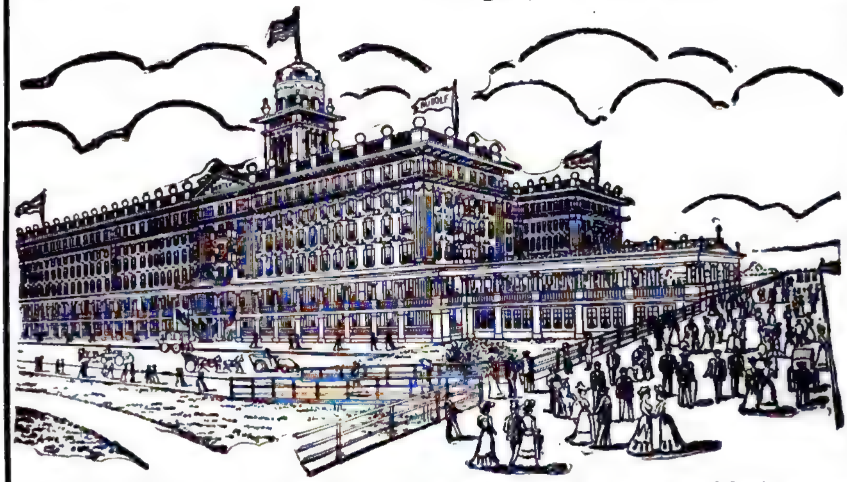

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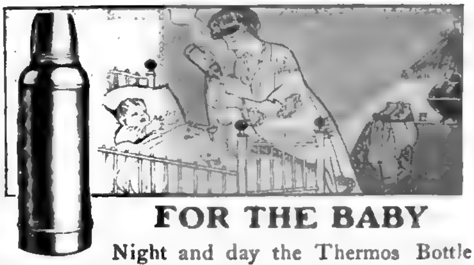

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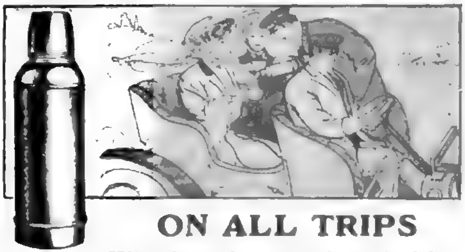

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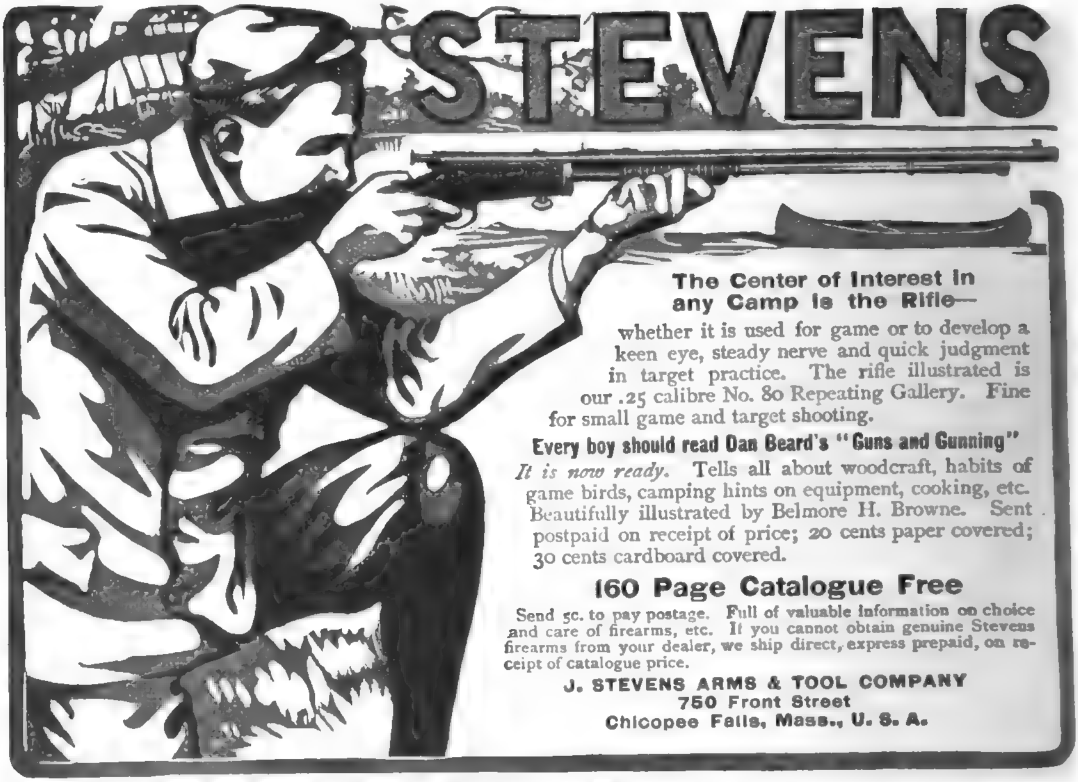

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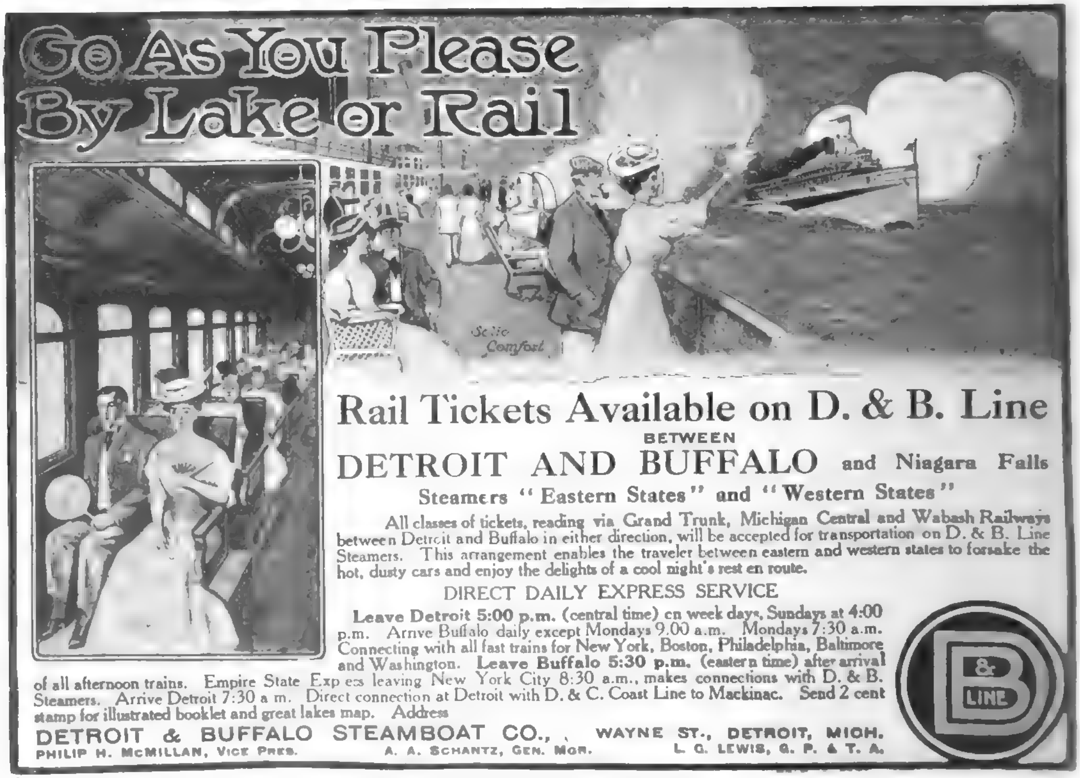
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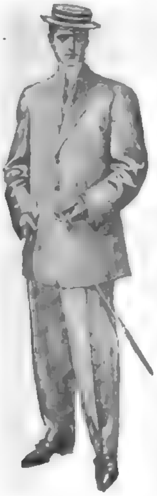

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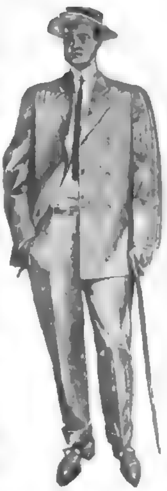

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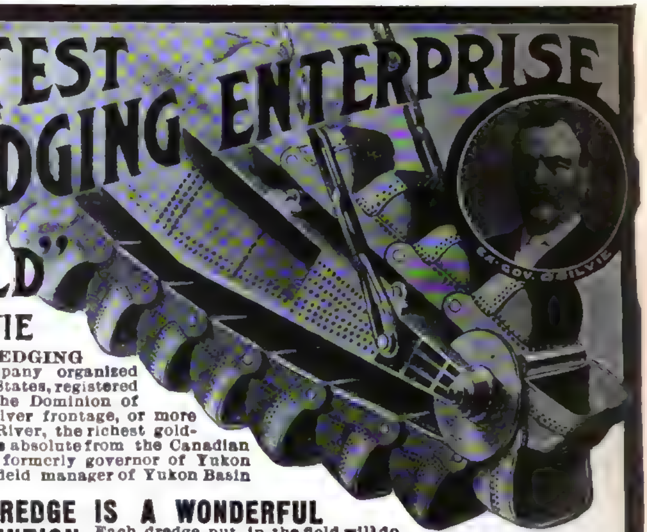

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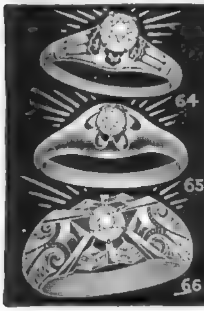

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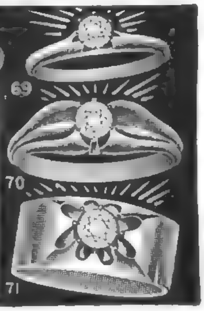

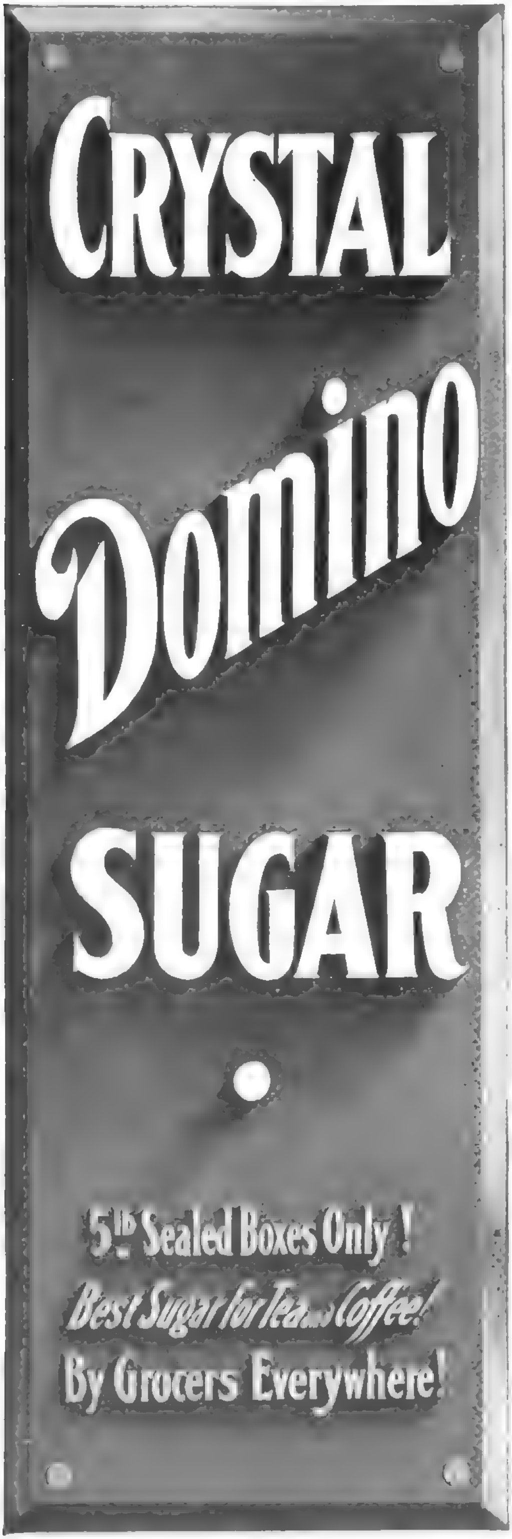
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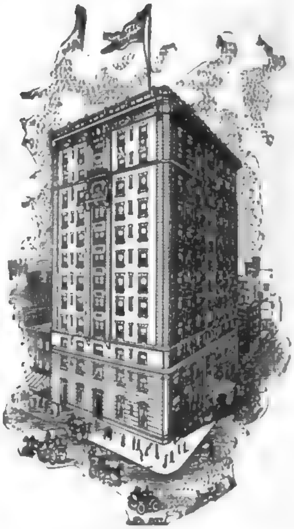

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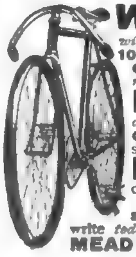

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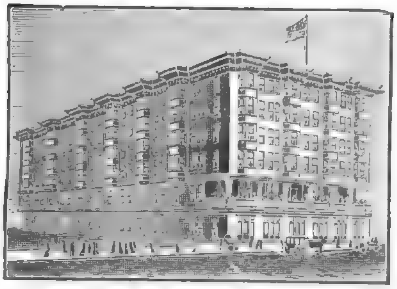

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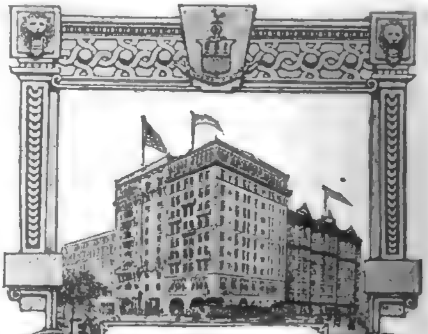

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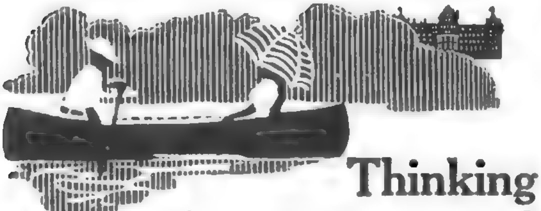

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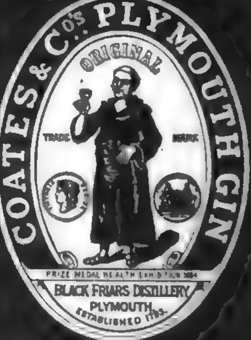

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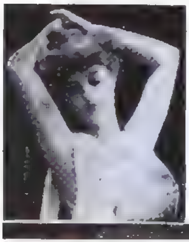

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With each 50c. order we include one large panel photograph, a full length study. With each $1.00 order we include two panel photographs and one large French heliogravure, suitable for studio decoration.

ADVANCE STUDIOS
Dept. G. Woodlawn, Chicago

ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes

"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."

Allen's Foot=Ease, **a powder for the feet.** It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. **It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age.** Allen's Foot=Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. **Do not accept any substitute.** Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS, the best medicine for Feverish, sickly Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Trial Package **FREE.** Address,

ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N.Y.

2 H.P. Engine
14 FT. Launch
$94.50

Let us send you testimonials from people who are using them. 16-18-21-25 and 30 footers at proportionate prices. Boats and engines guaranteed one year. Shipments made the day we receive order. Motor the simplest made, starts without cranking, anyone can operate them. We are the largest builders of pleasure boats in the world and sell direct to user. Free catalog.

DETROIT BOAT CO., 1303 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Rowboat $20.00

20 Different Designs

Can ship immediately in any quantity. Need No Boat House. Never Leak, Rust, Check, Crack or Rot. Every boat has water tight compartment, so cannot sink. Write for FREE Illustrated Catalog and Special Prices.

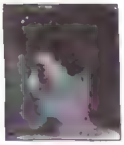
MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT CO. - 186 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS!

START A MAIL ORDER BUSINESS AT HOME

Devote whole or spare time. We tell you how. Very good profit. Everything furnished. No catalog outfit proposition. Write at once for our "starter" and free particulars. C. A. KRUEGER CO., 155 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

Superfluous Hair Removed



DE-LE-O MASSAGE CREAM causes atrophy of the hair bulb without injury to the most delicate skin. Apply by massage a few minutes. Mailed in collapsible tubes. Price **$1.00.** Sample 50c. **DE-LE-O COLD JELLY** for an after application makes the skin smooth and soft. Unexcelled for chaps, pimples, etc.; also for use after shaving. Price 15 cents.

DE-LE-O COMPANY, Dept. A-88, Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Mrs. Graham's HAIR RESTORER

RESTORES GRAY HAIR
to its natural color
in a few days
TRIAL BOTTLE 10¢

Perfectly harmless—easily applied—will not stain the skin or scalp. Positively sure in its results. Makes the hair rich, glossy and beautiful. 64-page book about the hair and complexion Free. Mrs. Gervaise Graham, 1497 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

EYESIGHT RESTORED

A Wonderful Discovery That Corrects Afflictions of the Eye Without Cutting or Drugging

There is no need of cutting, drugging, or probing in treating most forms of eye disease. Hundreds of people report having been relieved of failing eyesight, cataracts, granulated lids and other afflictions of the eye by Actina—a safe and humane method of treatment, which has given complete relief in many cases after they had been pronounced incurable.

Rev. Chas. Carter, East Springfield, N. Y., writes:—"I have made a severe test of Actina by casting aside my glasses. I don't need them anymore."

Rev. C. Brunner of Bridgeport, Conn. writes:—"So far Actina has done me good. My eyesight has greatly improved."

"Actina" is sent on trial, postpaid. If you will send your name and address to the Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 76 B, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo., you will receive, free, a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Disease—a book that will instruct and interest you.

YOU CAN EARN AS A TRAVELING SALESMAN

$2,000 TO $10,000 A YEAR

when qualified. We will teach you to become one in eight weeks by mail and assist you to secure a good position with a reliable firm. Hundreds of calls for our graduates. Write for our free catalog, "A Knight of the Grip" today. Address Dept. 43.

National Salesmen's Training Ass'n, Monadnock Bk., Chicago
Scarritt Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., Lumber Exchange, Minneapolis, Minn. Write nearest office; mention paper.

Geisha Diamonds

THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY

Bright, sparkling, beautiful. For brilliancy they equal the genuine, standing all test and puzzle experts. One twentieth the expense. Sent free with privilege of examination. For particulars, prices, etc., address

THE R. GREGG MFG. & IMPT. CO.
Dept. 9, 52-58 W. Jackson Boulevard - Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S
For Children
While Teething
SOOTHING SYRUP

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

Has been used for over SIXTY-FIVE YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial Number 1098. AN OLD AND WELL TRIED REMEDY.

RHEUMATISM

Let Us Send You, to Try FREE, a Dollar's Worth of the Great Michigan External Remedy that is Curing Thousands

JUST SEND US YOUR ADDRESS

We have found a quick and positive cure for Rheumatism without drugs. We are proving this fact day in and day out by thousands of cures, including old chronic cases of 30 and 40 years suffering from this cruel torture.

We know this to be true, and stand ready to prove it to any man, woman or child who suffers with Rheumatism of any kind, **chronic or acute, Muscular, Sciatic, Lumbago, Gout,** etc., no matter where located or how severe.

TRADE MARK
MAGIC

Just send us your name and address. The Great Michigan Cure, **Magic Foot Drafts,** are so sure to cure that we gladly send them **to anybody Free to Try,** and wait for our pay until the work is done. You'll get a $1 pair of Drafts by return mail, prepaid. After a thorough trial, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not, they cost you nothing. **You decide and we take your word.** You can see that we couldn't make such an offer if the Drafts were not a genuine cure. Address, **Magic Foot Draft Co., 633 S Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich.** Send no money, but **write today.**

FEET! FEET!

Tender, Sore, Aching, Burning, Sweaty Feet, Excessive Perspiration of Armpits, Etc.

A harmless preparation that quickly relieves and permanently cures all of these annoying conditions, and causes the offensive odor to immediately disappear.

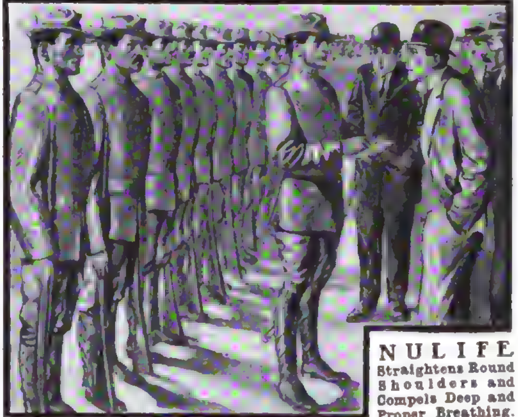
WE GUARANTEE IT.

PERSPIRO is a scientific liquid treatment that is applied directly to the affected parts, restoring the pores and glands to a normal condition. Endorsed by Physicians.

FREE SAMPLE AND BOOKLET ON REQUEST
If afflicted WRITE TODAY!

THE PERSPIRO CO.
Box 244 B JACKSON, MICHIGAN

JOIN THE ARMY OF
PROF. CHAS. MUNTER'S
NULIFE
WEARERS



NULIFE
Straightens Round Shoulders and Compels Deep and Proper Breathing.

NULIFE is a wonderful invention by Professor Charles Munter, which transforms men, women and children into strong, healthy people.

NULIFE gives you a distinguished military bearing, expands the chest from 2 to 6 inches and reduces large protruding stomachs.

NULIFE accomplishes immediately what only military training or a long course in physical culture can accomplish.

NULIFE has transformed millions of round-shouldered, narrow-chested men and women into perfect specimens of physical development.

NULIFE gives women a beautiful well-rounded figure, with or without a corset.

NULIFE makes children grow strong and erect, developing them physically and mentally.

NULIFE formerly sold through agents throughout the world for $5.00. Now sent direct to you by mail for **$3.00** and guaranteed that it will do all that is claimed for it.

Send your height, weight and chest measure (not bust measure) and state whether male or female, with your name and address plainly written to receive prompt attention.

Free illustrated Booklet on "What Nulife Will Do For You"

PROFESSOR CHAS. MUNTER
NULIFE COMPANY
Dept. 102, 13-15 West 34th St., near 5th Ave.
New York City

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Successfully Treated

Under the Auspices of the Cincinnati Evening Post, Five Test Cases Were Selected and Treated Publicly by Dr. Irvine K. Mott, Free of Charge.

Irvine K. Mott, M. D., of Cincinnati, Ohio, well and favorably known in that city as a learned physician—a graduate of the Cincinnati Pulte Medical College, class of 1883, and who afterward took Clinical Courses at the London, (Eng.) Hospitals and has since 1890 been a Specialist for the treatment of kidney diseases—claims that he has discovered a remedy to successfully treat Bright's Disease, Diabetes and other kidney troubles, either in their first, intermediate or last stages. Dr. Mott says: "My method arrests the disease, even though it has destroyed most of the kidneys, and preserves intact that portion not yet destroyed. The medicines I use neutralize the poisons that form a toxine that destroys the cells in the tubes in the kidneys."

The Evening Post, one of the leading daily papers of Cincinnati, Ohio, hearing of Dr. Mott's success, asked if he would be willing to give a public test to demonstrate his faith in his treatment, and prove its merit by treating five persons suffering from Bright's Disease and Diabetes, free of charge, the Post to select the cases.

Dr. Mott accepted the conditions, and twelve persons were selected. After a most critical chemical analysis and microscopic examination had been made, five of the cases out of the twelve, those showing the most advanced form of these diseases, were decided upon. These cases were placed under Dr. Mott's care and reports published each week in the Post. In three months all were discharged by Dr. Mott. The persons treated gained their normal weight, strength and appetite and were able to resume their usual work. Anyone desiring to read the details of this public test can obtain copies by sending to Dr. Mott for them.

This public demonstration gave Dr. Mott an international reputation that has brought him into correspondence with people all over the world, and several noted Europeans are numbered among those who have been successfully treated, as treatment can be administered effectively by mail.

The Doctor will correspond with those who are suffering with Bright's Disease, Diabetes or any kidney trouble whatever, and will be pleased to give his expert opinion free to those who will send him a description of their symptoms. An essay which the Doctor has prepared about kidney trouble and describing his new method of treatment, will also be mailed by him. Correspondence for this purpose should be addressed to IRVINE K. MOTT, M.D., 561 Mitchell Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Manhattan Press Clipping Bureau

ARTHUR CASSOT, Proprietor

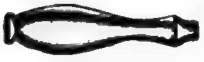
EXECUTIVE OFFICES 503 **334 FIFTH AVENUE**

Cambridge Bldg., Cor. 5th Ave. & 33d St., New York City

ESTABLISHED IN 1888

Gives the best service of Press Clippings on any subject of interest from all papers and periodicals published here and abroad. Our readers gather for you more valuable material than you could get ordinarily in a lifetime. Our service is the neatest and most thoroughly done. Scrap-books of Clippings are most valuable for reference and your library. Send your order on the Subjects of interest and secure our up to-date service. **Terms:**

100 Clippings,	$5.00	500 Clippings,	$20.00	5,000 Clippings,	$100.00
250 "	12.00	1,000 "	35.00	10,000 "	250.00



Never Fails Sure Pop BLACK-HEAD REMOVER

The little device is a most wonderful thing for persons whose face is full of black heads. Simple and easy to operate and the only sure cure. Takes them out around the nose and all parts of the face. Never fails. Sent postpaid with full directions for **twenty-five** cents. Other useful articles. Catalogue and illustrated circulars free. Agents wanted. Address

H. Burgie & Co., Central Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Do you use Press Clippings?

If you do not, drop a postal card to

Romeike's Press Clipping Bureau

and we will show you how Press Clippings can be used to your advantage.

Press Clippings are always interesting and profitable, they are indispensable to professional and business men alike.

Authors, artists, actors, singers and society leaders are supplied with reviews and criticisms.

We collect obituary notices and bind them in scrapbooks.

Lawyers, bankers, brokers, financial institutes depend largely on quick information from the columns of the Press; we supply them.

To the manufacturer we show through the clippings new markets for his products.

The inventor, the politician, the social reformer, in fact all who attract the attention of the Press, are informed and kept up-to-date by Press Clippings.

A postal card will bring all the information

HENRY ROMEIKE, Inc.

110 to 112 West 26th St. -:- New York City

Telephone: 3923 Madison Square

FINE LINEN

CORRESPONDENCE PAPER

DIE STAMPED WITH YOUR MONOGRAM

50c

For years Fine Die Stamped Stationery has been so expensive that only a select few could afford it, but by specializing, we now place it within the reach of all. We will send 25 Double Sheets and 25 Envelopes. Strictly High Grade Linen Paper, **Die Stamped with your Monogram, for only 50c; 50 each for $1;** 50 Fine Visiting Cards **25c**; 100 for **50c**; 50 Engraved Cards **75c**; 100 for **$1**. This is a genuine bargain and could not be duplicated elsewhere at less than two or three times the price. Satisfaction absolutely guaranteed. Order now—before you lose address. Sample for 2c stamp.

Imogravad Card Co., Box B. 462, Detroit, Mich.

Have received stationery; think it fine.—A. W. G., Yankee, N. M.

Am much pleased with my stationery, and shall certainly tell my friends about it.—M. J. W., Fremont, Ohio.

Unusual Printing

We desire particularly to communicate with advertisers who are ambitious to surpass the "dead level" of ordinary printing—

Who regard the proper execution of their catalogs, booklets, etc., as worth insisting upon.

Our ideas on printing are not of the hackneyed, has-been kind. Our facilities for superior printing and binding, which actually show workmanship and thought, are unexcelled. We may be able to offer valuable suggestions.

We have printed this issue of Broadway Magazine, which is a pretty good specimen of our current work. We should be glad to talk printing with you any time.

Charles Francis Press 30 West 13th St.
New York City

$1500.00

IN PRIZES FOR SHORT STORIES

The publishers of THE BOHEMIAN MAGAZINE have opened a short story competition for cash prizes, amounting to **$1000.00.** **$500.00** will be awarded to the writer whose story wins the first prize. Substantial prizes are also offered for the best jokes and short humor that are new and good. A certain class of fiction only is desired, of a certain length and dealing with certain subjects assigned by the Editor. Therefore stories to be considered for any of the prizes must conform to the conditions set by the publishers. All the details and necessary information will be found in THE BOHEMIAN MAGAZINE for June, at any news stand.

In THE BOHEMIAN MAGAZINE for June will also be found the details of a **$500.00** offer for short stories for THE GRAY GOOSE magazine. If any further information is desired by those who wish to enter this competition, it will be furnished upon application to

THE
BOHEMIAN
MAGAZINE

DEPOSIT, - - N. Y.

"The Colgate Hobby"

William Colgate started making "American Soaps for American People" at No. 6 Dutch Street, New York City, over a century ago.

Since 1806, the business headquarters have been located on the same spot, where you will now find the New York office of the present owners—"Colgate & Company—makers of Soaps, Perfumes and Toilet Articles."

The concern is known all over the world, and Colgate & Company say "A century-old reputation is a temptation. We might lie back upon it very comfortably for a generation at least."

But the members of the House of Colgate also say, "We are not constituted that way. The Colgate spirit is exemplified in 'the hobby,' ridden by the firm for the past four years. We have come to the conclusion that making toilet articles as good as they *can* be made is not *enough*. To more fully deserve the patronage of the public, we make the packages that contain these articles as convenient and as original and tasteful in appearance as they can be made."

This, the members of the House of Colgate say, is "The Colgate Hobby." They also claim that "its hard riding has given the public, not only the most superior Soaps, Powders and Perfumes on the market, but also such original packages as the Nickeled Box for the Shaving Stick, Screw Top Container for Talc Powder, and finally the new Dental Cream Tube that emits its contents in a dainty ribbon flat on the brush."

The firm believes that this last "package innovation" will prove even a greater success than those which preceded it and, in planning their advertising campaign to popularize its use, they have spared no pains to get at the bottom of all claims made for every advertising medium suggested.

The following letter is self-explanatory:

MR. C. C. VERNAM,
Gen'l Mgr., Ainslee's Magazine.

DEAR SIR:—It gives us pleasure to enclose our order for Colgate & Company's new Antiseptic Dental Cream advertisements for the back covers of your "Popular Trio." You may be interested to know that these are the first, and thus far, the only back covers ordered for the Dental Cream campaign.

We regard "Ainslee's Magazine" as one of the very best mediums for reaching the better classes—especially women.

Very truly yours,
FRANK SEAMAN INCORPORATED.

The Colgate Reputation

Colgate & Company have a catch-line which has been used to good advantage in many of their advertisements.

This catch-line reads—"The name 'Colgate' on a toilet article corresponds to the 'Sterling' mark on Silver."

A clever advertising man recently adapted this catch-line as follows: "The name 'Colgate' in a magazine's advertising pages means to that magazine what the 'Sterling' mark means on Silver."

This is because Colgate & Company never buy space carelessly.

Each medium suggested must *prove* its claims before there is any possibility of its being used to advertise the Colgate products.

Therefore—the selection of "The Popular Trio" of magazines (Ainslee's, Popular and Smith's) as the mediums through which to fire the "first gun" of a new advertising campaign is significant.

These magazines were selected only after a most exhaustive investigation of the facts and statements shown in regard to the value of these magazines as advertising mediums.

Ainslee's . .	**250,000 copies per month**
Popular . .	**330,000 copies per month**
Smith's . .	**150,000 copies per month**
Total .	**730,000 copies per month**

When the investigation was completed, Colgate & Company *knew* Ainslee's, Popular and Smith's Magazines, with their combined circulation of over 730,000 copies per month, at the rate of 74 cents per page per thousand, to be a good purchase.

Colgate & Company were convinced that their advertising in "The Popular Trio" would reach *a large number of buyers at the least comparative cost.*

Colgate & Company's faith in this fact came from *knowledge of results* secured by other advertisers from using the advertising pages of "The Popular Trio."

Is this interesting—*to you*—as an advertiser?

Is not **NOW** the time to be governed by facts, costs and results in the selection of your advertising mediums?

Let us put before you *all the facts* concerning results secured by advertisers who use "The Popular Trio"—Ainslee's, Popular and Smith's Magazines.

CCVernon

General Manager
7th Ave. and 15th St., New York City

SOMETIMES you feel that many of the fortunes in your acquaintance have been piled up by magic.

❡ But there is no more magic about it than there is about a tree growing up in your garden.

❡ Investigate any great fortune and you will find that it consisted of two elements: First, Opportunity. Second, Confidence.

❡ Take, for instance, the success of the people who put the first money into the Morse Telegraph. You will remember that Morse had exhausted himself absolutely in making his invention feasible. He had rigged up a telegraphic apparatus in the Capitol Building at Washington and the Members of Congress had actually seen messages sent. Congress was to vote Morse $30,000. If he did not receive it he was absolutely bankrupt. Even then it was with the utmost difficulty that the more progressive congressmen persuaded their conservative fellows to grant this small appropriation. The Morse invention was ridiculed and made all sorts of fun of by the wise heads of Congress, and yet he got the thirty thousand dollars. All of us today know what a success the telegraph has become.

❡ Here's the point: Suppose that you could have bought stock in the Morse telegraph at that time. Do you know that an investment of a thousand dollars in the Morse Telegraph Company then would have been worth *around a million dollars* today?

❡ Well, the *opportunity* was offered to many people before Morse found a few with *Confidence* enough to take advantage of it. *The few made fortunes.* Certainly no magic there!

❡ When Alexander Graham Bell brought out the telephone, the wise business men of the community declared he was a lunatic. He had the utmost difficulty to persuade people to invest money enough with him to allow him to make his invention a commercial success. The story is told of one man who fitted out the Bell offices in Boston. When the time came to pay the bill, the young men associated with Bell persuaded the old carpenter to accept stock instead of money. He did so very reluctantly, and, disgusted with the stock, shoved it into a lower drawer of his desk. Notices of meetings, dividends, etc., came in from time to time, and they went into the drawer, too. It was all found years later, after the old man's death. The total amount of the stock was somewhere around $800. Today that $800 worth of stock is worth $800,000, and every member of the old carpenter's family is well-to-do because of this accident.

❡ Magic? Yes, the magic of American business.

❡ Practical printers gave Ottmar Mergenthaler the laugh when he appeared on the scene with his Linotype machine. Handicapped from the start by lack of money and by the opposition of the very people his invention was destined to benefit, Mergenthaler experienced many hardships before he succeeded in enlisting the aid of outsiders. Finally, when the Mergenthaler Linotype Co. was formed, the stock sold for about $10 a share. Today the click of his type-moulding machine is heard in every printing office of any consequence in the world, and the stock has a market value around $195 a share—and none can be bought. *2,000 per cent. profit is better than rubbing lamps!*

❡ The history of the Carnegie Steel Company is so well known that it is almost foolish to make reference to it here. The number ot millionaires created by Mr. Carnegie has fascinated the world. These millionaires were bookkeepers, stenographers, foremen in factories, etc. Mr. Carnegie gave them an opportunity to acquire a small block of stock. One bookkeeper, for example, gathered up his savings and got $10,000 worth of stock.. Then the magic began. Today he is worth $16,000,000, the major portion of which came to him because of the appreciation in value of his original $10,000 and his ability to buy more stock on the ground floor.

❡ This brings us to the magazine business—in which we want to interest you.

❡ Now, just look at Munsey's great success. If you had been able to buy $1,000 worth of Munsey's stock on the ground floor basis that you are now offered on BROADWAY MAGAZINE stock, your investment of $1,000 in Munsey's would be now paying you *$10,000 to $12,000 a year in dividends.*

❡ All these facts are hard, cold, unvarnished statements that you cannot get away from.

❡ *The conservative man hesitates—and is lost.* You can't become well-to-do by keeping your money locked up in the Savings Bank, where its earning power is limited to 3½ or 4 per cent. at best. You must put it where the Savings Banks put it to get the 8 per cent. and 10 per cent. interest they divide with you—where it has an opportunity to earn the maximum profit without endangering its safety.

❡ You can buy stock in gold mines, of course, and *if* they pan out successfully your investment will bring you enormous returns. But why buy stock in a gold mine with the attendant uncertainty of of profits? Why put money in anything of that sort, the progress of which is a sealed book to you, when you are offered an opportunity to invest it in BROADWAY MAGAZINE, where every month you can watch your investment grow?

❡ *There is no other investment like this.*

❡ Why?

❡ Simply because the business of publishing a *high-class* periodical is one that a dishonest man cannot successfully engage in. A magazine or newspaper, to be successful, must have an individuality —one that reflects faithfully the publisher. If he is fair, square, honest, fearless, if he has magnetism and charm —all these things will be reflected in the personality of his periodical—and he must have real ability as a publisher. Lacking these qualities his chances of success are limited. *His readers can easily determine for themselves, by reading his publication, whether or not they are justified in placing confidence in him.*

❡ Then, too, judging the matter from a commercial standpoint, month by month his advertising pages tell their own story. If the advertising section is growing "fatter," the investment is growing stronger.

❡ Thus the publisher lives in a glass house, and he who runs may look in and see how the publisher prospers.

❡ Our booklet, "Profits in Magazine Publishing," tells of the man and the mediums that have won the greatest success; of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, who started with a small farm paper, and now owns and operates the "Ladies' Home Journal," circulation 1,200,000, and the "Saturday Evening Post," circulation 900,000; of Frank A. Munsey, who is making an annual profit of $1,200,000 from his magazines; of S. S. McClure, who founded "McClure's Magazine," one of the greatest journalistic influences in the world, and a splendid money-maker as well; of the marvelous growth of "Everybody's Magazine," and a dozen others.

❡ You will want to read this book. You will find it time well spent. You will learn that magazine publishing offers a field of investment that is absolutely marvelous in its money-making possibilities. WRITE US TODAY, and we will send you the book FREE.

Dept. M2.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE
3, 5 and 7
West 22d Street
New York

Gentlemen:

I am interested and would be pleased to receive full details of your proposition. Kindly send me your booklet, "Profits in Magazine Publishing," without expense or obligation on my part.

NAME..............................

STREET..............................

CITY AND STATE..............................

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Summary of Contents for June, 1908.

The Wonderful New
Color Photography

An intensely interesting account of the new process of photographing in Colors, discovered by Monsieur Lumiere of Paris, illustrated by five specimens of his work reproduced in colors, including the photograph of a lady taken rom life by this process, reproducing all the delicate shades of tint of hair, eyes, complexion and dress. It is a wonderful achievement.

Summer Fiction Number

Being the first of our **Summer Numbers** the **June Strand** will be exceptionally strong in **Fiction.** There is a good instalment of

"Salthaven," by W. W. Jacobs

Mr. E. P. BELL, a new author, is introduced who at once takes front rank as a short story writer His story is called **"Zory's Race."** W. HAMILTON OSBORN is splendid in **"Inside Information,"** a story having stock market affiliations. **"The Chop House,"** by DOROTHY DEAKIN, and the **"Last Hope,"** by JOSEPH KEATING, will be enjoyed by the reader. There is also a very entertaining bunch of Dog stories.

The Articles include a second instalment of

Reminiscences and Reflections of Sir John Hare

the Actor. Written with a force and style that
compels the interest of the reader in every line.

My African Journey. III.—The Highlands of East Africa.

By the Rt. Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, M. P.

We have also some talk of the champions who compete at the forthcoming Olympic games. Also an article telling how artists "compose" their pictures. And an item for nature lovers that deals with "Catkins."

The House of Arden. Puzzles From Games. Curiosities, Etc., Etc.

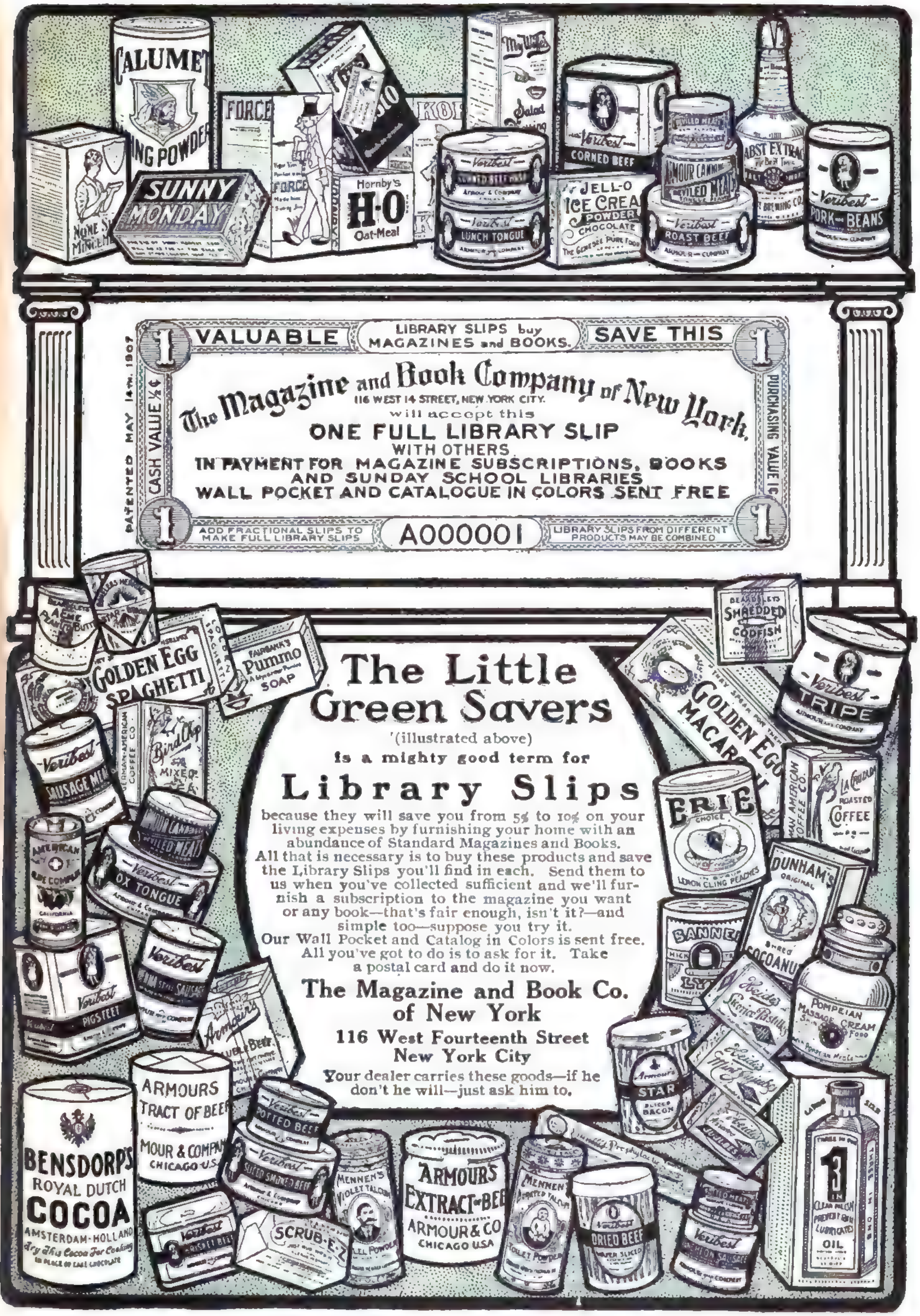
Do not fail to get the JUNE STRAND.

The "STRAND"—the Magazine with a Distinct Individuality.

15 Cents a Copy - - $1.50 a Year.

Of all Newsdealers and

The International News Company, 83 & 85 DUANE ST., NEW YORK CITY.


CALUMET BAKING POWDER
NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT
SUNNY MONDAY
FORCE
Hornby's H-O Oat-Meal
My Wife's Salad Dressing
Veribest Lunch Tongue
Armour & Company
Veribest Corned Beef
JELL-O ICE CREAM POWDER CHOCOLATE
The Genesee Pure Food Co.
Deviled Meats
Armour Canning Co.
Veribest Roast Beef
PABST EXTRACT
Veribest Pork and Beans
GOLDEN EGG SPAGHETTI
Fairbank's Pummo Soap
German-American Coffee Co.
Bird Chop Mixed Tea
Veribest Sausage Meat
American Olive Company California
Veribest Ox Tongue
Veribest Pigs Feet
Veribest Sausage
Armour's Veal Loaf
Beardsley's Shredded Codfish
GOLDEN EGG MACARONI
Veribest Tripe
ERIE Choice Lemon Cling Peaches
German-American Coffee Co.
La Cruzada Roasted Coffee
Dunham's Original Shred Cocoanut
Banner Lye
Heide's
Pompeian Massage Cream
Armour's Star Sliced Bacon
BENSDORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA AMSTERDAM-HOLLAND
Try This Cocoa For Cooking in place of cake chocolate
ARMOURS EXTRACT OF BEEF ARMOUR & COMPANY CHICAGO U.S.A.
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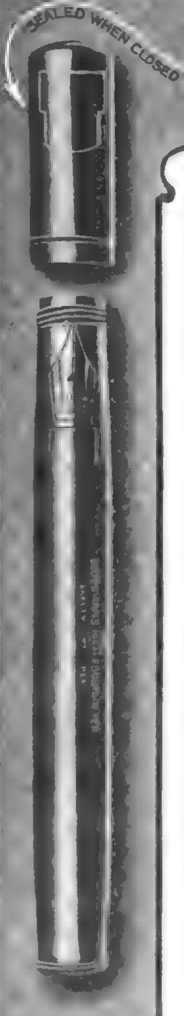

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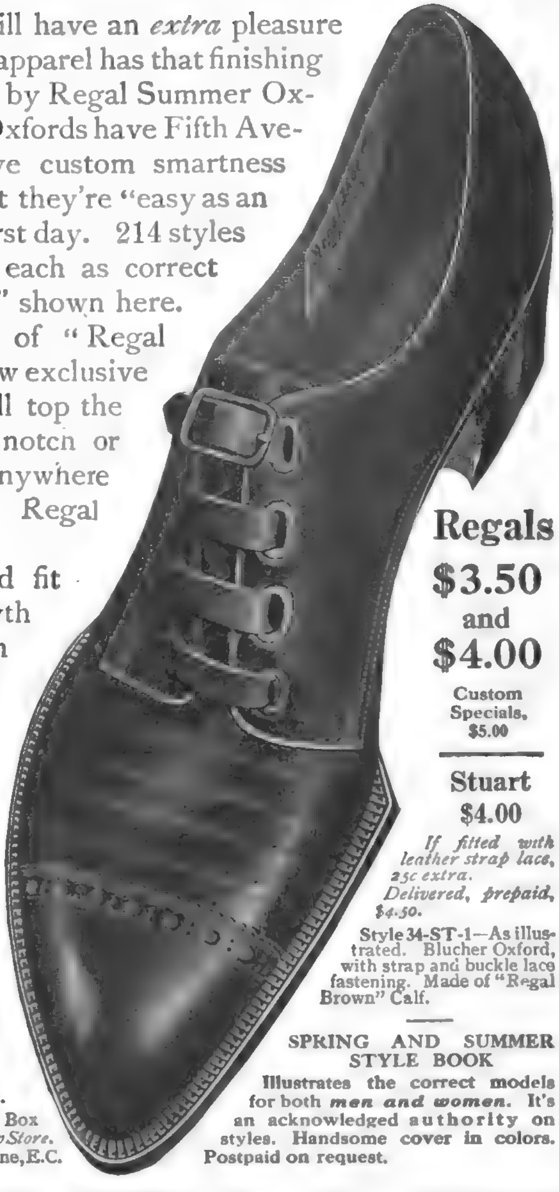

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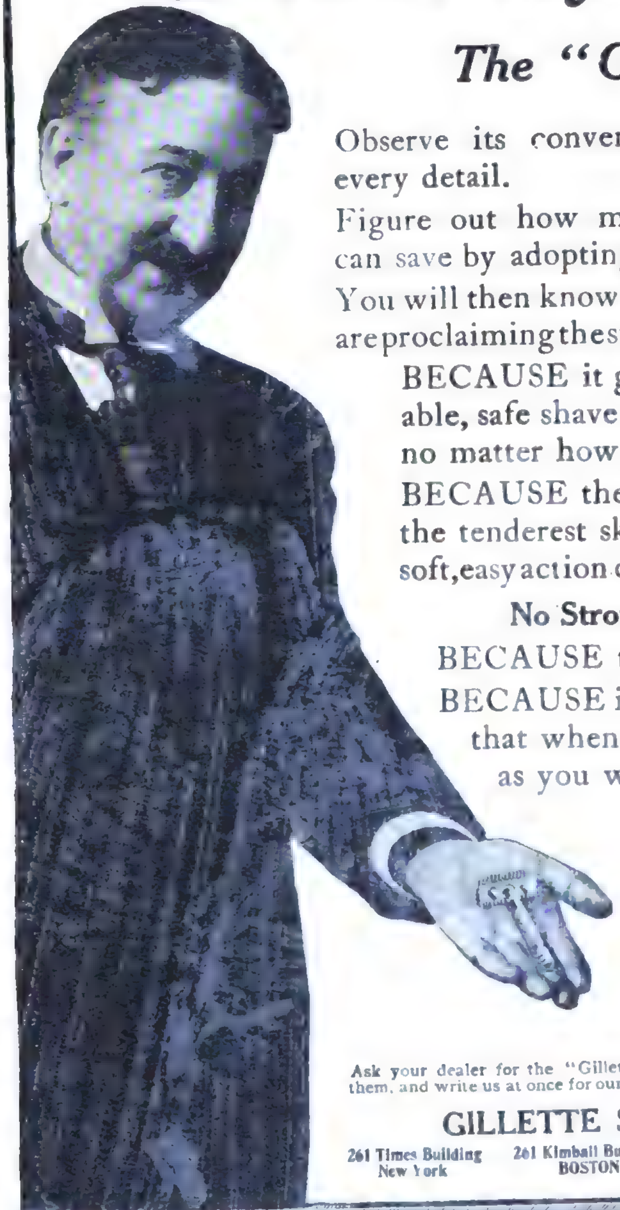

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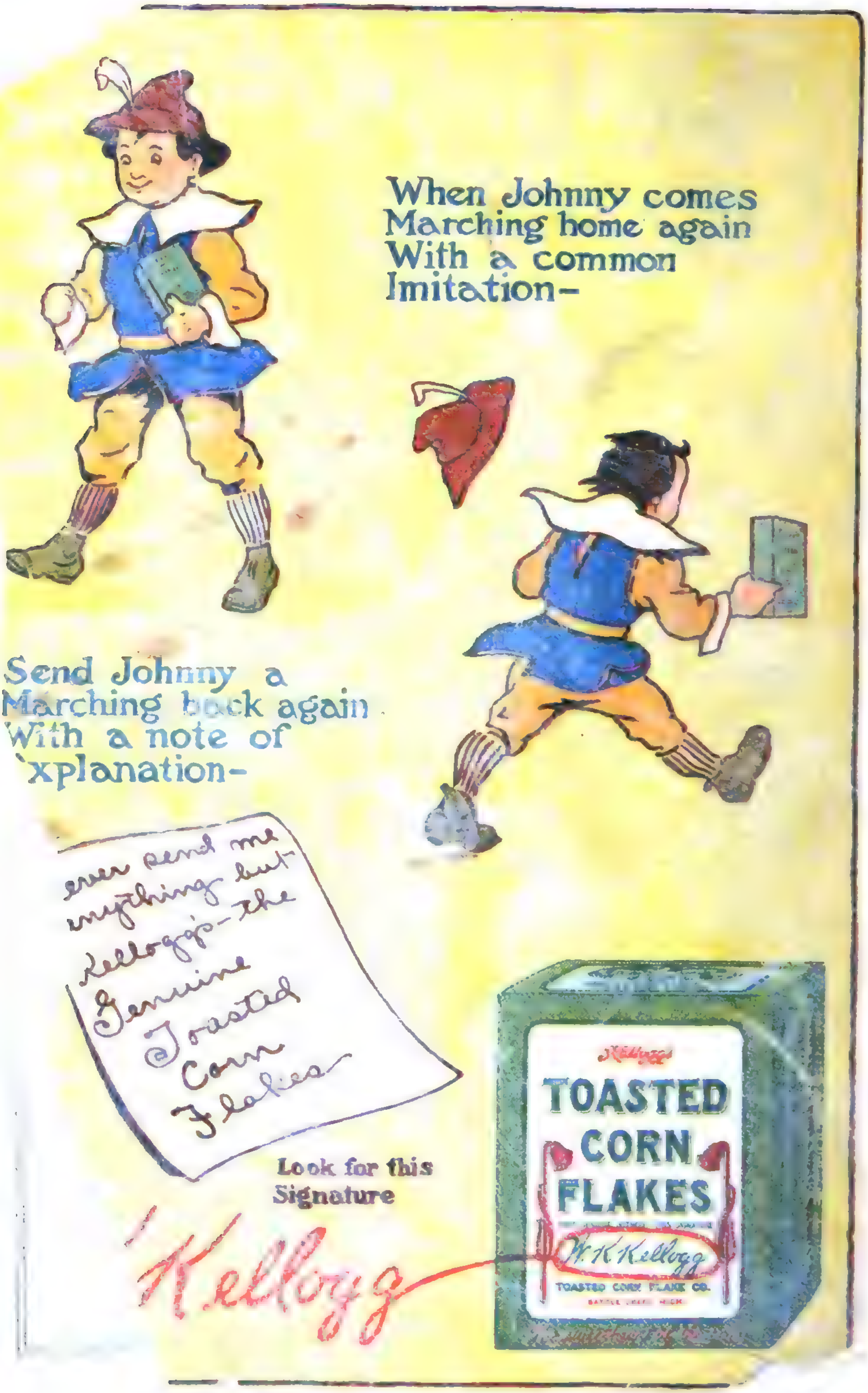

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